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L U C A N ' S  
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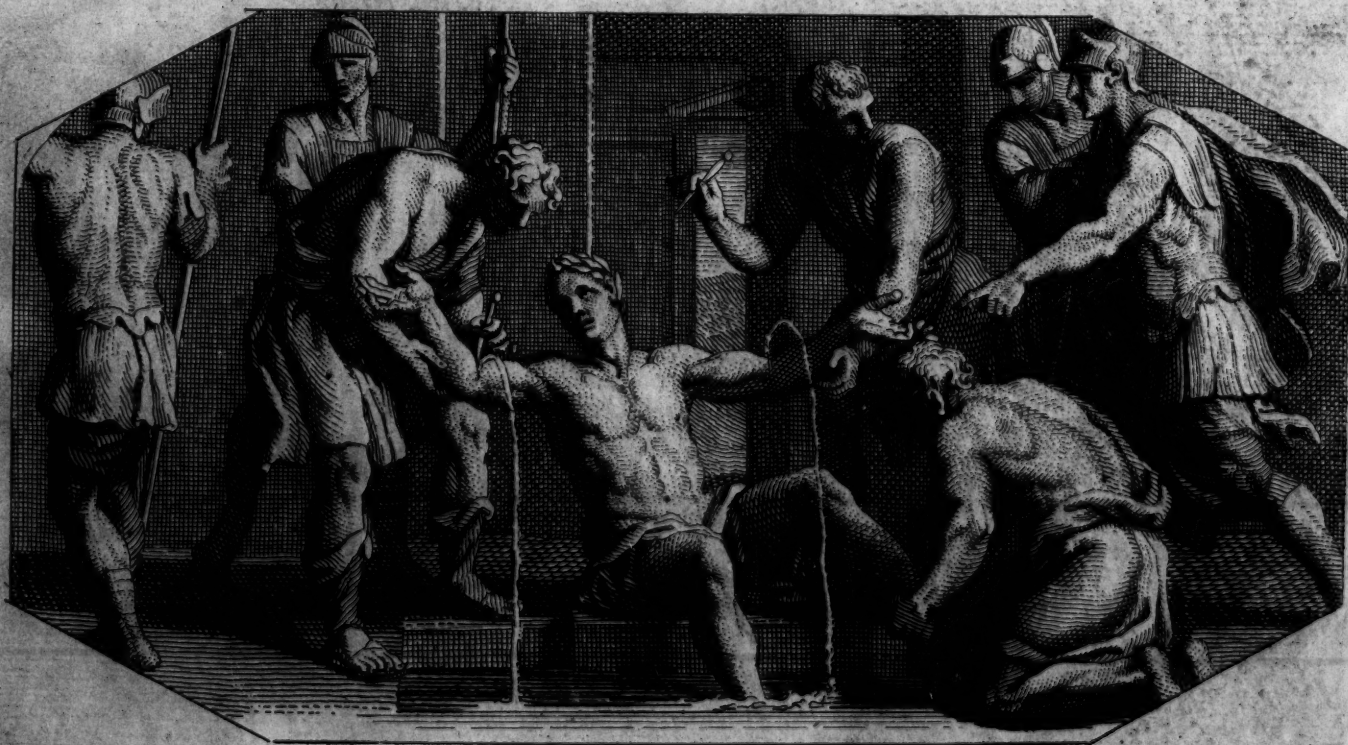
Translated into *English* Verse

By N I C H O L A S R O W E, Esq;

Servant to His M A J E S T Y.

—*Ne tanta animis assuescite Bella,  
Neu Patriæ validas in viscera vertite Vires.*

Virg.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespear's-Head* over-  
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L U C A M

P H A R S I A

Translated into English Verse

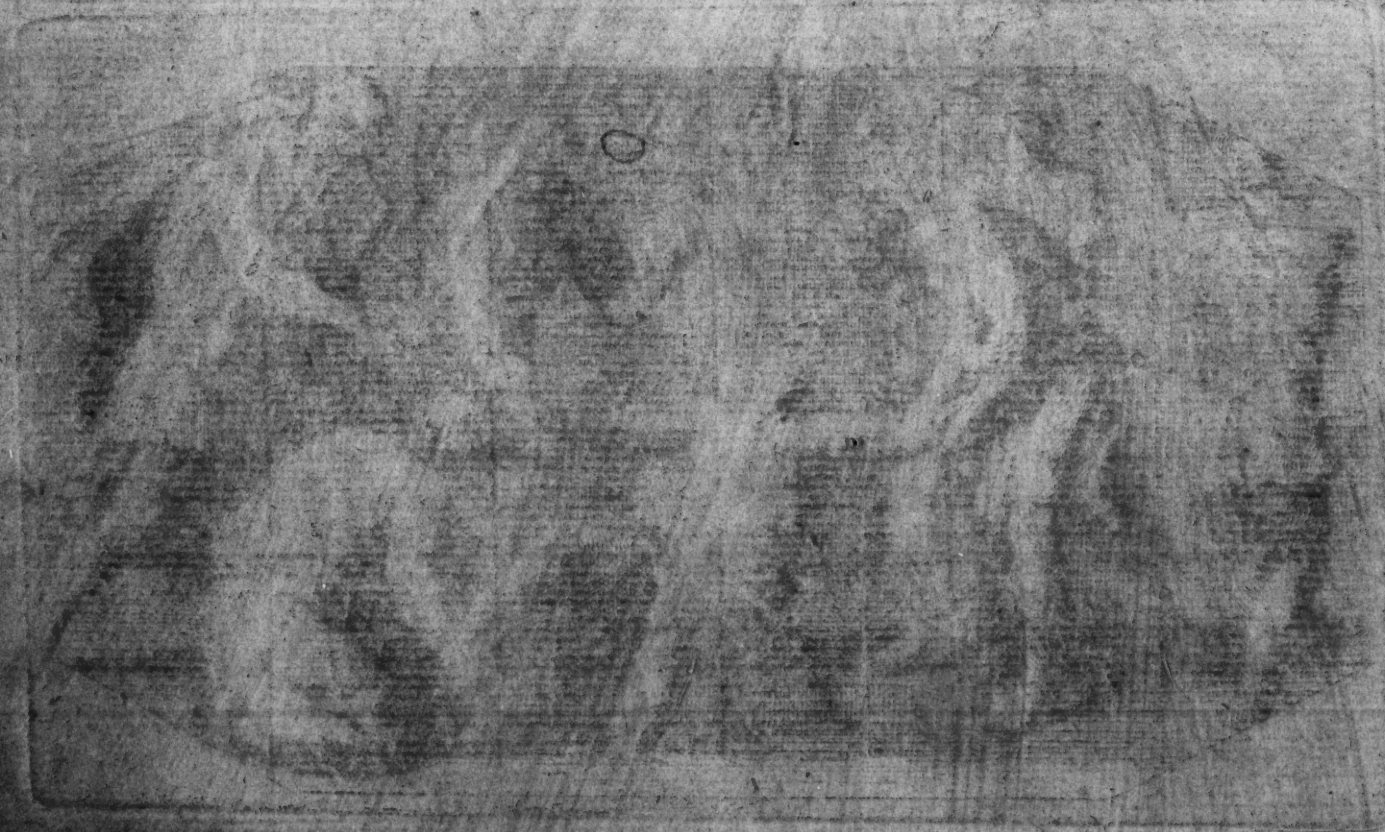


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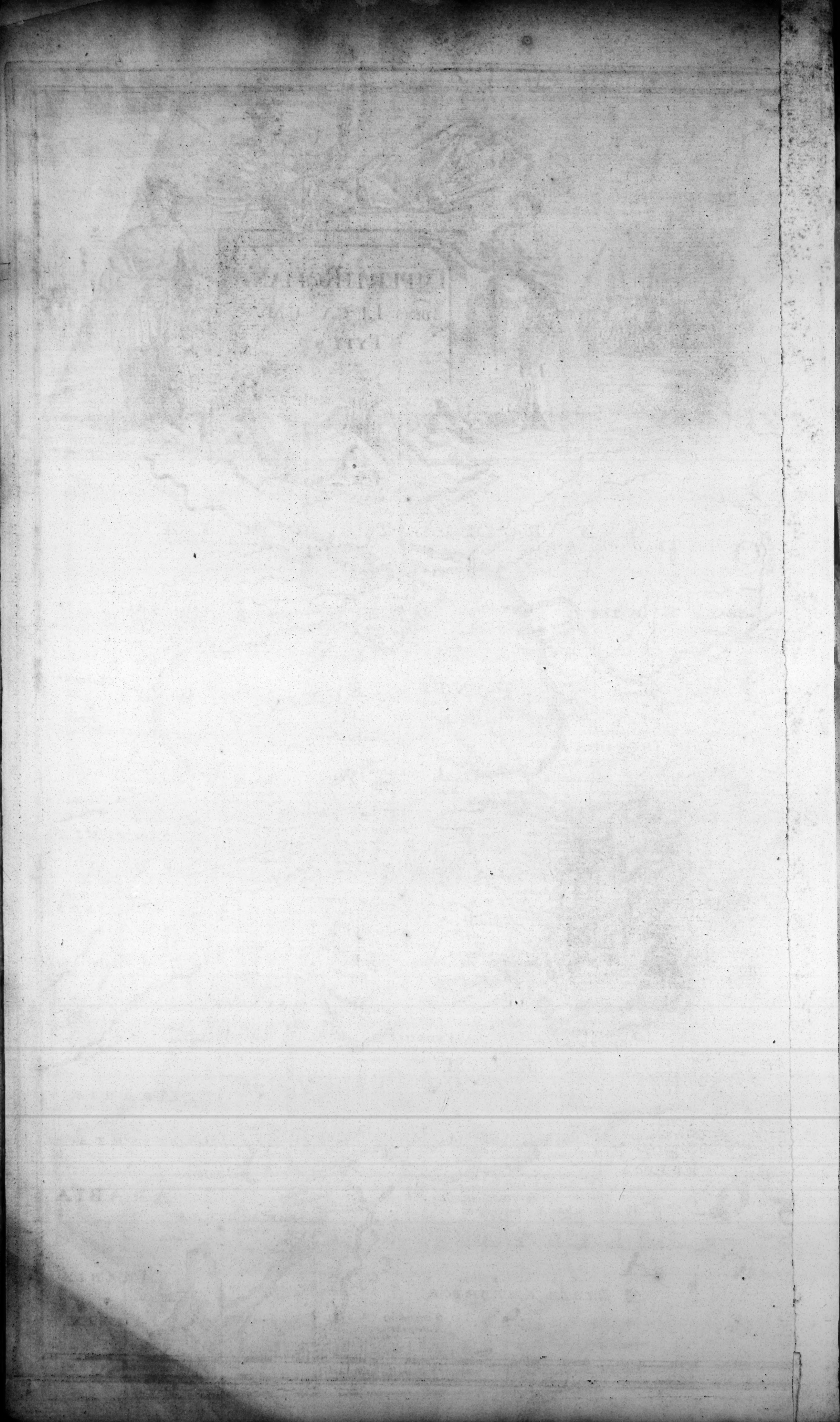
















TO THE  
K I N G.



*I R,*

W H I L E my deceased Husband was en-  
gaged in the following long and laborious  
A Work,



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## DEDICATION.

---

Work, he was not a little supported in it, by the Honour which he proposed to himself of Dedicating it to Your Sacred MAJESTY. This Design, which had given him so much Pleasure for some Years, out-lasted his Abilities to put it in Execution: for when his Life was despaired of, and this Part of the Book remained unfinished, he expressed to me his Desire, that this Translation should be laid at Your MAJESTY'S Feet, as a Mark of that Zeal and Veneration which he had always entertained for Your MAJESTY'S Royal Person and Virtues. Had he lived to have made his own Address to Your MAJESTY upon this Occasion, he would have been able in some measure to have done Justice to that Exalted Character, which it becomes such as I am to admire in Silence:  
being



---

D E D I C A T I O N.

---

being incapable of representing my Dear  
Husband in any thing, but in that pro-  
found Humility and Respect, with which  
I am,

*May it please Your MAJESTY,*

*Your MAJESTY'S*

*most Dutiful and*

*most Obedient Servant,*

A N N E R O W E.



DEDICATION

being incapable of representing my Dear  
Husband in any thing but in that pro-  
found Humility and Respect with which

I am, Sir, Dear Sir, Your Majesty's

Most Obedient Servant,

Anne Row

ANNE ROW



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i

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

Giving some ACCOUNT of  
*LUCAN and his WORKS, and of Mr. ROWE.*

By JAMES WELWOOD, M. D. Fellow of the Royal  
College of Physicians, London.



COULD not resist Mr. *Rowe's* Request in his last Sickness, nor the Importunities of his Friends since, to introduce into the World this his Posthumous Translation of *Lucan*, with something by way of Preface. I am very sensible how much it is out of my Sphere, and that I want both Leasure, and Materials, to do Justice to the Author, or to the Memory of the Translator. The Works of both will best plead for them, the one having already out-liv'd Seventeen Ages, and both one and t'other like to endure as long, as there is any Taste of Liberty or Polite Learning left in the World. Hard has been the Fate of many a Great Genius, that while they have conferr'd Immortality on others, they have wanted themselves some Friend, to Embalm their Names to Posterity. This has been the Fate of *Lucan*, and perhaps may be that of Mr. *Rowe*.

All the Accounts we have handed down to us of the first, are but very lame, and scatter'd in Fragments of Ancient Authors. I am of Opinion, That one Reason why his Life is not to be found at any length, in the Writings of his Contemporaries, is the fear they were in of *Nero's* Resentment, who could not bear to have the Life of a Man set in a true light, whom, together with his Uncle *Seneca*, he had Sacrific'd to his Revenge. Notwithstanding this, we have some Hints in Writers who liv'd near his time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the Life and Works of this extraordinary Young Man.

*Marcus Annaeus Lucan* was of an Equestrian Family of *Rome*, Born at *Corduba* in *Spain*, about the Year of our Saviour 39, in the Reign of *Caligula*. His Family had been transplanted from *Italy* to *Spain* a considerable time before, and were invested with several Dignities and Employments, in that remote Province of the *Roman* Empire. His



Father was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, or *Mella*, a Man of a distinguish'd Merit and Interest in his Country, and not the less in Esteem, for being the Brother of the Great Philosopher *Seneca*. His Mother was *Acilia* the Daughter of *Acilius Lucanus*, one of the most Eminent Orators of his time: And it was from this Grandfather that he took the Name of *Lucan*. The Story that is told of *Hesiod* and *Homer*, of a Swarm of Bees hovering about them in their Cradle, is likewise told of *Lucan*, and probably with Equal Truth: But whether true or not, it's a Proof of the high Esteem paid to him by the Ancients, as a Poet.

He was hardly Eight Months Old when he was brought from his Native Country to *Rome*, that he might take the first Impression of the *Latin* Tongue, in the City, where it was spoke in the greatest Purity. I wonder then to find some Criticks detract from his Language, as if it took a Tincture from the Place of his Birth, nor can I be brought to think otherwise, than that the Language he writes in, is as pure *Roman*, as any that was writ in *Nero's* time. As he grew up, his Parents educated him with a Care that became a promising Genius, and the Rank of his Family. His Masters were *Rhemmius Polemon* the Grammarian, then *Flavius Virgineus* the Rhetorician, and lastly *Cornutus* the Stoick Philosopher, to which Sect he ever after addicted himself.

It was in the Course of these Studies, he contracted an intimate Friendship with *Aulus Persius* the Satyrist. It's no wonder that two Men whose Genius's were so much alike, should unite and become agreeable to one another; For if we consider *Lucan* critically, we shall find in him a strong Bent towards Satyr. His Manner, it's true, is more declamatory and diffuse than *Persius*: But Satyr is still in his View, and the whole *Pharsalia* appears to me a continued Invective against Ambition and unbounded Power.

The Progress he made in all Parts of Learning must needs have been very great, considering the Pregnancy of his Genius, and the nice Care that was taken in cultivating it, by a suitable Education: Nor is it to be questioned, but besides the Masters I have nam'd, he had likewise the Example and Instructions of his Uncle *Seneca*, the most conspicuous Man then of *Rome* for Learning, Wit and Morals. Thus he set out in the World, with the greatest Advantages possible, a Noble Birth, an Opulent Fortune, Great Relations, and withal, the Friendship and Protection of an Uncle, who, besides his other Preferments in the Empire, was Favourite, as well as Tutor to the Emperor. But Rhetorick seems to have been the Art he excell'd most in, and valu'd himself most upon; For all Writers agree, he declaim'd in publick when but Fourteen Years Old, both in *Greek* and *Latin*, with universal Applause. To this purpose it's observable, that he has interspers'd a great many Orations in the *Pharsalia*, and these are acknowledged by all, to be very shining Parts of the Poem. Whence it is that *Quintilian*, the best Judge in these Matters, reckons him among the Rhetoricians, rather than the Poets, tho' he was certainly Master of both these Arts in a high Degree.

His



His Uncle *Seneca* being then in great Favour with *Nero*, and having the Care of that Prince's Education committed to him, it's probable he introduc'd his Nephew to the Court and Acquaintance of the Emperor. And it appears from an old Fragment of his Life, that he sent for him from *Athens*, where he was at his Studies, to *Rome* for that purpose. Every one knows, that *Nero*, for the first Five Years of his Reign, either really was, or pretended to be, Endow'd with all the amiable Qualities that became an Emperor, and a Philosopher. It must have been in this Stage of *Nero's* Life, that *Lucan* has offer'd up to him that *Poetical Incence* we find in the First Book of the *Pharsalia*: For it is not to be imagin'd, that a Man of *Lucan's* Temper would flatter *Nero* in so gross a manner, if he had then thrown off the Mask of Virtue, and appear'd in such Bloody Colours as he afterwards did. No! *Lucan's* Soul seems to have been cast in another Mold: And he that durst, throughout the whole *Pharsalia*, espouse the Party of *Pompey*, and the Cause of *Rome* against *Cesar*, could never have stoop'd so vilely low, as to celebrate a Tyrant and a Monster, in such an open manner. I know some Commentators have judg'd that Compliment to *Nero* to be meant Ironically; but it seems to me plain to be in the greatest earnest; And it's more than probable, that if *Nero* had been as Wicked at that time, as he became afterwards, *Lucan's* Life had pay'd for his Irony. Now it's agreed on by all Writers, that he continued for sometime in the highest Favour and Friendship with *Nero*, and it was to that Favour, as well as his Merit, that he owed his being made *Quæstor*, and admitted into the *College* of *Augurs*, before he attain'd the Age requir'd for these Offices: In the first of which Posts he exhibited to the People of *Rome* a Show of Gladiators at a vast Expence. It was in this Sun-shine of Life, *Lucan* marry'd *Polla Argentaria*, the Daughter of *Pollius Argentarius* a *Roman* Senator; a Lady of Noble Birth, great Fortune, and fam'd Beauty; who, to add to her other Excellencies, was accomplish'd in all parts of Learning, in so much that the Three first Books of the *Pharsalia* are said to have been Revis'd and Corrected by her, in his Life-time.

How he came to decline in *Nero's* Favour, we have no Account, that I know of, in History; and it's agreed by all, that he lost it gradually, till he became his utter Aversion. No doubt *Lucan's* Virtue, and his Principles of Liberty, must make him hated by a Man of *Nero's* Temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of Envy in the case, blended with his other Prejudices against him, upon the Account of his Poetry.

Tho' the Spirit and Height of the *Roman* Poetry was somewhat declin'd, from what it had been, in the time of *Augustus*; yet it was still an Art belov'd and Cultivated. *Nero* himself was not only fond of it, to the highest Degree, but, as most bad Poets are, was vain and conceited of his Performances in that kind. He valued himself more upon his Skill in that Art, and in Musick, than on the Purple he wore; and bore it better, to be thought a bad Emperor, than a bad Poet or Musician. Now *Lucan*, tho' then in Favour, was too honest and too open to applaud the Bombast Stuff, that *Nero* was every day repeating in publick. *Lucan* appears to have been much of the Temper of *Philoxenus* the Philosopher, who for not approving the Verses of *Dionysius* the Tyrant of *Syracuse*, was by his Order condemn'd to the Mines. Upon the Promise of Amend-

ment,



ment, the Philosopher was set at Liberty; but *Dionysius* repeating to him some of his wretched Performances, in full expectation of having them approv'd, *Enough*, cries out *Philoxenus*, carry me back to the Mines. But *Lucan* carry'd this point farther, and had the Imprudence to dispute the Prize of Eloquence with *Nero*, in a solemn publick Assembly. The Judges in that Tryal were so just and bold, as to adjudge the Reward to *Lucan*, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*, but in Return he lost for ever the Favour of his Competitor. He soon felt the Effects of the Emperor's Resentment, for the next Day he had an Order sent him, never more to plead at the Bar, nor repeat any of his Performances in publick, as all the Eminent Orators and Poets were us'd to do. It's no wonder that a Young Man, an admirable Poet, and one conscious enough of a Superior Genius, should be stung to the quick by this barbarous Treatment. In Revenge, he omitted no Occasion to treat *Nero's* Verses, with the utmost Contempt, and expose them and their Author to Ridicule.

In this Behaviour towards *Nero*, he was seconded by his Friend *Persius*; and no doubt, they diverted themselves often alone, at the Emperor's Expence. *Persius* went so far, that he dar'd to Attack openly some of *Nero's* Verses in his first Satyr, where he brings in his Friend and himself repeating them. I believe a Sample of them, may not be unacceptable to the Reader, as Translated thus by Mr. *Dryden*.

## FRIEND.

*But to raw Numbers and unfinish'd Verse,  
Sweet Sound is added now, to make it Terse.  
'Tis tagg'd with Rhime like Bericynthian Atys,  
The mid part Chimes with Art that never flat is.  
" The Dolphin brave,  
" That cut the liquid Wave,  
" Or he who in his Line,  
" Can chime the long-rib'd Appenine.*

## PERSIUS.

*All this is Dogrel Stuff.*

## FRIEND.

*What if I bring  
A nobler Verse? Arms and the Man I sing.*

## PERSIUS.

*Why name you Virgil with such Fops as these?  
He's truly great, and must for ever please.  
Not fierce, but awful in his manly Page,  
Bold in his Strength, but sober in his Rage.*

## FRIEND.

*What Poems think you soft? and to be read  
With languishing Regards, and bending Head?*

## PERSIUS.



P E R S I U S.

- “ *Their crooked Horns the Mimallonian Crew*  
 “ *With Blasts inspir’d; and Bassaris who slew*  
 “ *The scornful Calf, with Sword advanc’d on high,*  
 “ *Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly.*  
 “ *And Mænas when with Ivy Bridles bound*  
 “ *She led the spotted Lynx, then Evion rung around,*  
 “ *Evion from Woods and Floods repairing Ecchoes Sound.*

The Verses mark’d with the Comma’s are *Nero’s*, and it’s no wonder that Men of so delicate a Taste as *Lucan* and *Persius* could not digest them, tho’ made by an Emperor.

About this time the World was grown weary of *Nero*, for a Thousand monstrous Cruelties of his Life, and the continued Abuse of the Imperial Power. *Rome* had groan’d long under the Weight of them, till at length several of the First Rank, headed by *Piso*, form’d a Conspiracy to rid the World of that abandon’d Wretch. *Lucan* hated him upon a double Score, as his Country’s Enemy, and his own, and went heartily in to the Design. When it was just ripe for Execution, it came to be discover’d by some of the Accomplices, and *Lucan* was found among the first of the Conspirators. They were condemn’d to dye, and *Lucan* had the Choice of the Manner of his Death. Upon this Occasion some Authors have tax’d him with an Action, which, if true, had been an Eternal Stain upon his Name, that to save his Life he inform’d against his Mother. This Story seems to me to be a meer Calumny, and invented only to detract from his Fame. It’s certainly the most unlikely thing in the World, considering the whole Conduct of his Life, and that Noble Scheme of Philosophy, and Morals, he had imbib’d from his Infancy, and which shines in every Page of his *Pharsalia*. It’s probable, *Nero* himself, or some of his Flatterers, might invent the Story, to blacken his Rival to Posterity, and some unwary Authors have afterwards taken it up on Trust, without examining into the truth of it. We have several Fragments of his Life, where this Particular is not to be found; and, which makes it still the more improbable to me, the Writers that mention it, have tack’d to it another Calumny, yet more improbable. That he accus’d her unjustly. As this Accusation contradicts the whole Tenor of his Life, so it does the Manner of his Death. It’s universally agreed, that having chose to have the Arteries of his Arms and Legs open’d in a hot Bath, he Supp’d chearfully with his Friends, and then taking leave of them with the greatest Tranquility of Mind, and the highest Contempt of Death, went into the Bath, and submitted to the Operation. When he found the Extremities of his Body growing cold, and Death’s last alarm in every Part, he call’d to mind a Passage of his own in the 9th Book of the *Pharsalia*, which he repeated to the Standers by, with the same Grace and Accent, with which he us’d to declaim in Publick, and immediately expir’d, in the 27th Year of his Age, and Tenth of *Nero*. The Passage was that, where he describes a Soldier of *Cato’s* dying much after the same manner, being bit by a *Serpent*, and is thus Translated by Mr. *Rowe*.



" So the Warm Blood at once from every Part  
 " Ran purple Poison down, and drain'd the fainting Heart.  
 " Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face  
 " The ruddy Drops their tainted Passage trace.  
 " Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a Way,  
 " There Streams of Blood, there Crimson Rivers stray.  
 " His Mouth and gushing Nostrils pour a Flood,  
 " And ev'n the Pores ouse out the trickling Blood;  
 " In the Red Deluge all the Parts lye drown'd,  
 " And the whole Body seems one bleeding Wound.

He was buried in his Garden at Rome, and there was lately to be seen in the Church of S<sup>o</sup>. Paulo, an Ancient Marble with the following Inscription.

*Marco Annæo Lucano, Cordubensi Poetæ,  
 Beneficio Neronis, Fama Servata.*

This Inscription, if done by Nero's Order, shows, that even in spite of himself, he paid a secret Homage to *Lucan's* Genius and Virtue, and would have atton'd in some Measure for the Injuries, and the Death he gave him. But he needed no Marble or Inscription to perpetuate his Memory: His *Pharsalia* will out-live all these.

*Lucan* wrote several Books that have perish'd by the Injury of Time, and of which nothing remains but the Titles. The first we are told, he wrote, was a Poem on the Combat between Achilles and Hector, and Priam's redeeming his Son's Body, which, it's said, he wrote before he had attained Eleven Years of Age. The rest were, *The Descent of Orpheus into Hell*; *The burning of Rome*, in which he is said not to have spar'd Nero that set it on Fire; and a Poem in Praise of his Wife Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewise several Books of *Saturnalia*, Ten Books of *Silvæ*, an imperfect Tragedy of Medea, a Poem upon the Burning of Troy, and the Fate of Priam, to which some have added the *Panegyrick to Calphurnius Piso*, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later Age. But the Book he stak'd his Fame on, was his *Pharsalia*, the only one that now remains, and which Nero's Cruelty has left us Imperfect, in respect of what it would have been, if he had liv'd to finish it.

*Statius* in his *Silvæ* gives us the Catalogue of *Lucan's* Works in an Elegant manner, introducing the Muse *Calliope* accosting him to this purpose. *When thou art scarce past the Age of Childhood* (says *Calliope* to *Lucan*) *thou shalt play with the Valour of Achilles, and Hector's Skill in driving of a Chariot. Thou shalt draw Priam at the Feet of his unrelenting Conqueror, begging the dead Body of his darling Son. Thou shalt set open the Gates of Hell for Eurydice, and thy Orpheus shall have the Preference in a full Theater, in spite of Nero's Envy*; alluding to the Dispute for the Prize between him and Nero, where the Piece exhibited by *Lucan*, was *Orpheus's Descent into Hell*. *Thou shalt relate* (continues *Calliope*) *that Flame which the Execrable Tyrant kindled, to lay in Ashes the Mistress of the World; nor shalt thou be silent in the Praises that*

are



are justly due to thy beloved Wife ; and when thou hast attained to riper Years, thou shalt sing in a lofty Strain, the fatal Fields of Philippi, white with Roman Bones, the dreadful Battel of Pharsalia, and the Thundring Wars of that Great Captain, who by the Renown of his Arms merited to be enrol'd among the Gods. In that Work, (continues Calliope) thou shalt paint, in never-fading Colours, the Austere Virtues of Cato, who scorn'd to out-live the Liberties of his Country, and the Fate of Pompey, once the Darling of Rome. Thou shalt, like a true Roman, weep over the Crime of the young Tyrant Ptolemy, and shalt raise to Pompey, by the Power of thy Eloquence, a higher Monument than the Egyptian Pyramids. The Poetry of Ennius, (adds Calliope) and the learn'd Fire of Lucretius, the one that conducted the Argonauts through such vast Seas to the Conquest of the Golden Fleece, the other that could strike an infinite Number of Forms from the first Atoms of Matter, both of them shall give place to thee, without the least Envy, and even the divine Æneid shall pay thee a just Respect.

Thus far Statius concerning *Lucan's* Work ; and even *Lucan* in two places of the *Pharsalia* has promis'd himself Immortality to his Poem. The first is in the 7th Book, which I beg leave to give in Prose, tho' Mr. Rowe has done it a Thousand times better in Verse. One day, says he, when these Wars shall be spoken of in Ages yet to come, and among Nations far remote from this Clime, whether from the Voice of Fame alone, or the real Value I have given them by this my History, those that read it shall alternately hope and fear for the great Events therein contain'd. In vain, continues he, shall they offer up their Vows for the Righteous Cause, and stand Thunder-struck at so many various turns of Fortune ; nor shall they read them as things that are already past, but with that Concern as if they were yet to come, and shall range themselves, O Pompey, on thy side.

The other Passage, which is in the 9th Book, may be Translated thus: O! Cæsar, profane thou not through Envy the Funeral Monuments of these Great Patriots, that fell here Sacrifices to thy Ambition. If there may be allow'd any Renown to a Roman Muse, while Homer's Verses shall be thought worthy of Praise, they that shall live after us shall read his and mine together: My Pharsalia shall live, and no Time nor Age shall consign it to Oblivion.

This is all that I can trace from the Ancients, or himself, concerning *Lucan's* Life and Writings ; and indeed there is scarce any one Author, either Ancient or Modern, that mentions him but with the greatest Respect and the highest Encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more Instances.

I design not to enter into any Criticism on the *Pharsalia*, tho' I had ever so much Leisure or Ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain Sett of Men, that read the Ancients only to find Fault with them, and seem to live only on the Excrements of Authors. I beg leave to tell these Gentlemen, that *Lucan* is not to be try'd by those Rules of an Epick Poem, which they have drawn from the *Iliad* or *Æneid* ; for if they allow him not the Honour to be on the same Foot with *Homer* or *Virgil*, they must do him the Justice at least, as not to try him by Laws founded upon their Model. The *Pharsalia* is properly an Historical Heroick Poem,  
because



because the Subject is a known true Story. Now with our late Criticks, Truth is an unnecessary Trifle for an Epick Poem, and ought to be thrown aside as a Curb to Invention. To have every Part a meer Web of their own Brain, is with them a distinguishing Mark of a mighty Genius in the Epick Way. Hence it is, these Criticks observe, that their Favourite Poems of that kind do always produce in the Mind of the Reader the highest Wonder and Surprise, and the more improbable the Story is, still the more wonderful and surprizing. Much good may this Notion of theirs do them; but to my Taste, a Fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with surprizing Circumstances, big with the highest Events, and conducted with all the Arts of the most consummate Wisdom, does not strike the less strong, but leaves a more lasting Impression on my Mind, for being true.

If *Lucan* therefore wants these Ornaments, he might have borrowed from *Helicon*, or his own Invention; he has made us more than ample Amends by the Great and True Events that fall within the Compass of his Story. I am of Opinion, that in his first Design of Writing this Poem of the Civil Wars, he resolv'd to treat the Subject fairly and plainly, and that Fable and Invention were to have had no share in the Work: But the force of Custom, and the design he had to induce the generality of Readers to fall in Love with Liberty, and abhor Slavery, the principal design of the Poem, induc'd him to embellish it with some Fables, that without them his Books would not be so universally read: So much was Fable the delight of the *Roman* People.

If any shall object to his Privilege of being Examin'd and Try'd as an Historian, that he has given in to the Poetical Province of Invention, and Fiction, in the 6th Book, where *Sixtus* enquires of the *Thessalian* Witch *Erietho* the Event of the Civil War, and the Fate of *Rome*; It may be answer'd, that perhaps the Story was true, or at least it was commonly believ'd to be so, in his time, which is a sufficient Excuse for *Lucan* to have inserted it. It's true, no other Author mentions it. But it's usual to find some one Passage in one Historian, that is not mention'd in any other, tho' they treat of the same Subject. For tho' I am fully perswaded that all these *Oracles* and *Responses*, so famous in the Pagan World, were the meer Cheats of Priests, yet the Belief of them, and of Magick, and Witchcraft, was universally receiv'd at that time. Therefore *Lucan* may very well be excus'd for falling in with a popular Error, whether he himself believ'd it or no, especially when it serv'd to enliven and embellish his Story. If it be an Error, it's an Error all the Ancients have fallen into, both *Greek* and *Roman*: And *Livy*, the Prince of the *Latin* Historians, abounds in such Relations. That it is not below the Dignity and Veracity of an Historian to mention such things, we have a late Instance in a Noble Author of our time, who has likewise wrote the Civil Wars of his Country, and intermixt in it the Story of the Ghost of the Duke of *Buckingham's* Father.

In general, all the Actions that *Lucan* relates in the Course of his History are true; nor is it any Impeachment of his Veracity, that sometimes he differs in Place, Manner, or Circumstances of Action, from other Writers, any more than it is an Imputation on them, that they differ from him. We our selves have seen in the Course of the late two Fa-

mous



mous Wars, how differently almost every Battel and Siege has been represented, and sometimes by those of the same Side, when at the same time there be a Thousand living Witnesses, ready to contradict any Falsehood, that Partiality should impose upon the World. This I may affirm, The most important Events, and the whole Thread of Action in *Lucan* are agreeable to the universal Consent of all Authors, that have treated of the Civil Wars of *Rome*. If now and then he differs from them in lesser Incidents or Circumstances, let the Criticks in History decide the Question: For my part, I am willing to take them for *Anecdots* first discover'd and publish'd by *Lucan*, which may at least conciliate to him the Favour of our late Admirers of *Secret History*.

After all I have said on this Head, I cannot but in some measure call in Question some Parts of *Cæsar's* Character, as drawn by *Lucan*; which seem to me not altogether agreeable to Truth, nor to the universal Consent of History. I wish I could vindicate him in some of his Personal Representations of Men, and *Cæsar* in particular, as I can do in the Narration of the principal Events and Series of his Story. He is not content only to deliver him down to Posterity, as the Subverter of the Laws and Liberties of his Country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater Infamy can possibly be cast upon any Name; But he describes him as pursuing that abominable End, by the most execrable Methods, and some that were were not in *Cæsar's* Nature to be guilty of. *Cæsar* was certainly a Man far from Revenge, or delight in Blood, and he made appear in the Exercise of the Supream Power, a noble and generous Inclination to Clemency upon all Occasions: Even *Lucan*, tho' never so much his Enemy, has not omitted his generous Usage of *Domitius* at *Corfinum*, or of *Affranius* and *Petreius*, when they were his Prisoners in *Spain*. What can be then said in Excuse for *Lucan*, when he represents him riding in Triumph over the Field of *Pharsalia*, the Day after the Battel, taking Delight in that horrid Landscape of *Slaughter* and *Blood*, and forbidding the Bodies of so many brave *Romans* to be either Buried or Burnt? Not any one Passage of *Cæsar's* Life gives Countenance to a Story like this; and how commendable soever the Zeal of a Writer may be, against the Oppressor of his Country, it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of Malevolence, as to paint the most Merciful Conqueror that ever was, in Colours proper only for the most Savage Natures. But the Effects of Prejudice and Partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of Life, in which even the best of Men are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many Instances have we in History of the best Princes treated as the worst of Men, by the Pens of Authors that were highly prejudic'd against them?

Shall we wonder then, that the *Roman* People, smarting under the Lashes of *Nero's* Tyranny, should exclaim in the bitterest Terms against the Memory of *Julius Cæsar*, since it was from him that *Nero* deriv'd that Power to use Mankind as he did? Those that liv'd in *Lucan's* Time, did not consider so much what *Cæsar* was in his own Person, or Temper, as what he was the Occasion of, to them. It's very probable, there were a great many dreadful Stories of him handed about by Tradition among the Multitude, and even Men of Sense might give Credit to them so far, as to forget his Clemency, and remember his Ambition, to which they



imputed all the Cruelties and Devastations committed by his Successors. Resentments of this kind in the Soul of a Man, fond of the Ancient Constitution of the Common-wealth, such as *Lucan* was, might betray him to believe, upon too slight Grounds, whatever was to the Disadvantage of one, he look'd upon as the Subverter of that Constitution. It was in that Quality, and for that Crime alone, that *Brutus* afterwards stab'd him; For Personal Prejudice against him he had none, and had been highly oblig'd by him: And it was upon that Account alone, that *Cato* scorn'd to owe his Life to him, tho' he well knew, *Cæsar* would have esteemed it one of the greatest Felicities of his, to have had it in his Power to Pardon him. I would not be thought to make an Apology, for *Lucan's* thus traducing the Memory of *Cæsar*; but would only beg the same Indulgence to his Partiality, that we are willing to allow to most other Authors; for I cannot help believing all Historians are more or less guilty of it.

I beg leave to observe one thing further on this Head, That it's odd, *Lucan* should thus mistake this Part of *Cæsar's* Character, and yet do him so much Justice in the rest. His Greatness of Mind, his intrepid Courage, his indefatigable Activity, his Magnanimity, his Generosity, his consummate Knowledge in the Art of War, and the Power and Grace of his Eloquence, are all set forth in the best light upon every proper Occasion. He never makes him speak, but it's with all the Strength of Argument, and all the Flowers of Rhetorick. It were tedious to enumerate every Instance of this, and I shall only mention the Speech to his Army before the Battel of *Pharsalia*, which in my Opinion surpasses all I ever read, for the easy Nobleness of Expression, the proper Topicks to animate his Soldiers, and the force of an Inimitable Eloquence.

Among *Lucan's* few Mistakes in matters of Fact, may be added those of Geography and Astronomy; but finding Mr. *Rowe* has taken some notice of them in his Notes, I shall say nothing of them. *Lucan* had neither Time nor Opportunity to visit the Scenes where the Actions he describes were done, as some other Historians both *Greek* and *Romans* had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit some minute Errors in these Matters. As to Astronomy, The Schemes of that Noble Science were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduc'd to that Mathematical Certainty they have been since.

The Method and Disposition of a Work of this kind, must be much the same with those observ'd by other Historians, with one difference only, which I submit to better Judgments: An Historian who like *Lucan* has chosen to write in Verse, tho' he is oblig'd to have strict regard to Truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not oblig'd to mention all Facts, as other Historians are. He is not ty'd down to relate every minute Passage, or Circumstance, if they be not absolutely necessary to the main Story; especially if they are such as would appear Heavy and Flat, and consequently incurber his Genius, or his Verse. All these trifling Parts of Action would take off from the Pleasure and Entertainment, which is the main Scope of that manner of Writing. Thus the Particulars of an Army's March, the Journal of a Siege, or the Situation of a Camp, where they are not subservient to the Relation of some Great and Important Event, had better be spar'd than inserted in a Work of that



that kind. In a Prose Writer, these perhaps ought, or at least may be properly and agreeably enough mention'd; of which we have innumerable Instances in most Ancient Historians, and particularly in *Thucydides* and *Livy*.

There is a Fault in *Lucan* against this Rule, and that is his long and unnecessary Enumeration of the several Parts of *Gaul*, whence *Cæsar's* Army was drawn together, in the *First Book*. It is enliven'd, it's true, with some Beautiful Verses he throws in, about the Ancient *Bards* and *Druids*; but still in the main it's dry, and but of little Consequence to the Story it self. The many different People and Cities there mention'd, were not *Cæsar's* Confederates, as those in the Third Book were *Pompey's*, and these last are particularly nam'd, to express how many Nations espous'd the Side of *Pompey*. Those reckon'd up in *Gaul* were only the Places where *Cæsar's* Troops had been Quarter'd, and *Lucan* might with as great Propriety, have mention'd the different Routs by which they march'd, as the Garrisons from which they were drawn. This therefore, in my Opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewise think, that the Digression in the Sixth Book, containing a Geographical Description of *Thessaly*, and an Account of its first Inhabitants, is too Prolix, and not of any great Consequence to his Purpose. I am sure it signifies but little to the Civil War in general, or the Battel of *Pharsalia* in particular, to know how many Rivers there are in *Thessaly*, or which of its Mountains lies *East* or *West*.

But if these be Faults in *Lucan*, they are such as will be found in the most admir'd Poets, nay, and thought Excellencies in them; and besides, he has made us most ample Amends in the many extraordinary Beauties of his Poem. The Story it self is *Noble* and *Great*; for what can there be in History more worthy of our Knowledge and Attention, than a War of the highest Importance to Mankind, carried on between the two greatest *Leaders* that ever were, and by a People the most renown'd for Arts and Arms, and who were at that time Masters of the World? What a poor Subject is that of the *Æneid*, when compar'd with this of the *Pharsalia*? and what a despicable Figure does *Agamemnon*, *Homer's* King of *Kings*, make, when compar'd with *Chiefs*, who by saying only, *Be thou a King*, made far greater Kings than him? The Scene of the *Iliad* contain'd but *Greece*, some Islands in the *Ægean* and *Ionian* Seas, with a very little Part of the *Lesser Asia*: This of the Civil War of *Rome* drew after it, almost all the Nations of the then known World. *Troy* was but a little Town, of the little Kingdom of *Phrygia*; whereas *Rome* was then Mistress of an Empire, that reach'd from the Streights of *Hercules*, and the *Atlantick* Ocean, to the *Euphrates*, and from the Bottom of the *Euxin* and the *Caspian* Seas, to *Æthiopia* and Mount *Atlas*. The Inimitable *Virgil* is yet more straitned in his Subject. *Æneas*, a Poor Fugitive from *Troy*, with a handful of Followers, settles at last in *Italy*, and all the Empire that Immortal Pen could give him, is but a few Miles upon the Banks of the *Tyber*. So vast a Disproportion there is between the Importance of the Subject of the *Æneid*, and that of the *Pharsalia*, that we find one single *Roman*, *Crassus*, Master of more Slaves on his Estate, than *Virgil's* Hero had Subjects. In fine, it may be said, Nothing can



can excuse him for his Choice, but that he design'd his Hero for the Ancestor of *Rome*, and the *Julian Race*.

I cannot leave this Parallel, without taking Notice, to what a height of Power the *Roman Empire* was then arriv'd, in an Instance of *Cæsar* himself, when but Pro-Consul of *Gaul*, and before it's thought, he ever dream'd of being what he afterwards attained to: It's in one of *Cicero's* Letters to him, wherein he repeats the Words of *Cæsar's* Letters to him some time before. The Words are these; *As to what concerns Marcus Furius, whom you recommended to me, I will, if you please, make him King of Gaul; but if you would have me advance any other Friend of yours, send him to me.* It was no new thing for Citizens of *Rome*, such as *Cæsar* was, to dispose of Kingdoms as they pleas'd, and *Cæsar* himself had taken away *Deiotarius's* Kingdom from him, and given it to a private Gentleman of *Pergamum*. But there is one surprizing Instance more, of the prodigious Greatness of the *Roman Power*, in the Affair of King *Antiochus*, and that long before the height it arriv'd to, at the breaking forth of the Civil War. That Prince was Master of all *Egypt*, and marching to the Conquest of *Phoenicia*, *Cyprus*, and the other Appendixes of that Empire. *Popilius* overtakes him in his full March, with Letters from the Senate, and refuses to give him his Hand, till he had read them. *Antiochus*, startled at the Command that was contain'd in them, to stop the Progress of his Victories, ask'd a short time to consider of it. *Popilius* makes a Circle about him with a Stick he had in his Hand, *Return me an Answer*, said he, *before thou stirr'st out of this Circle, or the Roman People are no more thy Friends.* *Antiochus*, after a short Pause, told him with the lowest Submission, he would obey the Senate's Commands. Upon which *Popilius* gives him his Hand, and salutes him a Friend of *Rome*. After *Antiochus* had given up so great a Monarchy, and such a Torrent of Success, upon receiving only a few Words in Writing, he had indeed Reason to send Word to the Senate, as he did by his Ambassadors, that he had obey'd their Commands, with the same Submission, as if they had been sent him from the Immortal Gods.

To leave this Digression. It were the height of Arrogance to detract ever so little from *Homer* or *Virgil*, who have kept Possession of the first Places, among the Poets of *Greece* and *Rome*, for so many Ages: Yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I say there are several Passages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the Dignity, that shines almost in every Page of *Lucan*. It were to take both the *Iliad* and *Æneid* in pieces, to prove this: But I shall only take Notice of one Instance, and that is, the different Colouring of *Virgil's* Hero, and *Lucan's* *Cæsar*, in a Storm. *Æneas* is drawn weeping, and in the greatest Confusion and Despair, tho' he had Assurance from the Gods that he should one Day settle and raise a New Empire in *Italy*. *Cæsar*, on the contrary, is represented perfectly Sedate, and free from Fear. His Courage and Magnanimity brighten up as much upon this Occasion, as afterwards they did at the Battels of *Pharsalia* and *Munda*. Courage would have cost *Virgil* nothing, to have bestow'd it on his Hero, and he might as easily have thrown him upon the Coast of *Carthage* in a calm Temper of Mind, as in a Panick Fear.



St. Evremont is very severe upon *Virgil* on this Account, and has Criticized upon his Character of *Æneas* in this manner. When *Virgil* tells us,

*Extemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore Membra,  
Ingemat, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.*

Seiz'd as he is, says St. Evremont, with this Chillness through all his Limbs, the first Sign of Life we find in him, is his Groaning; then he lifts up his Hands to Heaven, and in all Appearance, would implore its Succour, if the Condition wherein the Good Hero finds himself, would afford him Strength enough to raise his Mind to the Gods, and pray with Attention. His Soul, which could not apply it self to any thing else, abandons it self to Lamentations; and like those desolate Widows, who upon the first Trouble they meet with, wish they were in the Grave with their dear Husbands, the poor *Æneas* bewails his not having perish'd before Troy with Hector, and esteems them very happy who left their Bones in the Bosom of so Sweet and Dear a Country. Some People, adds he, may perhaps believe he says so, because he envies their Happiness; but I am perswaded, says St. Evremont, it's for Fear of the Danger that threatens him. The same Author, after he has thus expos'd his want of Courage, adds, The good *Æneas* hardly ever concerns himself in any Important or Glorious Design: It's enough for him that he discharges his Conscience in the Offices of a Pious, Tender, and Compassionate Man. He carries his Father on his Shoulders, he conjugally Laments his Dear *Creusa*, he causes his Nurse to be interr'd, and makes a Funeral Pile for his Trusty Pilot *Palinurus*, for whom he sheds a Thousand Tears. Here is (says he) a sorry Hero in Paganism, who would have made an admirable Saint among some Christians. In short, it's St. Evremont's Opinion, he was fitter to make a Founder of an Order than a State.

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont: I beg leave to take Notice, that the Storm in *Lucan* is drawn in stronger Colours, and strikes the Mind with greater Horror, than that in *Virgil*; notwithstanding the first has no Supernatural Cause assign'd for it, and the latter is rais'd by a God, at the Instigation of a Goddess, that was both Wife and Sister of *Jupiter*.

In the *Pharsalia*, most of the Transactions and Events, that compose the Relation, are Wonderful and Surprising tho' True, as well as Instructive, and Entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to transcribe the Work itself, and therefore I shall only hint at some of the most Remarkable. With what Dignity, and Justness of Character, are the two Great Rivals, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, introduc'd in the First Book; and how Beautifully, and with what a Masterly Art, are they oppos'd to one another? Add to this, the justest Similitudes by which their different Characters are Illustrated in the Second and Ninth Book. Who can but admire the Figure that *Cato's* Virtue makes, in more Places than one? And I perswade my self, if *Lucan* had liv'd to finish his Design, the Death of that Illustrious Roman had made one of the most Moving, as well as one of the most Sublime Episodes of his Poem. In the Third Book, *Pompey's* Dream, *Cæsar's* breaking open the Temple of *Saturn*, the



Siege of *Marseilles*, the Sea Fight, and the Sacred Grove, have each of them their particular Excellence, that in my Opinion come very little short of any thing we find in *Homer* or *Virgil*.

In the Fourth Book, there are a great many charming Incidents, and among the rest, that of the Soldiers running out of their Camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable Story of *Vulteius*. The Fifth Book affords us a fine Account of the Oracle of *Delphos*, its Origin, the manner of its delivering Answers, and the Reason of its then Silence. Then upon the Occasion of a Mutiny in *Cæsar's* Camp near *Placentia*, in his manner of passing the *Adriatick* in a small Boat, amidst the Storm I hinted at, he has given us the Noblest and the best Image of that Great Man. But what affects me above all, is the Parting of *Pompey* and *Cornelia*, in the End of the Book. It has something in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagin'd.

In the Description of the Witch *Erietho*, in the Sixth Book, we have a Beautiful Picture of Horror; for even Works of that kind have their Beauties in Poetry, as well as in Painting. The Seventh Book is most taken up with what relates to the Famous Battel of *Pharsalia*, which decided the Fate of *Rome*. It is so related, that the Reader may rather think himself a Spectator of, or even engag'd in, the Battel, than so remote from the Age in which it was Fought. There is, towards the End of this Book, a Noble Majestick Description of the General *Conflagration*, and of that last *Catastrophe*, which must put an end to this Frame of Heav'n and Earth. To this is added, in the most Elevated Stile, his Sentiments of the *Immortality of the Soul*, and of Rewards and Punishments after this Life. All these are touch'd with the nicest Delicacy of Expression and Thought, especially that about the Universal *Conflagration*; and agrees with what we find of it in *Holy Writ*. In so much that I am willing to believe *Lucan* might have convers'd with St. *Peter* at *Rome*, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have seen that *Epistle* of his, wherein he gives us the very same Idea of it.

In the Eighth Book our Passions are again touch'd with the Misfortunes of *Cornelia* and *Pompey*; but especially with the Death, and unworthy Funeral, of the latter. In this Book is likewise drawn, with the greatest Art, the Character of young *Ptolemy* and his Ministers; particularly that of the Villain *Photimus* is exquisitely expos'd in his own Speech in Council.

In the Ninth Book, after the Apotheosis of *Pompey*, *Cato* is introduc'd as the fittest Man after him to head the Cause of Liberty and *Rome*. This Book is the longest, and, in my Opinion, the most Entertaining in the whole Poem. The March of *Cato* through the Desarts of *Libya*, affords a noble and agreeable Variety of Matter; and the Virtues of his Hero, amidst these Distresses through which he leads him, seems every where to deserve these Raptures of Praise he bestows upon him. Add to this, the artful Descriptions of the various Poisons with which these Desarts abound, and their different Effects upon Human Bodies, than which nothing can be more Moving or Poetical.

But *Cato's* Answer to *Labienus* in this Book, upon his desiring him to consult the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon* about the Event of the Civil War, and the Fortune of *Rome*, is a Master-Piece not to be equal'd. All the



the Attributes of God, such as his Omnipotence, his Prescience, his Justice, his Goodness, and his unsearchable Decrees, are Painted in the most awful, and the strongest Colours, and such as may make Christians themselves blush, for not coming up to them in most of their Writings upon that Subject. I know not but St. Evremont has carry'd the Matter too far, when in mentioning this Passage, he concludes, *If all the Ancient Poets had spoke as worthily of the Oracles of their Gods, he should make no scruple to prefer them to the Divines and Philosophers of our time.* We may see, says he, in the Concourse of so many People, that came to consult the Oracle of Hammon, what effect a Publick Opinion can produce, where Zeal and Superstition mingle together. We may see in Labienus, a Pious sensible Man, who to his Respect for the Gods, joyns that Consideration and Esteem we ought to preserve for Virtue in Good Men. Cato is a Religious severe Philosopher, wean'd from all Vulgar Opinions, who entertains those lofty Thoughts of the Gods, which pure undebauch'd Reason, and a truly elevated Knowledge can give us of them; Every thing here, says St. Evremont, is Poetical, every thing is Consonant to Truth and Reason. It is not Poetical upon the Score of any ridiculous Faction, or for some extravagant Hyperbole, but for the daring Greatness and Majesty of the Language, and for the Noble Elevation of the Discourse. It's thus, adds he, that Poetry is the Language of the Gods, and that Poets are Wise; and it's so much the greater Wonder to find it in Lucan, says he, because it's neither to be met with in Homer nor Virgil. I remember Montaigne, who is allow'd by all to have been an admirable Judge in these Matters, prefers *Lucan's* Character of Cato to *Virgil*, or any other of the Ancient Poets. He thinks all of them Flat and Languishing, but *Lucan's* much more Strong, tho' overthrown by the Extravagancy of his own Force.

The Tenth Book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the *Egyptian* Magnificence, with a curious Account of the then receiv'd Opinions of the Increase and Decrease of the River Nile. From the Variety of the Story, and many other Particulars I need not mention in this short Account, it may easily appear, that a true History may be as delightful as a Romance or Fiction, when the Author makes choice of a Subject that affords so many, and so surprizing Incidents.

Among the Faults that have been laid to *Lucan's* Charge, the most justly imputed are those of his *Stile*; and indeed how could it be otherwise? Let us but remember the imperfect State, in which his sudden and Immature Death left the *Pharsalia*, the Design it self being probably but half finished, and what was writ of it, but slightly, if at all, revis'd. We are told, it's true, he either Corrected the Three First Books himself, or his Wife did it for him, in his own Life-time. Be it so; but what are the Corrections of a Lady, or a Young Man of Six and Twenty, to those he might have made at Forty, or a more advanc'd Age? *Virgil*, the most Correct and Judicious Poet that ever was, continued Correcting his *Æneid* for near as long a Series of Years together, as *Lucan* liv'd, and yet dy'd with a strong Opinion, that it was Imperfect still. If *Lucan* had liv'd to his Age, the *Pharsalia* without doubt would have made another kind of Figure, than it now does, notwithstanding



withstanding the difference to be found in the *Roman* Language, between the Times of *Nero* and *Augustus*.

It must be own'd he is in many Places obscure, and hard, and therefore not so agreeable, and comes short of the Purity, Sweetness and delicate Propriety of *Virgil*. Yet it's still universally agreed among both Ancients and Moderns, that his Genius was wonderfully Great, but at the same time too Haughty and Headstrong to be govern'd by Art; and that his Stile was like his Genius, learn'd, bold, and lively, but withal too Tragical, and Blustering.

I am by no means willing to compare the *Pharsalia* to the *Æneid*, but I must say, with St. *Evremont*, that for what purely regards the Elevation of Thought, *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Cato*, and *Labienus* shine much more in *Lucan*, than *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Juno*, or *Venus* do in *Virgil*. The Idea's which *Lucan* has given us of these Great Men are truly Greater, and affect us more sensibly, than those which *Virgil* has given us of his Deities: The latter has cloath'd his Gods with Human Infirmities, to adapt them to the Capacity of Men: The other has rais'd his Heroes so, as to bring them into Competition with the Gods themselves. In a Word, the Gods are not so valuable in *Virgil*, as the Hero's: In *Lucan*, the Hero's equal the Gods. After all, it must be allow'd, that most things throughout the whole *Pharsalia* are greatly and justly said, with regard even to the Language and Expression: But the Sentiments are every where so Beautiful and Elevated, that they appear, as he describes *Cæsar* in *Amyclus's* Cottage in the Fifth Book, Noble and Magnificent in any Dress. It's in this Elevation of Thought that *Lucan* justly excels: This is his *Fort*, and what raises him up to an Equality with the greatest of the Ancient Poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate Character of *Lucan's* Genius, as mention'd by *Strada* in the Emblematick Way. It's commonly known that Pope *Leo* the Tenth was not only Learn'd himself; but a great Patron of Learning, and us'd to be present at the Conversations and Performances of all the Polite Writers of his time. The Wits of *Rome* entertain'd him one Day at his *Villa* on the Banks of the *Tyber*, with an Interlude in the Nature of a *Poetical Masquerade*. They had their *Parnassus*, their *Pegasus*, their *Helicon*, and every one of the Ancient Poets in their several Characters, where each Acted the Part that was suitable to his Manner of Writing, and among the rest one that Acted *Lucan*. There was none, says he, that was plac'd in a higher Station, or had a greater Prospect under him than *Lucan*. He Vaulted upon *Pegasus* with all the Heat and Intrepidity of Youth, and seem'd desirous of Mounting into the Clouds upon the Back of him. But as the hinder Feet of the Horse stuck to the Mountain, while the Body rear'd up in the Air, the Poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off, insomuch that the Spectators often gave him for gone, and cry'd out now and then he was tumbling. Thus *Strada*.

I shall sum up all I have time to say of *Lucan*, with another Character, as it is given by one of the most Polite Men of the Age he liv'd in, and who under the Protection of the same Pope *Leo X.* was one of the first Restorers of Learning in the latter End of the Fifteenth and



and the beginning of the Sixteenth Century. I mean *Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus*, who with the assistance of *Beroaldus*, *Badius*, and some others of the First Form in the Republic of Letters, publish'd *Lucan* with Notes at *Rome* in the Year 1514, being the first Impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and Painting, with the Knowledge of the Greek and Latin Tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small Compass of Years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declin'd ever since. *Verulanus* in his Dedication to Cardinal *Palavicini*, prefix'd to that Edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious Criticism on his *Pharsalia*, but a Beautiful Judicious Comparison between him and *Virgil*, and that in a Style which in my Opinion comes but little short of *Salust*, or the Writers of the *Augustan* Age. It is to the following Purpose in *English*, and it may not be unacceptable to the Reader, that I have put the *Latin* in the Margin.

I come now to the Author I have Commented upon, says *Sulpitius Verulanus*, and shall endeavour to describe him, as well as observe in what he differs from that great Poet *Virgil*. *Lucan*, in the Opinion of *Fabius*, is no less a Pattern for Orators than for Poets; and always adhering strictly to Truth, he seems to have as fair a Pretence to the Character of an Historian; for he equally performs each of these Offices. His Expression is Bold and Lively; his Sentiments are Clear, his Fictions within Compass of Probability, and his Digressions proper: His Orations Artful, Correct, Manly, and full of Matter. In the other Parts of his Work, he is Grave, Fluent, Copious, and Elegant; abounding with great Variety, and wonderful Erudition. And in unriddling the Intricacy of Contrivances, Designs and Actions, his Style is so Masterly, that you rather seem to see, than read of those Transactions. But as for Enterprizes and Battels, you imagine them not Related but Acted: Towns alarm'd, Armies engag'd, the Eagerness and Terror of the several Soldiers, seem present to your View. As our Author is frequent and fertile in Descriptions; and none more skilful in discovering the Secret Springs of Action, and their Rise in Human Passions; as he is an acute Searcher into the Manners of Men, and most dextrous in applying all Sorts of Learning to his Subject: What other Cosmographer, Astrologer, Philosopher or Mathematician do we stand in need of, while we read him? Who has more judiciously handled, or treated with more Delicacy, whatever Topics his Fancy has led him to, or have casually fall'n in his Way? *Maro* is, without doubt, a great Poet; so is *Lucan*. In so apparent an Equality, 'tis hard

Nunc ad vatem quem enarravimus me convertam: qualisque sit, & in quo a Vergilio poeta summo differat explicabo. Lucanus non minus oratoribus quam poetis Fabii judicio imitandus, cum puram historię fidem sequatur, etiam historici sustinere personam videtur: singulorum enim pariter officio fungitur. Quippe ardens concitatus, sententiis clarissimus, modesta fragmenta & concinnas habet evagationes. Estque in concionibus artificiosus, abundans, virilis, & cultus. In ceteris vero gravis, copiosus, amplius, tersus, mira eruditione & rerum varietate perfusus. Tantaque carminis majestate, consilia, rationes, gesta que explicat: ut hæc ipsa non legere sed cernere videaris. Bella vero & conflictus non narrari sed geri: urbes trepidare: acies concurrere: & militum ardorem, terroremque putes aspicere. Cunque sit in descriptionibus frequens & locuples: in rerum perscrutanda natura, experiendis que affectibus perspicax: in moribus judicandis argutus: atque in omni ostentanda doctrina versatilis: quem Cosmographum, quem Astrologum, aut Mathematicum, aut Philosophum dum eum legimus desideramus? Quis enim de rebus in quas incidit, aut affectat: subtilius & accuratius differit? Magnus profecto est *Maro*, magnus *Lucanus*: adeoque prope par: ut uter sit major possis ambigere. Summis enim uterque est laudibus eloquentiæ cumularus. Dives & magnificus *Maro*: hic sumptuosus & splendidus. Ille maturus sublimis abundans: hic vehemens canorus effusus. Ille venerabilis pontificio more quadam cum religione videtur incedere: hic cum terrore concitatus imperatorio. Ille cura & diligentia cultus: hic natura &



studio perpolitus. Ille suavitatem & dulcedine animos capit: hic ardore & spiritu complet. Vergilius nitidus, beatus, compositus. Lucanus varius floridus aptus. Ille fortioribus telis pugnare videtur: hic pluribus. Ille plus roboris habere: hic plus terroris & acrimoniae. Illum grandi tuba uti & horrida dixeris: hunc fere pari sed claroni. Tanta denique est huic cum illo affinitas & in diversitate praestantia: ut cum ad illam Maronis divinitatem accesserit nemo: tamen nisi ille priorem locum apud nos occupasset hic possideret.

to decide which Excels: For Both have justly obtained the highest Commendations. *Maro* is Rich and Magnificent; *Lucan* Sumptuous and Splendid: The first is Discreet, Inventive, and Sublime; the latter Free, Harmonious, and full of Spirit. *Virgil* seems to move with the Devout Solemnity of a Reverend Prelate: *Lucan* to March with the Noble Haughtiness of a Victorious General. One owes most to Labour and Application; the other to Nature and Practice: One lulls the Soul with the Sweetness and Music of his Verse, the other raises it by his Fire and Rapture. *Virgil* is Sedate, Happy in his Conceptions, free from Faults; *Lucan* Quick, Various and Florid: *He* seems to Fight with stronger Weapons, *This* with more. The first surpasses all in Solid Strength; the latter excels in Vigour and Poynancy. You would think that the one Sounds rather a larger and deeper ton'd Trumpet; the other a less indeed, but Clearer. In short, so great is the Affinity, and the struggle for Precedence between them, that tho' no Body be allow'd to come up to that Divinity in *Maro*; yet had *He* not been possess'd of the chief Seat on *Parnassus*, our Author's Claim to it had been indisputable.

Thus much for *Lucan*; And it may be expected, I should give some Account of Mr. *Rowe*, who has obliged the World with the following Translation of him in *English Verse*. Never Man had it more in his Nature than he, to Love and Oblige his Friends living, or celebrate their Memory when Dead; What Pity is it then, that for want of Information, there cannot be paid to his Name that just Encomium he ev'ry way deserv'd?

He was Born at *Little Berkford* in *Bedfordshire*, at the House of *Jasper Edwards*, Esq; his Mother's Father, in the Year 1673, of an Ancient Family in *Devonshire*, that for many Ages had made a handsome Figure in their Country, and was known by the Name of *Rowes* of *Lambertoun*. He could trace his Ancestors, in a direct Line, up to the Times of the *Holy War*, where one of them so distinguish'd himself in the *Holy Land*, that at his return, he had the Coat of Arms given him, which they bore ever since, that being in those Days all the Reward of Military Virtue, or of Blood spilt in those Expeditions. From that time downward to Mr. *Rowe's* Father, The Family kept themselves to the Frugal Management of a Private Fortune, and the Innocent Pleasures of a Country Life. Having a Handsome Seat, and a Competent Estate, they liv'd beyond the Fear of Want, or Reach of Envy. In all the Changes of Governments, they are said to have ever lean'd towards the side of Publick Liberty, and in that retir'd Situation of Life to have beheld with Grief and Concern the many Inroachments that have been made upon it from time to time.

His Father was *John Rowe*, and the first of the Family, as his Son has told me, that chang'd a Country Life for a Liberal Profession. After he had past the Schools at home, he was brought up to *London*, and enter'd a Student of the Law in the *Middle Temple*, where some time after he was call'd to the Bar, and at length made a Serjeant at Law. He

was



was a Gentleman in great Esteem for many engaging Qualities, of very considerable Practice at the Bar, and stood fair for the first Vacancy on the Bench, when he died the 30th Day of *April*, 1692. and was buried in the *Temple Church* the 7th of *May* following. Let it be mention'd to the Honour of this Gentleman, that when he publish'd *Serjeant Benloe* and *Judge Dalison's Reports*, he had the Honesty and Boldness to observe in the Preface, how moderate these two great Lawyers had been in their Opinions concerning the Extent of the Royal Prerogative; and that he durst do this in the late King *James's* Reign, at a time when a *Dispensing Power* was set up, as inherent in the Crown. From such worthy Ancestors *Nicholas Rowe* was Descended, who, together with the Ancient Paternal Seat of the Family, Inherited their Probity and good Nature, Contentment of Mind, and an unbyass'd Love to their Country.

His Father took all the Care possible of his Education, and when he was fit for it, sent him to *Westminster School*, under the Famous *Dr. Busby*. He made an extraordinary Progress in all the Parts of Learning taught in that School, and about the Age of Twelve Years was chosen one of the King's Scholars. He became in a little time Master to a great Perfection of all the Classical Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and made a tolerable Proficiency in the *Hebrew*; but Poetry was his early Bent, and his darling Study. He compos'd at that time several Copies of Verses upon different Subjects both in *Greek* and *Latin*, and some in *English*, which were much admir'd, and the more that they cost him very little Pains, and seem'd to flow from his Imagination, almost as fast as his Pen.

His Father designing him for his own Profession, took him from that School when he was about Sixteen Years of Age, and enter'd him a Student in the *Middle Temple*, whereof he himself was a Member, that he might have him under his immediate Care and Instruction. Being capable of any part of Knowledge he apply'd his Mind to, he made very Remarkable Advances in the Study of the Law; and was not content, as he told me, to know it as a Collection of *Statutes* or *Customs* only, but as a *System* founded upon right Reason, and calculated for the Good of Mankind. Being afterwards call'd to the Bar, he appear'd in as Promising a way to make a Figure in that Profession, as any of his Contemporaries, if the Love of the *Belles Lettres*, and that of Poetry in particular, had not stop'd him in his Career. He had the Advantage of the Friendship and Protection of one of the finest Gentlemen, as well as one of the greatest Lawyers of that Time, *Sir George Treby*, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who was fond of him to a great Degree, and had it both in his Power and Inclination to promote his Interest.

But the *Muses* had stoln away his Heart from his Infancy, and his Passion for them rendred the Study of the *Law* dry and tasteless to his Palate. He struggled for some time against the Natural Bent of his Mind, but in vain; for *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* had infinitely more Charms with him, than the best Authors that had writ of the Law of *England*. He now and then could not refrain from making some Copies of Verses on Subjects that fell in his Way, which being approv'd of by his Intimate Friends, to whom only he show'd them, that Approbation prov'd his Snare, so that from that time he began to give way  
to



to the Natural Bias of his Mind, and would needs try what he could do in Tragedy.

The first he wrote was *The Ambitious Step-Mother*; which meeting with Universal Applause, as it well deserv'd, he laid aside all Thoughts of rising in the Law, and turn'd them ever after, in their main Channel, towards Poetry. This his first Tragedy he writ when Twenty Five Years of Age, and as a Tryal only of his Genius that way. The Purity of the *English* Language, the Justness of his Characters, the Noble Elevation of the Sentiments were all of them admirably adapted to the Plan of the Play. His Talent lay in *Heroick Poetry*, and consequently in *Tragedy*: For Comedy, he once try'd it, but found his Genius did not lean that way. He writ several Tragedies afterwards, which are in every Body's Hands, and all of them highly approv'd by Men of Taste; upon the Account of the Loftiness of Thought, and the delicate Propriety of the Language; in which last I may venture to say, no one has ever out-done him, few equall'd him.

The Tragedy he valu'd himself most upon, and which was most valu'd, was his *Tamerlane*; and never Author, in my Opinion, did more Justice to his Hero, than he to that excellent Prince: For *Tamerlane* was the very Man that Mr. *Rowe* has Painted him. In that Play, he aim'd at a Parallel between the late King *William* of Immortal Memory and *Tamerlane*; as also between *Bajazet*, and a Monarch who is since Dead. That Glorious Ambition and Noble Ardour in *Tamerlane*, to break the Chains of enslav'd Nations, and set Mankind free from the Incroachments of Lawless Power, are Painted in the most lively, as well as the most amiable Colours: On the other side, his manner of Introducing on the Stage a Prince that thinks Mankind is made but for him, and whose 'chief Aim is to perpetuate his Name to Posterity, by that Havock and Ruin he scatters through the World, are all drawn with that Pomp of Horror and Detestation which such Monstrous Actions do deserve. And since nothing could be more Calculated, for raising in the Minds of the Audience, a true Passion for Liberty, and a just Abhorrence for Slavery; how this Play came to be discouraged, next to a Prohibition, in the latter End of a late Reign, I leave it to others to give a Reason.

I shall say nothing of any of the rest of Mr. *Rowe's* Plays in particular; but it may be justly said of them all, that never Poet painted *Virtue* or *Religion* in a more charming Dress on the Stage, nor were ever *Vice* and *Impiety* better expos'd to Contempt and Hatred. There runs through every one of them an Air of Religion and Virtue, attended with all the Social Duties of Life, and a constant untainted Love to his Country. The same Principles of Liberty he had early imbib'd himself, and seem'd a Part of his Constitution, appear'd in every thing he wrote, and he took all Occasions that fell in his Way, to make the Stage subservient to them. His Muse was so religiously Chast, that I do not remember one Word in any of his Plays or Writings that might admit but of a *double Entendre* in point of *Decency* or *Morals*. There is nothing to be found in them to humour the deprav'd Taste of the Age, by nibbling at *Scripture*, or depreciating Things in themselves *Sacred*; and it was the less wonder, that he observ'd this Rule in his  
Dramatick



Dramatick Performances, since in his ordinary Conversation, and when his Mirth and Humour enliven'd the whole Company, he us'd to express his Dissatisfaction, in the severest Manner, with any thing that look'd that way. Being much Conversant in the *Holy Scriptures*, it's observable that to raise the highest Ideas of Virtue, he has with great Art in several of his Tragedies made use of those Expressions and Metaphors in them, that taste most of the *Sublime*.

Besides his Plays, Mr. *Rowe* wrote a great many Copies of Verses on different Subjects, which it's hop'd his Friends may some time or other publish together, and whereof many have been already Printed apart. Being a great Admirer of *Shakespear*, he oblig'd the Publick with a new Edition of his Works, and prefix'd to it a short Account of his Life. In that Account he lay under the same Misfortune that I have done in this Account of Mr. *Rowe*; He wanted Information to do Justice to *Shakespear*. He took all Occasions to express the vast Esteem he had for that Wonderful Man, and endeavour'd in some of his Pieces to imitate his manner of Writing, particularly in the Tragedy of *Jane Shore*. He has given him the Character he well deserv'd in the Prologue to that Play in the following Verses, which I am the more willing to insert here, because I believe there is no Man of Taste but pays to *Shakespear's* Memory the Homage that's due to one of the greatest Genius's that ever appear'd in Dramatick Poetry. The Lines are these,

*In such an Age, Immortal Shakespear wrote,  
By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Criticks taught;  
With rough, majestick Force, he mov'd the Heart,  
And Strength and Nature made Amends for Art.  
Our humble Author does his Steps pursue,  
He owns he had the mighty Bard in view;  
And in these Scenes has made it more his Care  
To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear.*

But Mr. *Rowe's* last, and perhaps his best Poem is this his Translation of *Lucan*, which he just liv'd to finish. He had entertain'd an early Inclination for that Author, and I believe it was the darling Passion he had for the Liberty and Constitution of his Country, that first inclin'd him to think of Translating him. He thought it was a Pity, that a Work in which the Cause of Liberty was set in such a Shining Light should be preserv'd only in the Dead Language wherein it was Written; and therefore thought it well worth his Pains to put it, in an *English* Dress, for the Benefit of his Country-men. As this is the happiest Nation of the World in its Constitution, and happy even in spite of our selves, he judg'd that all who are in Love with it, must needs be fond of an Author, who not only wrote for the Ancient Constitution of his own Country, but fell a Sacrifice for endeavouring to support it.

As to the Translation itself, I perswade my self it will meet with a kind Reception in the World. I dare be bold to say the Language is Pure, and the Versification both Musical and adapted to the Subject. I



have no Reason to doubt but the true Meaning of the Original is faithfully preserv'd through the whole Work, and if I may venture to Judge, the Translation comes up to the Spirit of the Original, as far as the Difference between the *Roman* and *English* Languages will allow of.

I am afraid I have gone out of my Depth, in giving my Opinion of a Peice of this kind, being no Poet my self; so I leave this Translation of *Lucan* to make its way by its own Merit. I know *May* has Translated it near an Age ago, and I confess it is many Years since I read it. But it must be own'd, that it's but a lame Performance, and does not reach the Spirit or Sense of *Lucan*. The Language and Versification are yet worse, and fall infinitely short of the lofty Numbers and Propriety of Expression in which Mr. *Rowe* excels. I know of no other Translation of *Lucan* in any of the living Languages, in Verse, except that of *Brebeuf* in *French*. I have a very great Value for it, and the Author, if it were for no other Reason, but that he had the honest Boldness to publish such a Work in his Native Language, that was Diametrically opposite to the Maxims of Government pursued by the Prince then Reigning. His Courage in this matter deserves yet the more to be applauded, that when all the other *Classicks* were publish'd for the Use of the *Dauphin*, *Lucan* alone was Prohibited. It's observable, he has carry'd in some Places in the *French* Language the Heat of *Lucan*, farther than *Lucan* himself in the *Latin*, and that by attempting the Fire of his Author, he has, if I may be allow'd the Expression, fir'd himself much more. This is what happens to him frequently: But again at other times he flags, and when *Lucan* happily hits on the true Beauty of a Thought, *Brebeuf* falls infinitely below him, through an Affectation of appearing Easy and Natural, when he ought to exert all his Force. I might give a great many Instances of this last, but shall confine my self to one which will set in a true Light the Difference between the two Translations of *Lucan* by *Brebeuf* and Mr. *Rowe*. That strong celebrated Line in *Lucan*,

*Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni,*

is with the whole Period, thus done by Mr. *Rowe*, tho' none of the brightest Lines in his Translation.

*Justly to name the better Cause were hard,  
While Greatest Names for either Side declar'd.  
Victorious Cæsar by the Gods was Crown'd,  
The vanquish'd Party was by Cato own'd.*

When *Brebeuf* comes to Translate this Passage, he does it after this manner,

*De si hauts partisans s'arment pour chacun d'eux,  
Qu'on ne scait qui defendre, ou qui blamer de deux,  
Qui des deux a tire plus justement l'epée,  
Les dieux servent Cesar, & Caton suit Pompée.*

What



What can be poorer than this last? It does not answer the Nobleness of the *Latin*, and besides it maims the Sense of the Author. For *Lucan*, who had his Imagination full of the Virtue of *Cato*, intended to raise him above, or at least equal him to the Gods, as to the Merit of the Cause, that occasion'd the Opposition: But *Brebeuf*, instead of raising him to a Competition with the Gods, makes him only a Retainer of *Pompey's*. This puts me in mind of an Observation I have frequently made upon most of our *English* Translations. Whenever there happens an Expression or Period of a distinguish'd Beauty, it's there they fall often not only short of the Original, but mistake intirely the Sense. I shall give but one Instance in *Dryden's Virgil*. There is not in all the Inimitable *Æneid* a more Beautiful Period than that in the Sixth Book concerning *Marcellus*, which *Virgil* sums up in this *Hemisticon*,

*Tu Marcellus eris:*

*Dryden* turns it thus,

*O! couldst thou break through Fate's severe Decree,  
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.*

which is altogether wide from the Meaning of *Virgil*, and sinks infinitely below the Dignity of his Verse.

I might take Notice here of several Passages of *Lucan* left out in *Brebeuf*, which well deserv'd a Place in his Translation. I shall only mention one in the Sixth Book concerning the Witch *Erietho*, which in my Opinion is a very Beautiful Picture of Horror. *Brebeuf* cuts it short, and in its Place gives us a Love Story of his own Invention between *Burrhus* and *Octavia*, which is nothing to the Purpose, and falls infinitely short of the Spirit of *Lucan*. Yet after all it cannot be deny'd, but *Brebeuf's* Performance is in the main admirably well done, and in many Places he appears animated with the same Fire we find in *Lucan*. I cannot omit one Instance of this in that Passage of the Third Book concerning the Origine of Letters, which is one of the finest in *Lucan*, and excellently done into *French* by *Brebeuf*. *Lucan* has it thus,

*Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi  
Mansuram rudibus vocem, signare figuris.*

*Brebeuf* turns it after this manner,

*C'est de luy que nous vient cet art ingénieux,  
De peindre la parole & de parler aux yeux,  
Et par les traits divers des figures tracées,  
Donner de la Couleur, & du Corps aux pensées.*

The Translation of this Passage by *Brebeuf* is excellently Imitated in *English* by a young Lady \* that I had the Honour to be acquainted with, which if I mistake not, transcends *Brebeuf* or even *Lucan* himself. It's thus,

*The Noble Art from Cadmus took its Rise  
Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes.*

\* A Daughter of the Viscount Molesworth.



*He first in Wondrous Magick Fetters bound  
The airy Voice, and stop'd the flying Sound.  
The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,  
Gave Colour, and a Body to the Thought.*

To return to Mr. Rowe: He just liv'd to put an end to this Translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, and if he had but liv'd a little longer, it's probable he had prefix'd to it another kind of Preface than this, with a thorough Criticism on the whole Work. I shall say nothing further of him in the Quality of a Poet, since this Translation, and his other Works, will sufficiently justify his Title to it. As to his Person, it was Graceful and well made, his Face regular and of a Manly Beauty. As his Soul was well lodg'd, so it's Rational and Animal Faculties excell'd in a high Degree. He had a quick and fruitful Invention, a deep Penetration, and a large Compass of Thought, with a singular Dexterity, and Easiness in making his Thoughts to be understood. He was Master of most Parts of Polite Learning, especially the Classical Authors both *Greek* and *Latin*, understood the *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish* Languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tollerably well.

He had likewise read most of the *Greek* and *Roman* Histories in their Original Languages, and most that are writ in *English*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*. He had a good Taste in Philosophy, and having a firm Impression of Religion upon his Mind, he took great delight in Divinity and Ecclesiastical History, in both which he made great Advances in the times he retir'd into the Country, which were frequent. He express'd on all Occasions his full Perswasion of the Truth of Reveal'd Religion, and being a sincere Member of the Establish'd Church himself, he pity'd, but Condemn'd not, those that dissented from it. He abhor'd the Principle of Persecuting Men upon the Account of their Opinions in Religion; and being strict in his own, he took it not upon him to Censure those of another Perswasion. His Conversation was Pleasant, Witty, and Learn'd, without the least Tincture of Affectation or Pedantry, and his inimitable Manner of Diverting and Enlivening the Company, made it impossible for any one to be out of Humour when he was in it. Envy and Detraction seem'd to be entirely Foreign to his Constitution: And whatever Provocations he met with at any time, he pass'd them over without the least Thought of Resentment or Revenge. As *Homer* had a *Zoilus*, so Mr. Rowe had sometimes his: For there were not wanting Malevolent People, and Pretenders to Poetry too, that would now and then Bark at his best Performances; but he was so much conscious of his own Genius, and had so much good Nature as to forgive them, nor could he ever be Tempted to return them an Answer.

The Love of Learning and Poetry made him not the less fit for Business, and no Body apply'd himself closer to it, when it requir'd his Attendance. The late Duke of *Queensbury*, when he was Secretary of State, made him his Secretary for Publick Affairs; and when that truly Great Man came to know him well, he was never so pleas'd as when Mr. Rowe was in his Company. After the Duke's Death, all Avenues were stop'd to his Preferment; and during the rest of that Reign, he pass'd his time with the Muses and his Books, and sometimes the Conversation of his Friends.

Upon



Upon the King's Accession to the Throne, his Merit was taken Notice of. The King gave him a *Lucrative* Place in the Customs, and made him *Poet Laureat*; the Prince of *Wales* confer'd on him the Place of *Clerk* of his *Council*; and the Lord *Parker*, Lord Chancellor, made him his *Secretary* for the *Presentations*, the very Day he receiv'd the *Seals*, and without his asking it. He was much lov'd and cherish'd by the latter: And it was no wonder that one of his Endowments was in Favour with that *Noble Person*, who, together with a profound Knowledge in the *Law*, worthy of his High Station, has adorn'd his Mind with all the other more Polite Parts of *Learning*. When he had just got to be easy in his Fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, Death swept him away, and in him depriv'd the World of one of the best Men, as well as one of the best Genius's of the Age. He dy'd like a *Christian* and a *Philosopher*, in Charity with all Mankind, and with an absolute Resignation to the Will of God. He kept up his good Humour to the last, and took leave of his Wife and Friends, immediately before his last Agony, with the same Tranquility of Mind, and the same Indifference for Life, as tho' he had been upon taking but a short Journey. He was twice Married, first to a Daughter of the Deceas'd Mr. *Persons*, one of the Auditors of the Revenue, and afterwards to a Daughter of Mr. *Devenish* of a good Family in *Dorsetshire*: By the first he had a Son, and by the Second a Daughter, both yet living. He died the Sixth of *December* 1718, in the 45th Year of his Age, and was Buried the Nineteenth of the same Month in *Westminster Abby*, in the Isle where many of our *English* Poets are Interr'd, over-against *Chaucer*, his Body being attended by a Select Number of his Friends, and the *Dean* and *Choir* Officiating at the Funeral.

Feb. 26. 1719.





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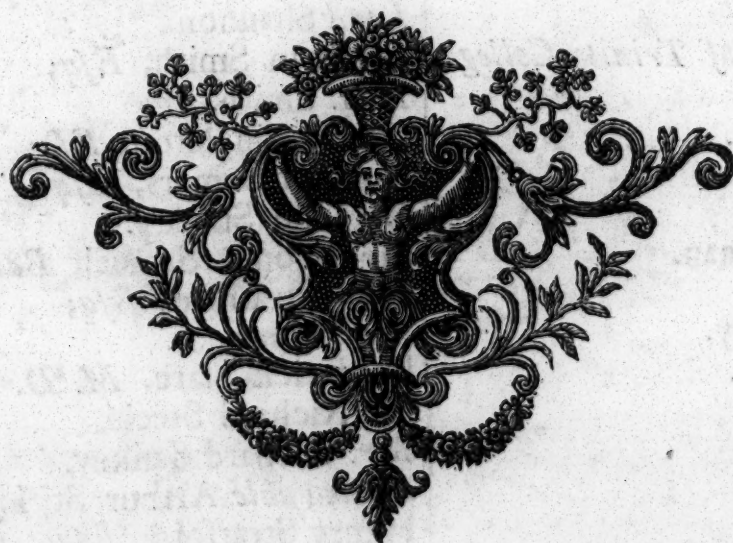
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THE ARGUMENT

In the First Book, after a Proposition of his Subject, a short  
View of the Affairs of Italy, by the Civil Wars, in Italy,  
and a Complement to Nero, Lucan gives the principal  
Causes of the Civil Wars, together with the Characters of

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gins with Cæsar's passing the Rubicon, which was the  
Bound of his Province towards Rome, and his March to

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being driven out of the City by the opposite Party, come to  
him, and demand his Protection. Then follows his Speech

to his Army, and a particular Mention of the several Parts  
of Gaul from which his Army were drawn, referred to his  
Assistance. From Cæsar the Poet turns to Pompey, and de-  
scribes his Confession at Rome, and the Flight of his Army.

**LUCAN'S PHARSALIA**

which were partly, an Occasion of these pernicious Errors,  
and likewise the Ceremonies that were used by the Romans  
for purifying the City, and averting the Danger of the Gods;  
and there ends this Book with the Institution and Effects of

a Roman Marston, in which he characterizes the principal  
Events which were to happen in the Course of the Civil  
Wars.



## The ARGUMENT.

*In the First Book, after a Proposition of his Subject, a short View of the Ruins occasion'd by the Civil Wars in Italy, and a Complement to Nero, Lucan gives the principal Causes of the Civil War, together with the Characters of Cæsar and Pompey: After that, the Story properly begins with Cæsar's passing the Rubicon, which was the Bound of his Province towards Rome, and his March to Ariminum. Thither the Tribunes, and Curio who had been driv'n out of the City by the opposite Party, come to him, and demand his Protection. Then follows his Speech to his Army, and a particular Mention of the several Parts of Gaul from which his Troops were drawn together to his Assistance. From Cæsar the Poet turns to describe the general Consternation at Rome, and the Flight of great Part of the Senate and People at the News of his March. From hence he takes Occasion to relate the foregoing Prodigies, which were partly an Occasion of those pannick Terrors, and likewise the Ceremonies that were us'd by the Priests for purifying the City, and averting the Anger of the Gods; and then ends this Book with the Inspiration and Prophecy of a Roman Matron, in which she enumerates the principal Events which were to happen in the Course of the Civil War.*





# LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

## BOOK I.



*Mathian* Plains with Slaughter cover'd  
o'er,  
And Rage unknown to Civil Wars before,  
Establish'd Violence, and lawless Might,  
Avow'd and hallow'd by the Name of  
Right;

A Race Renown'd, the World's victorious Lords, 5  
Turn'd on themselves with their own hostile Swords;  
Piles against Piles oppos'd in Impious Fight,  
And Eagles against Eagles bending Flight;  
Of Blood by Friends, by Kindred, Parents, spilt,  
One common Horror and promiscuous Guilt, 10  
A shatter'd World in wild Disorder tost,  
Leagues, Laws, and Empire in Confusion lost;  
Of all the Woes which Civil Discords bring,  
And *Rome* o'ercome by *Roman* Arms, I sing.

What



- 15 What blind, detested Madness could afford  
 Such horrid Licence to the murd'ring Sword?  
 Say, *Romans*, whence so dire a Fury rose,  
 To glut with *Latian* Blood your barb'rous Foes?  
 Could you in Wars like these provoke your Fate?  
 20 Wars, where no Triumphs on the Victor wait!  
 While *Babylon's* proud Spires yet rise so high,  
 And rich in *Roman* Spoils invade the Sky;  
 While yet no Vengeance is to *Crassus* paid,  
 But unatton'd repines the wand'ring Shade!  
 25 What Tracts of Land, what Realms unknown before,  
 What Seas wide-stretching to the distant Shore,  
 What Crowns, what Empires might that Blood have gain'd,  
 With which *Emathia's* fatal Fields were stain'd!  
 Where *Seres* in their silken Woods reside,  
 30 Where swift *Araxes* rolls his rapid Tide;  
 Where-e'er (if such a Nation can be found)  
*Nile's* secret Fountain springing cleaves the Ground;  
 Where Southern Suns with double Ardour rise,  
 Flame o'er the Land, and scorch the Mid-day Skies;  
 35 Where Winter's Hand the *Scythian* Seas constrains,  
 And binds the frozen Floods in Chrystal Chains;  
 Where-e'er the shady Night and Day-spring come,  
 All had submitted to the Yolk of *Rome*.  
 Oh *Rome*! if Slaughter be thy only Care,  
 40 If such thy fond Desire of impious War;  
 Turn from thy self, at least, the destin'd Wound,  
 'Till thou art Mistress of the World around,  
 And none to Conquer but thy self be found.

Thy



Thy Foes as yet a juster War afford,  
And barb'rous Blood remains to glut thy Sword. 45  
But see! her Hands on her own Vitals seize,  
And no Destruction but her own can please.  
Behold her Fields unknowing of the Plow!  
Behold her Palaces and Tow'rs laid low!  
See where o'erthrown the massy Column lyes, 50  
While Weeds obscene above the Cornish rise.  
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd Walls remain,  
There mould'ring Pillars nodding Roofs sustain.  
The Landskip once in various Beauty spread,  
With yellow Harvests and the flowry Mead, 55  
Displays a wild uncultivated Face,  
Which bushy Brakes and Brambles vile disgrace:  
No human Footstep prints th' untrodden Green,  
No chearful Maid nor Villager is seen.  
Ev'n in her Cities famous once and great, 60  
Where Thousands crowded in the noisie Street,  
No Sound is heard of human Voices now,  
But whistling Winds thro' empty Dwellings blow;  
While passing Strangers wonder, if they spy  
One single melancholy Face go by. 65  
Nor *Pyrrhus*' Sword, nor *Cannæ*'s fatal Field,  
Such universal Defolation yield:  
Her impious Sons have her worst Foes surpass'd,  
And *Roman* Hands have laid *Hesperia* waste.

But if our Fates severely have decreed 70  
No way but this for *Nero* to succeed;  
If only thus our Heroes can be Gods,  
And Earth must pay for their divine Abodes;



If Heav'n could not the Thunderer obtain,  
75 'Till Gyants Wars made Room for *Jove* to reign,  
'Tis just, ye Gods, nor ought we to complain.  
Opprest with Death tho' dire *Pharsalia* groan,  
Tho' *Latian* Blood the *Punick* Ghosts attone;  
Tho' *Pompey*'s hapless Sons renew the War,  
80 And *Munda* view the slaughter'd Heaps from far;  
Tho' meagre Famine in *Perusia* reign,  
Tho' *Mutina* with Battles fill the Plain;  
Tho' *Leuca*'s Isle, and wide *Ambracia*'s Bay,  
Record the Rage of *Actium*'s fatal Day;  
85 Tho' servile Hands are arm'd to Man the Fleet,  
And on *Sicilian* Seas the Navies meet;  
All Crimes, all Horrors, we with Joy regard,  
Since thou, O *Cæsar*, art the great Reward.

Vast are the Thanks thy grateful *Rome* shou'd pay  
90 To Wars, which usher in thy sacred Sway.  
When, the great Bus'ness of the World atchiev'd,  
Late by the willing Stars thou art receiv'd,  
Thro' all the blisful Seats the News shall role,  
And Heav'n resound with Joy from Pole to Pole.  
95 Whether great *Jove* resign supreme Command,  
And trust his Scepter to thy abler Hand;  
Or if thou chuse the Empire of the Day,  
And make the Sun's unwilling Steeds obey;  
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming Team,  
100 While Earth rejoices in thy gentler Beam;  
Where-e'er thou reign, with one consenting Voice,  
The Gods and Nature shall approve thy Choice.

But



But oh! whatever be thy Godhead great,  
Fix not in Regions too remote thy Seat;  
Nor deign thou near the frozen Bear to shine, 105  
Nor where the sultry Southern Stars decline;  
Less kindly thence thy Influence shall come,  
And thy blest Rays obliquely visit *Rome*.

Press not too much on any part the Sphear,  
Hard were the Task thy Weight divine to bear; 110  
Soon wou'd the *Axis* feel th' unusual Load,  
And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent God.  
O'er the mid Orb more equal shalt thou rise,  
And with a juster Ballance fix the Skies.

Serene for ever be that azure Space, 115  
No black'ning Clouds the purer Heav'n disgrace,  
Nor hide from *Rome* her *Cæsar*'s radiant Face.

Then shall Mankind consent in sweet Accord,  
And warring Nations sheath the wrathful Sword;  
Peace shall the World in friendly Leagues compose, 120  
And *Janus*' dreadful Gates for ever close.

To me thy present Godhead stands confest,  
Oh let thy sacred Fury fire my Breast;  
So thou vouchsafe to hear, let *Phæbus* dwell  
Still uninvok'd in *Cyrrha*'s mystick Cell; 125  
By me uncall'd, let sprightly *Bacchus*' reign,  
And lead the Dance on *Indian Nysa*'s Plain.

To thee, O *Cæsar*, all my Vows belong,  
Do thou alone inspire the *Roman* Song.

And now the mighty Task demands our Care, 130  
The fatal Source of Discord to declare;



What Cause accurst produc'd the dire Event,  
Why Rage so dire the madding Nations rent,  
And Peace was driv'n away by one Consent.  
135 But thus the Malice of our Fate commands,  
And nothing great to long Duration stands;  
Aspiring *Rome* had ris'n too much in Height,  
And sunk beneath her own unwieldy Weight.  
So shall one Hour, at last, this Globe controul,  
140 Break up the vast Machine, dissolve the Whole,  
And Time no more thro' measur'd Ages roll.  
Then *Chaos* hoar shall seize his former Right,  
And reign with Anarchy and eldest Night;  
The starry Lamps shall combat in the Sky,  
145 And lost and blended in each other dye;  
Quench'd in the Deep the heav'nly Fires shall fall,  
And Ocean cast abroad o'er-spread the Ball:  
The Moon no more her well-known Course shall run,  
But rise from Western Waves, and meet the Sun;  
150 Ungovern'd shall she quit her antient Way,  
Her self ambitious to supply the Day:  
Confusion wild shall all around be hurl'd,  
And Discord and Disorder tear the World.  
Thus Pow'r and Greatness to Destruction haste,  
155 Thus Bounds to human Happiness are plac'd,  
And *Jove* forbids Prosperity to last.  
Yet Fortune, when she meant to wreak her Hate,  
From foreign Foes preserv'd the *Roman* State,  
Nor suffer'd barb'rous Hands to give the Blow,  
160 That laid the Queen of Earth and Ocean low;



To *Rome* her self for Enemies she fought,  
 And *Rome* her self her own Destruction wrought;  
*Rome*, that ne'er knew three lordly Heads before,  
 First fell by fatal Partnership of Pow'r.  
 What blind Ambition bids your Force combine? 165  
 What means this frantick League in which you join?  
 Mistaken Men! who hope to share the Spoil,  
 And hold the World within one common Toil!  
 While Earth the Seas shall in her Bosom bear,  
 While Earth her self shall hang in ambient Air; 170  
 While *Phæbus* shall his constant Task renew;  
 While thro' the Zodiaque Night shall Day pursue;  
 No Faith, no Trust, no Friendship, shall be known  
 Among the jealous Partners of a Throne;  
 But he who Reigns, shall strive to Reign alone. 175  
 Nor seek for foreign Tales to make this good,  
 Were not our Walls first built in Brother's Blood?  
 Nor did the Feud for wide Dominion rise,  
 Nor was the World their impious Furies prize;  
 Divided Pow'r Contention still affords, 180  
 And for a Village strove the petty Lords.

The fierce Triumvirate combin'd in Peace,  
 Preserv'd the Bond but for a little Space,  
 Still with an awkward disagreeing Grace. }  
 'Twas not a League by Inclination made, 185  
 But bare Agreement, such as Friends persuade.  
 Desire of War in either Chief was seen,  
 Tho' interposing *Crassus* stood between.  
 Such in the midst the parting *Isthmus* lyes,  
 While swelling Seas on either Side arise; 190

D

The



The solid Boundaries of Earth restrain  
The fierce *Ionian* and *Ægean* Main;  
But if the Mound gives way, strait roaring loud  
In at the Breach the rushing Torrents croud,  
195 Raging they meet, the dashing Waves run high,  
And work their foamy Waters to the Sky.  
So when unhappy *Crassus* sadly slain,  
Dy'd with his Blood *Assyrian Carræ's* Plain;  
Sudden the seeming Friends in Arms engage,  
200 The *Parthian* Sword let loose the *Latian* Rage.  
Ye fierce *Arfacidæ*! ye Foes of *Rome*,  
Now Triumph, you have more than overcome:  
The Vanquish'd felt your Victory from far,  
And from that Field receiv'd their Civil War.  
205 The Sword is now the Umpire to decide,  
And part what Friendship knew not to divide.  
'Twas hard, an Empire of so vast a Size  
Could not for two ambitious Minds suffice;  
The peopled Earth, and wide extended Main,  
210 Could furnish Room for only one to reign.  
When dying *Julia* first forlook the Light,  
And *Hymen's* Tapers sunk in endless Night,  
The tender Ties of Kindred-love were torn,  
Forgotten all, and bury'd in her Urn.  
215 Oh! if her Death had haply been delay'd,  
How might the Daughter and the Wife persuade!  
Like the fam'd *Sabine* Dames she had been seen,  
To stay the meeting War, and stand between;  
On either Hand had woo'd 'em to accord,  
220 Sooth'd her fierce Father, and her furious Lord,  
To join in Peace, and sheath the ruthless Sword.



But this the fatal Sisters Doom deny'd ;  
The Friends were sever'd, when the Matron dy'd.  
The rival Leaders mortal War proclaim,  
Rage fires their Souls with Jealousie of Fame,  
And Emulation fans the rising Flame.

225

Thee *Pompey* thy past Deeds by turns infest,  
And jealous Glory burns within thy Breast ;  
Thy fam'd Pyratick Lawrel seems to fade,  
Beneath successful *Cæsar*'s rising Shade ;  
His *Gallick* Wreaths thou view'st with anxious Eyes  
Above thy Naval Crowns triumphant rise.

230

Thee *Cæsar* thy long Labours past incite,  
Thy Use of War, and Custom of the Fight ;  
While bold Ambition prompts thee in the Race,  
And bids thy Courage scorn a second Place.

235

Superior Pow'r, fierce Faction's dearest Care,  
One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.

Justly to name the better Cause were hard,  
While greatest Names for either Side declar'd :

240

Victorious *Cæsar* by the Gods was crown'd,

The vanquish'd Party was by *Cato* own'd.

Nor came the Rivals equal to the Field ;

One to increasing Years began to yield,

Old Age came creeping in the peaceful Gown,

245

And civil Functions weigh'd the Soldier down ;

Disus'd to Arms, he turn'd him to the Laws,

And pleas'd himself with popular Applause ;

With Gifts, and lib'ral Bounty sought for Fame,

And lov'd to hear the Vulgar shout his Name ;

250

In his own Theatre rejoyc'd to sit,

Amidst the noisie Praises of the Pit.



Careless of future Ills that might betide,  
No Aid he fought to prop his failing Side,  
255 But on his former Fortune much rely'd.  
Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his Place;  
But stood the Shadow of what once he was.  
So in the Field with *Ceres*' Bounty spread,  
Uprears some antient Oak his rev'rend Head;  
260 Chaplets and sacred Gifts his Boughs adorn,  
And Spoils of War by mighty Heroes worn.  
But the first Vigour of his Root now gone,  
He stands Dependant on his Weight alone;  
All bare his naked Branches are display'd,  
265 And with his leafless Trunk he forms a Shade:  
Yet tho' the Winds his Ruin daily threat,  
As ev'ry Blast wou'd heave him from his Seat;  
Tho' thousand fairer Trees the Field supplies,  
That rich in youthful Verdure round him rise;  
270 Fix'd in his antient State he yields to none,  
And wears the Honours of the Grove alone.  
But *Cæsar*'s Greatness, and his Strength, was more  
Than past Renown, and antiquated Pow'r;  
'Twas not the Fame of what he once had been,  
275 Or Tales in old Records and Annals seen;  
But 'twas a Valour, restless, unconfin'd,  
Which no Success could fate, nor Limits bind;  
'Twas Shame, a Soldier's Shame, untaught to yield,  
That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought Field;  
280 Fierce in his Hopes he was, nor knew to stay,  
Where Vengeance or Ambition led the Way;  
Still prodigal of War whene'er withstood,  
Nor spar'd to stain the guilty Sword with Blood;

Urging



Urging Advantage he improv'd all Odds,  
And made the most of Fortune and the Gods; 285  
Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er with-held his Prize,  
And saw the Ruin with rejoicing Eyes.

Such while Earth trembles, and Heav'n thunders loud,  
Darts the swift Lightning from the rending Cloud;  
Fierce thro' the Day it breaks, and in its flight 290  
The dreadful Blast confounds the Gazer's Sight;  
Resistless in its Course delights to rove,  
And cleaves the Temples of its Master *Jove*:

Alike where-e'er it passes or returns,  
With equal Rage the fell Destroyer burns; 295  
Then with a Whirl full in its Strength retires,  
And recollects the Force, of all its scatter'd Fires.

Motives like these the leading Chiefs inspir'd;  
But other Thoughts the meaner Vulgar fir'd.  
Those fatal Seeds luxurious Vices sow, 300  
Which ever lay a mighty People low.

To *Rome* the vanquish'd Earth her Tribute paid,  
And deadly Treasures to her View display'd:  
Then Truth and simple Manners left the Place,  
While Riot rear'd her lewd dishonest Face; 305

Virtue to full Prosperity gave way,  
And fled from Rapine, and the Lust of Prey.

On ev'ry Side proud Palaces arise,  
And lavish Gold each common Use supplies.

Their Fathers frugal Tables stand abhorr'd,  
And *Asia* now, and *Africk* are explor'd, 310  
For high-pric'd Dainties, and the Citron Board.



In filken Robes the minion Men appear,  
 Which Maids and youthful Brides shou'd blush to wear.  
 315 That Age by honest Poverty adorn'd,  
 Which brought the manly *Romans* forth, is scorn'd;  
 Where-ever ought Pernicious does abound,  
 For Luxury all Lands are ranfack'd round,  
 And dear-bought Deaths the sinking State confound. }  
 320 The *Curii's* and *Camilli's* little Field,  
 To vast extended Territories yield;  
 And foreign Tenants reap the Harvest now,  
 Where once the great Dictator held the Plow.  
 Rome, ever fond of War, was tir'd with Ease ;  
 325 Ev'n Liberty had lost the Pow'r to please:  
 Hence Rage and Wrath their ready Minds invade,  
 And Want could ev'ry Wickedness persuade:  
 Hence impious Pow'r was first esteem'd a Good,  
 Worth being fought with Arms, and bought with Blood:  
 330 With Glory, Tyrants did their Country awe,  
 And Violence prescrib'd the Rule to Law.  
 Hence plyant servile Voices were constrain'd,  
 And Force in popular Assemblies reign'd;  
 Consuls and Tribunes, with opposing Might,  
 335 Join'd to confound and overturn the Right:  
 Hence shameful Magistrates were made for Gold,  
 And a base People by themselves were sold:  
 Hence Slaughter in the venal Field returns,  
 And *Rome* her yearly Competitions mourns:  
 340 Hence Debt unthrifty, careless to repay,  
 And Usury still watching for its Day:

Hence



Hence Perjuries in ev'ry wrangling Court;  
And War, the needy Bankrupt's last Resort.

Now *Cæsar*, marching swift with winged Haste,  
The Summits of the frozen *Alps* had past; 345  
With vast Events and Enterprises fraught,  
And future Wars revolving in his Thought.  
Now near the Banks of *Rubicon* he stood;  
When lo! as he survey'd the narrow Flood,  
Amidst the dusky Horrors of the Night, 350  
A wondrous Vision stood confest to Sight.  
Her awful Head *Rome's* rev'rend Image rear'd,  
Trembling and sad the Matron Form appear'd;  
A tow'ry Crown her hoary Temples bound,  
And her torn Tresses rudely hung around: 355  
Her naked Arms uplifted e'er she spoke,  
Then groaning, thus the mournful Silence broke.  
Presumptuous Men! oh whither do you run?  
Oh whither bear you these my Ensigns on?  
If Friends to Right, if Citizens of *Rome*, 360  
Here to your utmost Barrier are you come.  
She said; and sunk within the closing Shade:  
Astonishment and Dread the Chief invade;  
Stiff rose his starting Hair, he stood dismay'd,  
And on the Bank his slackning Steps were stay'd. 365  
Oh thou (at length he cry'd) whose Hand controls  
The forky Fire, and ratling Thunder rolls;  
Who from thy Capitol's exalted Height,  
Dost o'er the wide-spread City cast thy Sight!



370 Ye *Phrygian* Gods who guard the *Julian* Line!  
Ye Mysteries of *Romulus* divine!  
Thou *Jove*! to whom from young *Ascanius* came  
Thy *Alban* Temple, and thy *Latial* Name:  
And thou Immortal Sacred Vestal Flame!

375 But chief, oh! chiefly, thou majestick *Rome*!  
My first, my great Divinity, to whom  
Thy still successful *Cæsar* am I come;  
Nor do thou fear the Sword's destructive Rage,  
With thee my Arms no impious War shall wage.

380 On him thy Hate, on him thy Curse bestow,  
Who would persuade thee *Cæsar* is thy Foe;  
And since to thee I consecrate my Toil,  
Oh favour thou my Cause, and on thy Soldier smile.

He said; and strait, impatient of Delay,  
385 Across the swelling Flood pursu'd his Way.

So when on sultry *Libya*'s desert Sand  
The Lion spies the Hunter hard at hand,  
Couch'd on the Earth the doubtful Salvage lyes,  
And waits awhile till all his Fury rise;

390 His lashing Tail provokes his swelling Sides,  
And high upon his Neck, his Mane with Horror rides:  
Then if at length the flying Dart infest,  
Or the broad Spear invade his ample Breast,  
Scorning the Wound he yawns a dreadful Roar,

395 And flies like Lightning on the hostile Moor.

While with hot Skies the fervent Summer glows,  
The *Rubicon* an humble River flows;  
Thro' lowly Vales he cuts his winding Way,  
And rolls his ruddy Waters to the Sea.

His



His Bank on either Side a Limit stands, 400  
 Between the *Gallic* and *Ausonian* Lands.  
 But stronger now the wintry Torrent grows,  
 The wetting Winds had thaw'd the *Alpine* Snows,  
 And *Cynthia* rising with a blunted Beam  
 In the third Circle, drove her wat'ry Team, 405  
 A Signal sure to raise the swelling Stream.  
 For this, to stem the rapid Water's Course,  
 First plung'd amidst the Flood the bolder Horse;  
 With Strength oppos'd against the Stream they lead,  
 While to the smoother Ford, the Foot with ease succeed. 410  
 The Leader now had pass'd the Torrent o'er,  
 And reach'd fair *Italy's* forbidden Shore:  
 Then rearing on the Hostile Bank his Head,  
 Here farewell Peace, and injur'd Laws, (he said.)  
 Since Faith is broke, and Leagues are set aside, 415  
 Henceforth thou Goddess *Fortune* art my Guide;  
 Let Fate and War the great Event decide.  
 He spoke; and on the dreadful Task intent,  
 Speedy to near *Ariminum* he bent;  
 To him the *Balearic* Sling is slow, 420  
 And the Shaft loiters from the *Parthian* Bow.  
 With eager Marches swift he reach'd the Town,  
 As the Shades fled, the sinking Stars were gone,  
 And *Lucifer* the last was left alone.  
 At length the Morn, the dreadful Morn arose, 425  
 Whose Beams the first tumultuous Rage disclose:  
 Whether the stormy South prolong'd the Night,  
 Or the good Gods abhorr'd the impious Sight,  
 The Clouds awhile with-held the mournful Light. 430



- 430 To the mid *Forum* on the Soldier pass'd,  
 There halted, and his Victor Ensigns plac'd:  
 With dire Alarms from Band to Band around,  
 The Fife, hoarse Horn, and rattling Trumpets found.  
 The starting Citizens uprear their Heads;  
 435 The lustier Youth at once forsake their Beds;  
 Hasty they snatch the Weapons, which among  
 Their Household-Gods in Peace had rested long;  
 Old Bucklers of the cov'ring Hides bereft,  
 The mould'ring Frames disjoin'd and barely left;  
 440 Swords with foul Rust indented deep they take,  
 And useless Spears with Points inverted shake.  
 Soon as their Crests the *Roman* Eagles rear'd,  
 And *Cæsar* high above the rest appear'd;  
 Each trembling Heart with secret Horror shook,  
 445 And silent thus within themselves they spoke.  
     Oh hapless City! oh ill-fated Walls!  
 Rear'd for a Curse so near the neighb'ring *Gauls*!  
 By us Destruction ever takes its Way,  
 We first become each bold Invader's Prey!  
 450 Oh that by Fate we rather had been plac'd  
 Upon the Confines of the utmost East!  
 The frozen North much better might we know,  
 Mountains of Ice, and everlasting Snow.  
 Better with wand'ring *Scythians* choose to roam,  
 455 Than fix in fruitful *Italy* our Home,  
 And guard these dreadful Passages to *Rome*.  
 Thro' these the *Cimbrians* laid *Hesperia* waste;  
 Thro' these the swarthy *Carthaginian* pass'd;

When-



Whenever Fortune threatens the *Latian* States,  
War, Death, and Ruin enter at these Gates. 460

In secret Murmurs thus they sought Relief,  
While no bold Voice proclaim'd aloud their Grief.  
O'er all, one deep, one horrid Silence reigns;  
As when the Rigour of the Winter's Chains,  
All Nature, Heav'n, and Earth at once constrains; 465  
The tuneful feather'd Kind forget their Lays,  
And shiv'ring tremble on the naked Sprays;  
Ev'n the rude Seas compos'd forget to roar,  
And freezing Billows stiffen on the Shoar.

The colder Shades of Night forlook the Sky, 470  
When, lo! *Bellona* lifts her Torch on high:  
And if the Chief, by Doubt or Shame detain'd,  
Awhile from Battel and from Blood abstain'd;  
Fortune and Fate, impatient of Delay,  
Force ev'ry soft relenting Thought away. 475  
A lucky Chance a fair Pretence supplies,  
And Justice in his Favour seems to rise.

New Accidents new Stings to Rage suggest,  
And fiercer Fires inflame the Warrior's Breast.  
The Senate threat'ning high, and haughty grown, 480  
Had driv'n the wrangling Tribunes from the Town;  
In Scorn of Law, had chas'd 'em thro' the Gate,  
And urg'd 'em with the factious *Gracchi's* Fate.

With these, as for Redress their Course they sped  
To *Cæsar's* Camp, the busie *Curio* fled; 485  
*Curio*, a Speaker, turbulent and bold,  
Of venal Eloquence, that serv'd for Gold,  
And Principles that might be bought and sold.



A Tribune once himself, in loud Debate,  
490 He strove for Publick Freedom and the State;  
Essay'd to make the warring Nobles bow,  
And bring the Potent Party-Leaders low.  
To *Cæsar* thus, while thousand Cares infest,  
Revolving round, the Warrior's anxious Breast,  
495 His Speech the ready Orator addrest.

While yet my Voice was useful to my Friend;  
While 'twas allow'd me, *Cæsar*, to defend,  
While yet the pleading Bar was left me free,  
While I could draw uncertain *Rome* to thee;  
500 In vain their Force the moody Fathers join'd,  
In vain to rob thee of thy Pow'r combin'd;  
I lengthen'd out the Date of thy Command,  
And fix'd thy conqu'ring Sword within thy Hand.  
But since the vanquish'd Laws in War are dumb,  
505 To thee, behold, an Exil'd Band we come;  
For thee, with Joy our Banishment we take,  
For thee, our Household Hearths and Gods forsake;  
Nor hope to see our native City more,  
'Till Victory and Thou the Loss restore.  
510 Th' unready Faction, yet confus'd with Fear,  
Defenceless, weak, and unresolv'd appear;  
Haste then thy tow'ring Eagles on their Way,  
When fair Occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.  
If twice five Years the stubborn *Gaul* with-held,  
515 And set thee hard in many a well-fought Field;  
A nobler Labour now before thee lyes,  
The Hazard less, yet greater far the Prize:



A Province that, and Portion of the whole;  
 This the vast Head that does Mankind controul.  
 Success shall sure attend thee, boldly go, 520  
 And win the World at one successful Blow.  
 No Triumph now attends thee at the Gate;  
 No Temples for thy sacred Lawrel wait:  
 But blasting Envy hangs upon thy Name,  
 Denies thee Right, and robs thee of thy Fame; 525  
 Imputes as Crimes, the Nations overcome,  
 And makes it Treason to have fought for *Rome*:  
 Ev'n he who took thy *Julia's* plighted Hand,  
 Waits to deprive thee of thy just Command.  
 Since *Pompey* then, and those upon his Side, 530  
 Forbid thee, the World's Empire to divide;  
 Assume that Sway which best Mankind may bear,  
 And rule Alone what they disdain to Share.

He said; his Words the list'ning Chief engage,  
 And fire his Breast, already prone to Rage. 535  
 Not Peals of loud Applause with greater Force,  
 At *Grecian Elis*, rouse the fiery Horse;  
 When eager for the Course each Nerve he strains,  
 Hangs on the Bit, and tugs the stubborn Reins,  
 At ev'ry Shout erects his quiv'ring Ears, 540  
 And his broad Breast upon the Barrier bears.  
 Sudden he bids the Troops draw out, and straight  
 The thronging Legions round their Ensigns wait:  
 Then thus, the Croud composing with a Look,  
 And with his Hand commanding Silence, spoke. 545

Fellows in Arms, who chose with me to bear  
 The Toils and Dangers of a tedious War,  
 And conquer to this tenth revolving Year;



See what Reward the grateful Senate yield,  
550 For the lost Blood which stains yon Northern Field;  
For Wounds, for Winter Camps, for *Alpine* Snow,  
And all the Deaths the Brave can undergo.  
See! the tumultuous City is alarm'd,  
As if another *Hannibal* were arm'd:  
555 The lusty Youth are cull'd to fill the Bands,  
And each tall Grove falls by the Shipwright's Hands;  
Fleets are equipp'd, the Field with Armies spread,  
And All demand devoted *Cæsar's* Head.  
If thus, while Fortune yields us her Applause,  
560 While the Gods call us on and own our Cause,  
If thus returning Conquerors they treat,  
How had they us'd us flying from Defeat;  
If fickle Chance of War had prov'd unkind,  
And the fierce *Gauls* pursu'd us from behind?  
565 But let their boasted Heroe leave his Home,  
Let him, dissolv'd with lazy Leisure, come,  
With ev'ry noisie talking Tongue in *Rome*:  
Let loud *Marcellus* Troops of Gown-men head,  
And their great *Cato* peaceful Burghers lead.  
570 Shall his base Followers, a venal Train,  
For Ages, bid their Idol *Pompey* Reign?  
Shall his Ambition still be thought no Crime,  
His Breach of Laws, and Triumph e'er the Time?  
Still shall he gather Honours and Command,  
575 And grasp all Rule in his rapacious Hand?  
What need I name the violated Laws,  
And Famine made the Servant of his Cause?  
Who knows not, how the trembling Judge beheld  
The peaceful Court with armed Legions fill'd?

When



When the bold Soldier, Justice to defie, 580

In the mid *Forum* rear'd his Ensigns high:

When glittering Swords the pale Assembly scar'd,

When all for Death and Slaughter stood prepar'd,

And *Pompey's* Arms were guilty *Milo's* Guard?

And now, disdaining Peace and needful Ease, 585

Nothing but Rule and Government can please.

Aspiring still, as ever, to be Great,

He robs his Age of Rest to vex the State:

On War intent, to that he bends his Cares,

And for the Field for Battel now prepares. 590

He copies from his Master *Sylla* well,

And wou'd the dire Example far excel.

*Hircanian* Tygers Fierceness thus retain,

Whom in the Woods their horrid Mothers train,

To chace the Herds, and surfeit on the Slain. 595

Such, *Pompey*, still has been thy greedy Thirst,

In early Love of impious Slaughter nurs'd;

Since first thy Infant Cruelty essay'd

To lick the curst Dictator's reeking Blade.

None ever give the salvage Nature o'er, 600

Whose Jaws have once been drench'd in Floods of Gore.

But whither wou'd a Pow'r so wide extend?

Where will thy long Ambition find an End?

Remember him who taught thee to be Great;

Let him who chose to quit the Sovereign Seat, 605

Let thy own *Sylla* warn thee to Retreat.

Perhaps, for that too boldly I withstand,

Nor yield my conqu'ring Eagles on Command;

Since the *Cilician* Pyrate strikes his Sail,

Since o'er the *Pontick* King thy Arms prevail; 610

Since



Since the poor Prince, a weary Life o'er-past,  
By Thee and Poison is subdu'd at last;  
Perhaps, one latest Province yet remains,  
And vanquish'd *Cæsar* must receive thy Chains.  
615 But tho' my Labours lose their just Reward,  
Yet let the Senate these my Friends regard;  
Whate'er my Lot, my brave victorious Bands  
Deserve to Triumph, whoso'er Commands.  
Where shall my weary Veteran rest? Oh where  
620 Shall Virtue worn with Years and Arms repair?  
What Town is for his late Repose assign'd?  
Where are the promis'd Lands he hop'd to find,  
Fields for his Plow, a Country Village Seat,  
Some little comfortable safe Retreat;  
625 Where failing Age at length from Toil may cease,  
And waste the poor Remains of Life in Peace?  
But March! Your long victorious Ensigns rear,  
Let Valour in its own just Cause appear.  
When for Redress intreating Armies call,  
630 They who deny just Things, permit 'em All.  
The righteous Gods shall surely own the Cause,  
Which seeks not Spoil, nor Empire, but the Laws.  
Proud Lords and Tyrants to depose we come,  
And save from Slavery submissive *Rome*.  
635 He said; a doubtful fullen murm'ring Sound  
Ran thro' the unresolving Vulgar round;  
The Seeds of Piety their Rage restrain'd,  
And somewhat of their Country's Love remain'd;  
These the rude Passions of their Souls withstood,  
640 Elate with Conquest, and inur'd to Blood:

But



But soon the momentary Virtue fail'd,  
 And War and Dread of *Cæsar's* Frown prevail'd.  
 Strait *Lelius* from amidst the rest stood forth,  
 An old Centurion of distinguish'd Worth;  
 The oaken Wreath his hardy Temples wore,  
 Mark of a Citizen preserv'd he bore.

645

If against thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,  
 Thou greatest Leader of the *Roman* Name:  
 If Truth for injur'd Honour may be bold,  
 What ling'ring Patience does thy Arms with-hold?

650

Can'st thou distrust our Faith so often try'd,  
 In thy long Wars not shrinking from thy Side?  
 While in my Veins this vital Torrent flows,  
 This heaving Breath within my Bosom blows,  
 While yet these Arms sufficient Vigour yield  
 To dart the Javelin, and to lift the Shield,  
 While these remain, my Gen'ral, wo't thou own  
 The vile Dominion of the lazy Gown?

655

Wo't thou the lordly Senate chuse to bear,  
 Rather than conquer in a Civil War?

660

With thee the *Scythian* Wilds we'll wander o'er,  
 With thee the burning *Libyan* Sands explore,  
 And tread the *Syrt's* Inhospitable Shore.

Behold! this Hand, to nobler Labours train'd,  
 For thee the servile Oar has not disdain'd,

665

For thee the swelling Seas was taught to plow,  
 Thro' the *Rhine's* whirling Stream to force thy Prow,  
 That all the vanquish'd World to thee might bow.

Each Faculty, each Pow'r thy Will obey,  
 And Inclination ever leads the way.

670



No Friend, no Fellow-Citizen I know,  
Whom *Cæsar's* Trumpet once proclaims a Foe.  
By the long Labours of thy Sword, I swear,  
By all thy Fame acquir'd in ten Years War,  
675 By thy past Triumphs, and by those to come,  
(No matter where the Vanquish'd be, nor whom)  
Bid me to strike my dearest Brother dead,  
To bring my aged Father's hoary Head,  
Or stab the pregnant Partner of my Bed;  
680 Tho' Nature plead, and stop my trembling Hand,  
I swear to execute thy dread Command.  
Dost thou delight to spoil the wealthy Gods,  
And scatter Flames thro' all their proud Abodes?  
See thro' thy Camp our ready Torches burn,  
685 *Moneta* soon her sinking Fane shall mourn.  
Wo't thou yon haughty factious Senate brave,  
And awe the *Tuscan* River's yellow Wave?  
On *Tiber's* Bank thy Ensigns shall be plac'd,  
And thy bold Soldier lay *Hesperia* waste.  
690 Do'st thou devote some Hostile City's Walls?  
Beneath our thund'ring Rams the Ruin falls;  
She falls, ev'n tho' thy wrathful Sentence doom  
The World's Imperial Mistress, mighty *Rome*.

He said; the ready Legions vow to join  
695 Their Chief belov'd, in ev'ry bold Design;  
All lift their well-approving Hands on high,  
And rend with Peals of loud Applause the Sky.  
Such is the Sound, when *Thracian Boreas* spreads  
His weighty Wing o'er *Offa's* piney Heads:



At once the noisie Groves are all inclin'd, 700  
And bending, roar beneath the fweeping Wind;  
At once their rattling Branches all they rear,  
And drive the leafy Clamour thro' the Air.

*Cæsar* with Joy the ready Bands beheld,  
Urg'd on by Fate, and eager for the Field; 705  
Swift Orders straight the scatter'd Warriors call  
From ev'ry Part of wide-extended *Gaul*;  
And leaft his Fortune languish by Delay,  
To *Rome* the moving Ensigns speed their Way.

Some, at the bidding of the Chief, forfake 710  
Their fix'd Encampment near the *Leman* Lake:  
Some from *Vogefus*' lofty Rocks withdraw,  
Plac'd on thofe Heights the *Lingones* to Awe;  
The *Lingones* ftill frequent in Alarms,  
And rich in many-colour'd painted Arms. 715

Others from *Ifara*'s low Torrent came,  
Who winding keeps thro' many a Mead his Name;  
But feeks the Sea with Waters not his own,  
Loft and confounded in the nobler *Rhone*.

Their Garrifon the *Ruthen* City fend, 720  
Whofe Youth's long Locks in yellow Rings depend.  
No more the *Varus* and the *Atax* feel  
The lordly Burthen of the *Latian* Keel.

*Alcides*' Fane the Troops commanded leave,  
Where winding Rocks the peaceful Flood receive; 725  
Nor *Corus* there, nor *Zephyrus* refort,  
Nor roll rude Surges in the *Sacred* Port;  
*Circius*' loud Blaft alone is heard to roar,  
And vex the Safety of *Monæchus*' Shore.



730 The Legions move from *Gallia*'s farthest Side,  
Wash'd by the restless Ocean's various Tide;  
Now o'er the Land flows in the pouring Main,  
Now rears the Land its rising Head again,  
And Seas and Earth alternate Rule maintain.  
735 If driv'n by Winds from the far distant Pole,  
This way and that, the Floods revolving roll;  
Or if compell'd by *Cynthia*'s silver Beam,  
Obedient *Tethys* heaves the swelling Stream;  
Or if by Heat attracted to the Sky,  
740 Old Ocean lifts his heapy Waves on high,  
And briny Deeps the wasting Sun supply;  
What Cause foe'er the wond'rous Motion guide,  
And press the Ebb, or raise the flowing Tide;  
Be that your Task, ye Sages, to explore,  
745 Who search the secret Springs of Nature's Pow'r:  
To me, for so the wiser Gods ordain,  
Untrac'd the Mystery shall still remain.  
From fair *Nemossus* moves a warlike Band,  
From *Atur*'s Banks, and the *Tarbellian* Strand,  
750 Where winding round the Coast pursues its way,  
And folds the Sea within a gentle Bay.  
The *Santones* are now with Joy releas'd  
From Hostile Inmates, and their *Roman* Guest.  
Now the *Bituriges* forget their Fears,  
755 And *Suessons* nimble with unwieldy Spears;  
Exult the *Leuci*, and the *Remi* now,  
Expert in Javelins, and the bending Bow.  
The *Belgæ* taught on cover'd Wains to ride,  
The *Sequani* the wheeling Horse to guide;



The bold *Averni* who from *Ilium* come, 760  
And boast an ancient Brotherhood with *Rome*;  
The *Nervii* oft rebelling, oft subdu'd,  
Whose Hands in *Cotta's* Slaughter were embrew'd;  
*Vangiones*, like loose *Sarmatians* drest,  
Who with rough Hides their brawny Thighs invest; 765  
*Batavians* fierce, whom brazen Trumps delight,  
And with hoarse Rattlings animate to Fight;  
The Nations where the *Cinga's* Waters flow,  
And *Pyrenæan* Mountains stand in Snow;  
Those where flow *Arar* meets the rapid *Rhone*, 770  
And with his stronger Stream is hurry'd down;  
Those o'er the Mountains lofty Summit spread,  
Where high *Gebenna* lifts her hoary Head;  
With these the *Trevir*, and *Ligurian* shorn,  
Whose Brow no more long falling Locks adorn; 775  
Tho' Chief amongst the *Gauls* he wont to deck,  
With Ringlets comely spread, his graceful Neck:  
And you where *Hesus'* horrid Altar stands,  
Where dire *Teutates* human Blood demands;  
Where *Taranis* by Wretches is obey'd, 780  
And vies in Slaughter with the *Scythian* Maid:  
All see with Joy the War's departing Rage  
Seek distant Lands, and other Foes engage.  
You too, ye Bards! whom sacred Raptures fire,  
To Chaunt your Heroes to your Country's Lyre; 785  
Who consecrate in your immortal Strain,  
Brave Patriot Souls in righteous Battle slain;  
Securely now the tuneful Task renew,  
And noblest Theams in deathless Songs pursue.



790 The *Druids* now, while Arms are heard no more,  
Old Myſteries and barb'rous Rites reſtore:  
A Tribe who ſingular Religion love,  
And haunt the lonely Coverts of the Grove.  
To theſe, and theſe of all Mankind alone,  
795 The Gods are ſure reveal'd, or ſure unknown.  
If dying Mortals Dooms they ſing aright,  
No Ghoſts deſcend to dwell in dreadful Night:  
No parting Souls to grilly *Pluto* go,  
Nor ſeek the dreary ſilent Shades below:  
800 But forth they fly Immortal in their Kind,  
And other Bodies in new Worlds they find.  
Thus Life for ever runs its endleſs Race,  
And like a Line, Death but divides the Space,  
A Stop which can but for a Moment laſt,  
805 A Point between the Future and the Paſt.  
Thrice happy they beneath their Northern Skies,  
Who that worſt Fear, the fear of Death, deſpiſe;  
Hence they no Cares for this frail Being feel,  
But ruſh undaunted on the pointed Steel;  
810 Provoke approaching Fate, and bravely ſcorn  
To ſpare that Life which muſt ſo ſoon return.  
You too, tow'rd *Rome* advance, ye warlike Band,  
That won't the ſhaggy *Cauci* to withſtand;  
Whom once a better Order did aſſign,  
815 To guard the Paſſes of the *German Rhine*;  
Now from the fenceleſs Banks you march away,  
And leave the World the fierce Barbarians Prey.  
While thus the num'rous Troops, from ev'ry Part  
Aſſembling, raiſe their daring Leader's Heart;

O'er



O'er *Italy* he takes his warlike Way, } 820  
 The neighb'ring Towns his Summons streight obey,  
 And on their Walls his Ensigns high display.  
 Mean while the busie Messenger of Ill,  
 Officious Fame, supplies new Terror still:  
 A thousand Slaughters, and ten thousand Fears, } 825  
 She whispers in the trembling Vulgars Ears.  
 Now comes a frighted Messenger, to tell  
 Of Ruins which the Country round beset;  
 The Foe to fair *Mevania's* Walls is past,  
 And lays *Clitumnus'* fruitful Pastures waste; } 830  
 Where *Nar's* white Waves with *Tiber* mingling fall,  
 Range the rough *German* and the rapid *Gaul*.  
 But when himself, when *Cæsar* they would paint,  
 The stronger Image makes Description faint;  
 No Tongue can speak with what amazing Dread } 835  
 Wild Thought presents him at his Army's Head;  
 Unlike the Man familiar to their Eyes,  
 Horrid he seems, and of Gigantick Size:  
 Unnumber'd Eagles rise amidst his Train,  
 And Millions seem to hide the crowded Plain. } 840  
 Around him all the various Nations join,  
 Between the snowy *Alps* and distant *Rhine*.  
 He draws the fierce Barbarians from their Home,  
 With Rage surpassing theirs he seems to come,  
 And urge them on to spoil devoted *Rome*. } 845  
 Thus Fear does half the Work of lying Fame,  
 And Cowards thus their own Misfortunes frame;  
 By their own feigning Fancies are betray'd,  
 And groan beneath those Ills themselves have made.



850 Nor these Alarms the Croud alone infest,  
But ran alike thro' ev'ry beating Breast;  
With equal Dread the grave Patricians shook,  
Their Seats abandon'd, and the Court forsook.  
The scatt'ring Fathers quit the publick Care,  
855 And bid the Consuls for the War prepare.  
Resolv'd on Flight, yet still unknowing where  
To fly from Danger, or for Aid repair.  
Hasty and headlong diff'ring Paths they tread,  
As blind Impulse and wild Distraction lead;  
860 The Croud, a hurrying, heartless Train, succeed.  
Who that the lamentable Sight beheld,  
The wretched Fugitives that hid the Field,  
Wou'd not have thought the Flames, with rapid haste  
Destroying wide, had laid their City waste;  
865 Or groaning Earth had shook beneath their Feet,  
While threat'ning Fabricks nodded o'er the Street.  
By such unthinking Rashness were they led;  
Such was the Madness which their Fears had bred,  
As if, of ev'ry other Hope bereft,  
870 To fly from *Rome* were all the Safety left.  
So when the stormy South is heard to roar,  
And rolls huge Billows from the *Libyan* Shore;  
When rending Sails flit with the driving Blast,  
And with a Crash down comes the lofty Mast;  
875 Some Coward Master leaps from off the Deck,  
And hasty to Despair prevents the Wreck;  
And tho' the Bark unbroken hold her Way,  
His trembling Crew all plunge into the Sea.

From



From Doubtful thus they run to Certain Harms,  
And flying from the City rush to Arms. 880

Then Sons forlook their Sires un-nerv'd and old,  
Nor weeping Wives their Husbands could with-hold;  
Each left his Guardian *Lares* unador'd,  
Nor with one parting Pray'r their Aid implor'd:  
None stop'd, or fighting turn'd for one last View, 885  
Or bid the City of his Birth Adieu.

The headlong Croud regardless urge their Way,  
Tho' ev'n their Gods and Country ask their Stay,  
And pleading Nature beg 'em to delay. }

What means, ye Gods! this changing in your Doom? 890  
Freely you grant, but quickly you resume.

Vain is the short-liv'd Sov'reignty you lend;  
The Pile you raise you deign not to defend.  
See where, forsaken by her native Bands,  
All desolate the once great City stands! 895

She whom her swarming Citizens made proud,  
Where once the vanquish'd Nations wont to croud,  
Within the Circuit of whose ample Space  
Mankind might meet at once, and find a Place;  
A wide defenceless Defart now she lies, 900  
And yields her self the Victor's easie Prize.

The Camp intrench'd securest Slumbers yields,  
Tho' Hostile Arms beset the neighb'ring Fields;  
Rude Banks of Earth the hasty Soldier rears,  
And in the turfy Wall forgets his Fears: 905  
While, *Rome*, thy Sons all tremble from afar,  
And scatter at the very Name of War;



Nor on thy Tow'rs depend, nor Rampart's Height,  
Nor trust their Safety with thee for a Night.  
910 Yet one Excuse absolv'd the pannick Dread;  
The Vulgar justly fear'd when *Pompey* fled.  
And least sweet Hope might mitigate their Woes,  
And Expectation better Times disclose,  
On ev'ry Breast prefaging Terror fate,  
915 And threaten'd plain some yet more dismal Fate.  
The Gods declare their Menaces around,  
Earth, Air, and Seas in Prodigies abound;  
Then Stars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,  
And foreign Flames about the Pole to turn;  
920 Unusual Fires by Night were seen to fly,  
And dart obliquely thro' the gloomy Sky.  
Then horrid Comets shook their fatal Hair,  
And bad proud Royalty for Change prepare:  
Now dart swift Light'nings thro' the Azure clear,  
925 And Meteors now in various Forms appear;  
Some like the Javelin shoot extended long,  
While some like spreading Lamps in Heav'n are hung.  
And tho' no gath'ring Clouds the Day controul,  
Thro' Skies serene portentous Thunders roll;  
930 Fierce blasting Bolts from Northern Regions come,  
And aim their Vengeance at Imperial *Rome*.  
The Stars that twinkled in the lonely Night,  
Now lift their bolder Head in Day's broad Light.  
The Moon, in all her Brother's Beams array'd,  
935 Was blotted by the Earth's approaching Shade:  
The Sun himself, in his Meridian Race,  
In sable Darknefs veil'd his brighter Face;

The



The trembling World beheld his fading Ray,  
And mourn'd despairing for the Loss of Day.  
Such was he seen, when backward to the East 940  
He fled, abhorring dire *Thyestes'* Feast.  
*Sicilian Ætna* then was heard to roar,  
While *Mulciber* let loose his fiery Store;  
Nor rose the Flames, but with a downward Tide  
Tow'rds *Italy* their burning Torrent guide. 945  
*Charybdis'* Dogs howl doleful o'er the Flood,  
And all her whirling Waves run red with Blood;  
The Vestal Fire upon the Altar dy'd,  
And o'er the Sacrifice the Flames divide;  
The parting Points with double Streams ascend, 950  
To shew the *Latian* Festivals must end:  
Such from the *Theban* Brethren's Pile arose,  
Signal of impious and immortal Foes.  
With Op'nings vast the gaping Earth gave way,  
And in her inmost Womb receiv'd the Day. 955  
The swelling Seas o'er lofty Mountains flow,  
And nodding *Alps* shook off their ancient Snow.  
Then wept the Demi-Gods of mortal Birth,  
And sweating *Lares* trembled on the Hearth.  
In Temples then, recording Stories tell, 960  
Untouch'd the sacred Gifts and Garlands fell.  
Then Birds obscene with inauspicious Flight,  
And Screamings dire, prophan'd the hallow'd Light.  
The salvage Kind forsook the desert Wood,  
And in the Streets disclos'd their horrid Brood. 965  
Then speaking Beasts with human Sounds were heard,  
And monstrous Births the teeming Mothers scar'd.

Among



Among the Crowd, religious Fears disperse  
970 The Saws of *Sibylls*, and foreboding Verse:  
*Bellona's* Priests, a barb'rous frantick Train,  
Whose mangled Arms a thousand Wounds distain,  
Toss their wild Locks, and with a dismal Yell,  
The wrathful Gods, and coming Woes, foretel.  
975 Lamenting Ghosts amidst their Ashes mourn,  
And Groanings eccho from the Marble Urn.  
The rattling Clank of Arms is heard around,  
And Voices loud in lonely Woods resound.  
Grim Spectres ev'ry where affright the Eye,  
980 Approaching glare, and pass with Horror by.  
A Fury fierce about the City walks,  
Hell-born, and horrible of Size, she stalks;  
A flaming Pine she brandishes in Air,  
And hissing loud up rise her snaky Hair;  
985 Where-e'er her Round accurst the Monster takes,  
The pale Inhabitant his House forsakes.  
Such to *Lycurgus* was the Fantome seen;  
Such the dire Visions of the *Theban* Queen;  
Such, at his cruel Stepmother's Command,  
990 Before *Alcides*, did *Megæra* stand:  
With Dread, 'till then unknown, the Heroe shook,  
Tho' he had dar'd on Hell's grim King to look.  
Amid the deepest Silence of the Night,  
Shrill-founding Clarions animate the Fight;  
995 The Shouts of meeting Armies seem to rise,  
And the loud Battel shakes the gloomy Skies.  
Dead *Sylla* in the *Martian* Field ascends,  
And Mischiefs mighty as his own portends.

Near



Near *Anio's* Stream old *Marius* rears his Head;  
The Hinds beheld his grisly Form, and fled.

1000

The State thus threaten'd, by old Custom taught,  
For Counfel to the *Tuscan* Prophets fought:  
Of these the Chief for Learning fam'd, and Age,  
*Aruns* by Name, a venerable Sage,

At *Luna* liv'd; none better could descry

1005

What bodes the Light'ning's Journey thro' the Sky;  
Presaging Veins and Fibres well he knew,

And Omens read aright, from ev'ry Wing that flew.

First he commands to burn the monstrous Breed,

Sprung from mix'd Species, and discordant Seed;

1010

Forbidden and accursed Births, which come

Where Nature's Laws design'd a barren Womb.

Next, the remaining trembling Tribes he calls,

To pass with solemn Rites about their Walls,

In holy March to visit all around,

1015

And with Lustrations purge the utmost Bound.

The Sov'reign Priests the long Procession lead,

Inferior Orders in the Train succeed,

Array'd all duly in the *Gabine* Weed.

There the chaste Head of *Vesta's* Choir appears,

1020

A sacred Fillet binds her rev'rend Hairs;

To her, in sole Preheminence, is due,

*Phrygian Minerva's* awful Shrine to view.

Next *the Fifteen* in Order pass along,

Who guard the fatal *Sibylls* secret Song;

1025

To *Almon's* Stream *Cybele's* Form they bear,

And wash the Goddess each returning Year.



The *Titian* Brotherhood, the *Augurs* Band,  
Observing Flights on the Left lucky Hand;  
1030 The *Sev'n* ordain'd *Jove's* holy Feast to deck;  
The *Salii* blithe, with Bucklers on the Neck;  
All marching in their Order just appear:  
And last the generous *Flamens* close the Rear.  
While these, thro' Ways uncouth, and tiresome Ground,  
1035 Patient perform their long laborious Round,  
*Aruns* collects the Marks of Heav'n's dread Flame,  
In Earth he hides 'em with religious Hand,  
Murmurs a Pray'r, then gives the Place a Name,  
And bids the fix'd *Bidental* hallow'd stand.  
1040 Next from the Herd a chosen Male is sought,  
And soon before the ready Altar brought.  
And now the Seer the Sacrifice began,  
The pouring Wine upon the Victim ran;  
The mingled Meal upon his Brow was plac'd;  
1045 The crooked Knife the destin'd Line had trac'd;  
When with reluctant Rage th' impatient Beast  
The Rites unpleasing to the God confest.  
At length compell'd his stubborn Head to bow,  
Vanquish'd he yields him to the fatal Blow;  
1050 The gushing Veins no chearful Crimson pour,  
But stain with pois'nous Black the sacred Floor.  
The paler Prophet stood with Horror struck;  
Then with a hasty Hand the Entrails took,  
And fought the angry Gods again; but there  
1055 Prognosticks worse, and sadder Signs appear;  
The pallid Guts with Spots were marbled o'er,  
With thin cold Serum stain'd, and livid Gore;

The



The Liver wet with putrid Streams he spy'd,  
 And Veins that threaten'd on the Hostile Side;  
 Part of the heaving Lungs is no where found, 1060  
 And thinner Films the fever'd Entrails bound;  
 No usual Motion stirs the panting Heart;  
 The chinky Vessels ouze on ev'ry Part;  
 The Cawl, where wrapt the close Intestines lye,  
 Betrays its dark Recesses to the Eye. 1065  
 One Prodigy superior threaten'd still,  
 The never-failing Harbinger of Ill:  
 Lo! by the fibrous Liver's rising Head,  
 A second Rival Prominence is spread;  
 All sunk and poor the friendly Part appears, 1070  
 And a pale, sickly, withering Visage wears;  
 While high and full the adverse Vessels ride,  
 And drive, impetuous, on their purple Tide.  
 Amaz'd, the Sage foresaw th' impending Fate;  
 Ye Gods! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate  
 What Woes on this devoted People wait. } 1075  
 Nor dost thou, *Jove*, in these our Rites partake,  
 Nor smile propitious on the Pray'r we make;  
 The dreadful *Stygian* Gods this Victim claim,  
 And to our Sacrifice the Furies came. 1080  
 The Ills we fear command us to be dumb;  
 Yet somewhat worse than what we fear shall come.  
 But may the Gods be gracious from on high,  
 Some better prosperous Event supply,  
 Fibres may err, and Augury may lie; } 1085  
 Arts may be false, by which our Sires divin'd,  
 And *Tages* taught 'em to abuse Mankind.

Thus



Thus darkly he the Prophecy exprest,  
And Riddling fung the Double-dealing Priest.

1090 But *Figulus* exclaims (to Science bred,  
And in the Gods mysterious Secrets read;  
Whom nor *Ægyptian Memphis*' Sons excell'd,  
Nor with more Skill the rolling Orbs beheld:  
Well could he judge the Labours of the Sphere,  
1095 And calculate the just revolving Year.)

The Stars (he cries) are in Confusion hurl'd,  
And wand'ring Error quite misguides the World;  
Or if the Laws of Nature yet remain,  
Some swift Destruction now the Fates ordain.

1100 Shall Earth's wide op'ning Jaws for Ruin call,  
And sinking Cities to the Center fall?  
Shall raging Drought infest the ful'try Sky?  
Shall faithless Earth the promis'd Crop deny?  
Shall pois'nous Vapours o'er the Waters brood,  
1105 And taint the limpid Spring and silver Flood?  
Ye Gods! What Ruin does your Wrath prepare?  
Comes it from Heav'n, from Earth, from Seas, or Air?  
The Lives of many to a Period haste,  
And Thousands shall together breathe their last.

1110 If *Saturn*'s fullen Beams were lifted high,  
And baleful reign'd Ascendant o'er the Sky,  
Then moist *Aquarius* Deluges might rain,  
And Earth once more lie sunk beneath the Main;  
Or did thy glowing Beams, O *Phæbus*, shine  
1115 Malignant in the *Lion*'s scorching Sign,  
Wide o'er the World consuming Fires might roll,  
And Heav'n be seen to flame from Pole to Pole:

Thro'



Thro' peaceful Orbits these unangry glide.  
 But, God of Battels! what dost thou provide!  
 Who in the threat'ning *Scorpion* dost preside?  
 With potent Wrath around thy Influence streams,  
 And the whole Monster kindles at thy Beams;  
 While *Jupiter's* more gentle Rays decline,  
 And *Mercury* with *Venus* faintly shine;  
 The wand'ring Lights are darken'd all and gone,  
 And *Mars* now lords it o'er the Heav'ns alone.  
*Orion's* starry Faulchion blazing wide,  
 Refulgent glitters by his dreadful Side.  
 War comes, and Salvage Slaughter must abound;  
 The Sword of Violence shall Right confound:  
 The blackest Crimes fair Virtue's Name shall wear,  
 And impious Fury rage for many a Year.  
 Yet ask not thou an end of Arms, O *Rome*,  
 Thy Peace must with a Lordly Master come.  
 Protract Destruction, and defer thy Chain;  
 The Sword alone prevents the Tyrant's Reign,  
 And Civil Wars thy Liberty maintain.

The heartless Vulgar to the Sage give heed,  
 New rising Fears his Words foreboding breed.  
 When lo! more dreadful Wonders strike their Eyes,  
 Forth thro' the Streets a *Roman* Matron flies,  
 Mad as the *Thracian* Dames that bound along,  
 And chant *Lyæus* in their frantick Song:  
 Enthusiastick Heavings swell'd her Breast,  
 And thus her Voice the *Delphick* God confest.

Where dost thou snatch me, *Pæan*! wherefore bear  
 Thro' cloudy Heights and Tracts of pathless Air?



I see *Pangæan* Mountains white with Snow,  
*Æmus*, and wide *Philippi's* Fields below.  
 1150 Say, *Phæbus*, wherefore do's this Fury rise?  
 What mean these Spears and Shields before my Eyes?  
 I see the *Roman* Battels croud the Plain!  
 I see the War, but seek the Foe in vain:  
 Again I fly, I seek the rising Day,  
 1155 Where *Nile's* *Ægyptian* Waters take their way:  
 I see, I know upon the guilty Shore,  
 The Hero's headless Trunk besmear'd with Gore.  
 The *Syrts* and *Libyan* Sands beneath me lye,  
 Thither *Emathia's* scatter'd Relicks fly.  
 1160 Now o'er the cloudy *Alps* I stretch my Flight,  
 And soar above *Pyrene's* airy Height:  
 To *Rome*, my native *Rome*, I turn again,  
 And see the Senate reeking with the Slain.  
 Again the moving Chiefs their Arms prepare;  
 1165 Again, I follow thro' the World the War.  
 Oh give me, *Phæbus*! give me to explore,  
 Some Region new, some undiscover'd Shore;  
 I saw *Philippi's* fatal Fields before.  
 She said; the weary Rage began to cease,  
 1170 And left the fainting Prophetess in Peace.

*The End of the First Book.*



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THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*Amidst the general Consternation that fore-ran the Civil War, the Poet introduces an old Man giving an Account of the Miseries that attended on that of Marius and Sylla; and comparing their present Circumstances to those in which the Commonwealth was when that former War broke out. Brutus consults with Cato, whether it were the Duty of a private Man to concern himself in the publick Troubles; to which Cato replies in the Affirmative: Then follows his receiving Marcia again from the Tomb of Hortensius. While Pompey goes to Capua, Cæsar makes himself Master of the greatest part of Italy, and among the rest of Corfinium, where Domitius, the Governor for Pompey, is seiz'd by his Garrison, and deliver'd to Cæsar, who pardons and dismisses him.*

*Pompey in an Oration to his Army makes a Tryal of their Disposition to a general Battel, but not finding it to answer his Expectation, he sends his Son to sollicite the Assistance of his Friends and Allies; then marches himself to Brundisium, where he is like to be shut up by Cæsar, and escapes at length with much Difficulty.*





# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## BOOK II.



OW manifest the Wrath Divine appear'd,  
 And Nature thro' the World the War  
 declar'd;  
 Teeming with Monsters, sacred Law she  
 broke,  
 And dire Events in all her Works bespoke.

Thou *Jove*, who do'st in Heav'n supremely reign,  
 Why does thy Providence these Signs ordain,  
 And give us Prescience to increase our Pain?  
 Doubly we bear thy dread inflicting Doom,  
 And feel our Miseries before they come.  
 Whether the great creating Parent Soul,  
 When first from Chaos rude he form'd the Whole,  
 Dispos'd Futurity with certain Hand,  
 And bad the necessary Causes stand;

} 5

10



Made one Decree for ever to remain,  
15 And bound himself in Fate's eternal Chain;  
Or whether fickle Fortune leads the Dance,  
Nothing is fix'd, but all Things come by Chance;  
Whate'er thou shalt ordain, thou ruling Pow'r,  
Unknown and sudden be the dreadful Hour:  
20 Let Mortals to their future Fate be blind,  
And Hope relieve the miserable Mind.

While thus the wretched Citizens behold  
What certain Ills the faithful Gods foretold;  
Justice suspends her Course in mournful *Rome*,  
25 And all the noisie Courts at once are dumb:  
No Honours shine in the distinguish'd Weed,  
Nor Rods the purple Magistrate precede:  
A dismal silent Sorrow spreads around,  
No Groan is heard, nor one complaining Sound.  
30 So when some gen'rous Youth resigns his Breath,  
And parting sinks in the last Pangs of Death;  
With ghastly Eyes, and many a lift-up Hand,  
Around his Bed the still Attendants stand;  
No Tongue as yet presumes his Fate to tell,  
35 Nor speaks aloud the solemn last Farewel;  
As yet the Mother by her Darling lies,  
Nor breaks lamenting into frantick Cries;  
And tho' he stiffens in her fond Embrace,  
His Eyes are set, and livid pale his Face;  
40 Horror a while prevents the swelling Tear,  
Nor is her Passion Grief, as yet, but Fear;



In one fix'd Posture motionless she keeps,  
And wonders at her Woe before she weeps.  
The Matrons sad their rich Attire lay by,  
And to the Temples madly crowding fly: 45  
Some on the Shrines their gushing Sorrows pour,  
Some dash their Breasts against the marble Floor;  
Some on the sacred Thresholds rend their Hair,  
And howling seek the Gods with horrid Pray'r.  
Nor *Jove* receiv'd the wailing Suppliants all, 50  
In various Fanes on various Pow'rs they call.  
No Altar then, no God was left alone,  
Unvex'd by some impatient Parent's Moan.  
Of these, one Wretch her Grief, above the rest,  
With Visage torn, and mangled Arms, confest. 55  
Ye Mothers! beat (she cry'd) your Bosoms now,  
Now tear the curling Honours from your Brow;  
The present Hour ev'n all your Tears demands,  
While doubtful Fortune yet suspended stands.  
When one shall conquer, then for Joy prepare, 60  
The Victor Chief, at least, shall end the War.  
Thus from renew'd Complaints they seek Relief,  
And only find fresh Causes out for Grief.

The Men too, as to diff'rent Camps they go,  
Join their sad Voices to the publick Woe; 65  
Impatient to the Gods they raise their Cry,  
And thus expostulate with Those on high.

Oh hapless Times! oh that we had been Born,  
When *Carthage* made our vanquish'd Country mourn!  
Well had we then been number'd with the Slain 70  
On *Trebia's* Banks, or *Cannæ's* fatal Plain.

Nor



Nor ask we Peace, ye Pow'rs, nor soft Repose;  
Give us new Wars, and Multitudes of Foes;  
Let ev'ry potent City arm for Fight,  
75 And all the Neighbour Nations round unite;  
From *Median Susa* let the *Parthians* come,  
And *Massagetes* beyond their *Ister* roam:  
Let *Elbe* and *Rhine's* unconquer'd Springs send forth  
The yellow *Suevi* from the farthest North;  
80 Let the conspiring World in Arms engage,  
And save us only from Domestick Rage.  
Here let the Hostile *Dacian* Inroads make,  
And there his Way the *Gete* Invader take.  
Let *Cæsar* in *Iberia* tame the Foe;  
85 Let *Pompey* break the deadly Eastern Bow,  
And *Rome* no Hand unarm'd for Battel know.  
But if *Hesperia* stand condemn'd by Fate,  
And Ruin on our Name and Nation wait;  
Now dart thy Thunder, dread Almighty Sire,  
90 Let all thy flaming Heav'ns descend in Fire;  
On Chiefs and Parties hurl thy Bolts alike,  
And, e'er their Crimes have made 'em Guilty, strike.  
Is it a Cause so worthy of our Care,  
That Pow'r may fall to this, or that Man's Share?  
95 Do we for this the Gods and Conscience brave,  
That one may Rule, and make the rest a Slave?  
When thus, ev'n Liberty we scarce should buy,  
But think a Civil War a Price too high.  
Thus groan they at approaching dire Events,  
100 And thus expiring Piety laments.



Mean-while the hoary Sire his Years deplores,  
And Age that former Miseries restores:  
He hates his weary Life prolong'd for Woe,  
Worse Days to see, more impious Rage to know.  
Then fetching old Examples from afar,  
'Twas thus (he cries) Fate usher'd in the War;  
When *Cimbrians* fierce, and *Libya's* swarthy Lord,  
Had fall'n before Triumphant *Marius*' Sword:  
Yet to *Minturnæ's* Marsh the Victor fled,  
And hid in oozy Flags his exil'd Head.  
The faithless Soil the hunted Chief reliev'd,  
And sedgy Waters Fortune's Pledge receiv'd.  
Deep in a Dungeon plung'd at length he lay,  
Where Gyves and rankling Fetters eat their way,  
And noisome Vapours on his Vitals prey.  
Ordain'd at Ease to die in wretched *Rome*,  
He suffer'd then, for Wickedness to come.  
In vain his Foes had arm'd the *Cimbrian's* Hand,  
Death will not always wait upon Command;  
About to strike, the Slave with Horror shook,  
The useless Steel his loos'ning Gripe forlook;  
Thick flashing Flames a Light unusual gave,  
And sudden shone around the gloomy Cave;  
Dreadful the Gods of Guilt before him stood,  
And *Marius* terrible in future Blood;  
When thus a Voice began: Rash Man forbear,  
Nor touch that Head which Fate resolves to spare;  
Thousands are doom'd beneath his Arm to bleed,  
And countless Deaths before his own decreed;



130 Thy Wrath and Purpose to destroy is vain:  
Would'st thou avenge thee for thy Nation slain?  
Preserve this Man; and in some coming Day  
The *Cimbrian* Slaughter well he shall repay.  
No pitying God, no Pow'r to Mortals good,  
135 Could save a salvage Wretch who joy'd in Blood:  
But Fate reserv'd him to perform its Doom,  
And be the Minister of Wrath to *Rome*.  
By swelling Seas too favourably tost,  
Safely he reach'd *Numidia's* Hostile Coast;  
140 There, driv'n from Man, to Wilds he took his way,  
And on the Earth, where once he conquer'd, lay;  
There in the lone unpeopled desert Field,  
Proud *Carthage* in her Ruins he beheld;  
Amidst her Ashes pleas'd he fate him down,  
145 And joy'd in the Destruction of the Town.  
The Genius of the Place, with mutual Hate,  
Rear'd its sad Head, and smil'd at *Marius' Fate*;  
Each with Delight survey'd their fallen Foe,  
And each forgave the Gods, that laid the other low.  
150 There with new Fury was his Soul possess'd,  
And *Libyan* Rage collected in his Breast.  
Soon as returning Fortune own'd his Cause,  
Troops of revolting Bond-men forth he draws;  
Cut-throats and Slaves resort to his Command,  
155 And Arms were giv'n to ev'ry baser Hand.  
None worthily the Leader's Standard bore,  
Unstain'd with Blood or blackest Crimes before:  
Villains of Fame, to fill his Bands, were sought,  
And to his Camp Increase of Crimes they brought.

Who



Who can relate the Horrors of that Day, 160  
When first these Walls became the Victor's Prey!  
With what a Stride devouring Slaughter past,  
And swept promiscuous Orders in her haste!  
O'er Noble and Plebeian rang'd the Sword;  
Nor Pity or Remorse one Pause afford. 165  
The sliding Streets with Blood were clotted o'er,  
And sacred Temples stood in Pools of Gore.  
The ruthless Steel, impatient of Delay,  
Forbad the Sire to linger out his Day:  
It struck the bending Father to the Earth, 170  
And cropt the wailing Infant at his Birth.  
(Can Innocents the Rage of Parties know,  
And they who ne'er offended find a Foe!)  
Age is no Plea, and Childhood no Defence,  
To kill is all the Murderer's Pretence. 175  
Rage stays not to enquire who ought to die,  
Numbers must fall, no matter which, or why;  
Each in his Hand a grisly Visage bears,  
And as the Trophy of his Virtue wears.  
Who wants a Prize, strait rushes thro' the Streets, 180  
And undistinguish'd mows the first he meets;  
The trembling Crowd with Fear officious strive,  
And those who kiss the Tyrant's Hand survive.  
'Oh could you fall so low, degenerate Race!  
And purchase Safety at a Price so base! 185  
What tho' the Sword was Master of your Doom,  
Tho' *Marius* could have giv'n you Years to come,  
Can *Romans* live by Infamy so mean?  
But soon your changing Fortune shifts the Scene;



- 190 Short is your Date; you only live to mourn  
Your Hopes deceiv'd, and *Sylla's* swift return.  
The Vulgar falls, and none laments his Fate,  
Sorrow has hardly leisure for the Great.  
What Tears could *Bæbius'* hasty Death deplore!
- 195 A Thousand Hands his mangled Carcass tore;  
His scatter'd Intrails round the Streets were tost,  
And in a Moment all the Man was lost.  
Who wept *Antonius'* Murder to behold,  
Whose moving Tongue the Mischief oft foretold?
- 200 Spite of his Age and Eloquence he bled;  
The barb'rous Soldier snatch'd his hoary Head;  
Dropping he bore it to his joyful Lord,  
And while he feasted plac'd it on the Board.  
The *Crassi* both by *Fimbria's* Hand were slain,
- 205 And bleeding Magistrates the Pulpit stain.  
Then did the Doom of that neglecting Hand,  
Thy Fate, O holy *Scævola*, command;  
In vain for Succour to the Gods he flies,  
The Priest before the *Vestal* Altar dies:
- 210 A feeble Stream pour'd forth th' exhausted Sire,  
And spar'd to quench the everliving Fire.  
The Seventh returning *Fasces* now appear,  
And bring stern *Marius'* latest destin'd Year:  
Thus the long Toils of changing Life o'erpass,
- 215 Hoary and full of Days he breath'd his last.  
While Fortune frown'd, her fiercest Wrath he bore,  
And while she smil'd enjoy'd her amplest Pow'r:  
All various Turns of Good and Bad he knew,  
And prov'd the most that Chance or Fate cou'd do.

What



What heaps of Slain the *Colline* Gate did yield! 220  
What Bodies strow'd the *Sacriportan* Field,  
When Empire was ordain'd to change her Seat,  
To leave her *Rome*, and make *Præneste* great!  
When the proud *Samnites* Troops the State defy'd,  
In Terms beyond their *Caudine* Treaty's Pride. 225  
Nor *Sylla* with less Cruelty returns,  
With equal Rage the fierce Avenger burns:  
What Blood the feeble City yet retain'd,  
With too severe a healing Hand he drain'd:  
Too deeply was the searching Steel employ'd, 230  
What Maladies had hurt the Leach destroy'd.  
The Guilty only were of Life bereft:  
Alas! the Guilty only then were left.  
Dissembled Hate and Rancour rang'd at Will,  
All as they pleas'd took Liberty to kill; 235  
And while Revenge no longer fear'd the Laws,  
Each private Murder was the publick Cause.  
The Leader bad destroy; and at the Word,  
The Master fell beneath the Servant's Sword.  
Brothers on Brothers were for Gifts bestow'd, 240  
And Sons contended for their Fathers Blood.  
For Refuge some to Caves and Forests fled;  
Some to the lonely Mansions of the Dead;  
Some, to prevent the cruel Victor, die;  
These strangled hang from fatal Beams on high; 245  
While Those, from Tops of lofty Turrets thrown,  
Came headlong on the dashing Pavement down.  
Some for their Funerals the Wood prepare,  
And build the sacred Pile with hasty Care:

P

Then



250 Then bleeding to the kindling Flames they press,  
And *Roman* Rites, while yet they may, possess.  
Pale Heads of *Marian* Chiefs are born on high,  
And heap'd together in the *Forum* lie;  
There join the meeting Slaughters of the Town,  
255 There each performing Villain's Deeds are known.  
No Sight like this the *Thracian* Stables knew,  
*Antæus'* *Libyan* Spoils to these were few:  
Nor *Greece* beheld so many Suitors fall,  
To grace the *Pisan* Tyrant's horrid Hall.  
260 At length, when putrid Gore, with foul Disgrace,  
Hid the distinguish'd Features of the Face,  
By Night the miserable Parents came,  
And bore their Sons to some forbidden Flame.  
Well I remember in that woeful Reign,  
265 How I my Brother sought amongst the Slain;  
Hopeful by stealth his poor Remains to burn,  
And close his Ashes in a peaceful Urn;  
His Visage in my trembling Hand I bore,  
And turn'd pacifick *Sylla's* Trophies o'er;  
270 Full many a mangled Trunk I try'd, to see  
Which Carcass with the Head wou'd best agree.  
Why shou'd my Grief to *Catulus* return,  
And tell the Victim offer'd at his Urn;  
When struck with Horror, the relenting Shade  
275 Beheld his Wrongs too cruelly repay'd?  
I saw where *Marius'* hapless Brother stood,  
With Limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with Blood;  
A Thousand gaping Wounds increas'd his Pain,  
While weary Life a Passage sought in vain;

That



That Mercy still his ruthless Foes deny, 280  
And whom they mean to kill forbid to die.  
This from the Wrist the suppliant Hands divides;  
That hews his Arms from off his naked Sides;  
One crops his breathing Nostrils, one his Ears,  
While from the Roots his Tongue another tears; 285  
Panting awhile upon the Earth it lies,  
And with mute Motion trembles e're it dies:  
Last, from the Sacred Caverns where they lay,  
The bleeding Orbs of Sight are rent away.  
Can late Posterity believe, whene'er 290  
This Tale of *Marius* and his Foes they hear,  
They could inflict so much, or he cou'd bear?  
Such is the broken Carcass seen to lie,  
Crush'd by some tumbling Turret from on high;  
Such to the Shore the shipwrackt Coarse is born, 295  
By rending Rocks and greedy Monsters torn.  
Mistaken Rage! thus mangling to disgrace,  
And blot the Lines of *Marius*' hated Face!  
What Joy can *Sylla* take? Unless he know  
And mark the Features of his dying Foe? 300  
Fortune beheld, from her *Prænestine* Fane,  
Her helpless Worshipers around her slain;  
One Hour of Fate was common to 'em all,  
And like one Man she saw a People fall.  
Then dy'd the lusty Youth in manly Bloom, 305  
*Hesperia*'s Flow'r, and Hope for Times to come;  
Their Blood, *Rome*'s only Strength, distains the Fold,  
Ordain'd th' assembling Centuries to hold.



Numbers have oft been known on Sea and Land,  
310 To sink of Old by Death's destructive Hand;  
Battels with Multitudes have strown the Plain,  
And many perish on the stormy Main;  
Earthquakes destroy, malignant Vapours blast,  
And Plagues and Famines lay whole Nations waste:  
315 But Justice, sure, was never seen, 'till now,  
To massacre her Thousands at a Blow.  
Satiety of Death the Victors prove,  
And slowly thro' th' incumb'ring Ruin move:  
So many fall, there scarce is Room for more,  
320 The Dying nod on those who fell before;  
Crouding in Heaps their Murderers they aid,  
And, by the Dead, the Living are o'erlaid.  
Mean while the stern Dictator, from on high,  
Beholds the Slaughter with a fearless Eye;  
325 Nor sighs, to think his dread Commands ordain,  
So many Thousand Wretches to be slain.  
Amidst the *Tiber's* Waves the Load is thrown,  
The Torrent rowls the guilty Burthen down;  
'Till rising Mounds obstruct his wat'ry Way,  
330 And Carcasses the gliding Vessels stay.  
But soon another Stream to aid him rose,  
Swift o'er the Fields a Crimson Deluge flows:  
The *Tuscan* River swells above his Shores,  
And floating Bodies to the Land restores:  
335 Struggling at length he drives his rushing Flood,  
And dyes the *Tyrrene* Ocean round with Blood.  
Could Deeds like these the glorious Stile demand  
Of Prosperous, and Saviour of the Land?

Could



Cou'd this Renown, cou'd these Atchievements build  
 A Tomb for *Sylla* in the *Martian* Field? 340  
 Again, behold the circling Woes return,  
 Again the Curse of Civil Wars we mourn;  
 Battels, and Blood, and Vengeance shall succeed,  
 And *Rome* once more by *Roman* Hands shall bleed.  
 Or if, for hourly thus our Fears presage, 345  
 With Wrath more fierce the present Chiefs shall rage,  
 Mankind shall some unheard-of Plagues deplore,  
 And groan for Miseries unknown before.  
*Marius* an End of Exile only fought;  
*Sylla* to crush a hated Faction fought; 350  
 A larger Recompence these Leaders claim,  
 And higher is their vast Ambition's Aim:  
 Cou'd these be satisfy'd with *Sylla's* Pow'r;  
 Nor, all he had Possessing, ask for more;  
 Neither had Force and impious Arms employ'd, 355  
 Or fought for that which guiltless Each enjoy'd.

Thus wept lamenting Age o'er hapless *Rome*,  
 Rememb'ring Evils past, and dreading those to come.

But *Brutus'* Temper fail'd not with the rest,  
 Nor with the common Weakness was oppress'd; 360  
 Safe and in Peace he kept his manly Breast.  
 'Twas when the solemn Dead of Night came on,  
 When bright *Calisto*, with her shining Son,  
 Now half their Circle round the Pole had run;  
 When *Brutus*, on the busie Times intent, 365  
 To virtuous *Cato's* humble Dwelling went:  
 Waking he found him, careful for the State,  
 Grieving and Fearing for his Country's Fate;

Q For



For *Rome*, and wretched *Rome*, alone he fear'd;  
 370 Secure within himself, and for the worst prepar'd.  
 To him thus *Brutus* spoke. O Thou, to whom  
 Forsaken Virtue flies, as to her Home,  
 Driv'n out, and by an impious Age oppress'd,  
 She finds no room on Earth but *Cato's* Breast:  
 375 There, in her one good Man, she reigns secure,  
 Fearless of Vice, or Fortune's hostile Pow'r.  
 Then teach my Soul, to Doubt and Error prone,  
 Teach me a Resolution like thy own.  
 Let partial Favour, Hopes or Int'rest guide,  
 380 By various Motives, all the World beside,  
 To *Pompey's* or ambitious *Cæsar's* Side;  
 Thou *Cato* art my Leader. Whether Peace  
 And calm Repose amidst these Storms shall please:  
 Or whether War thy Ardor shall engage,  
 385 To gratifie the Madness of this Age,  
 Herd with the factious Chiefs, and urge the Peoples Rage.  
 The Ruffian, Bankrupt, loose Adulterer,  
 All who the Pow'r of Laws and Justice fear,  
 From Guilt learn specious Reasons for the War.  
 390 By starving Want and Wickedness prepar'd,  
 Wisely they Arm for Safety and Reward.  
 But oh! What Cause, what Reason can'st thou find?  
 Art thou to Arms for Love of Arms inclin'd?  
 Hast thou the Manners of this Age withstood,  
 395 And for so many Years been singly Good,  
 To be repay'd with Civil Wars and Blood?  
 Let those to Vice inur'd for Arms prepare,  
 In thee 'twill be Impiety to dare;  
 Preserve at least, ye Gods, these Hands from War.

Nor



Nor do thou meanly with the Rabble join, 400  
Nor grace their Cause with such an Arm as thine.  
To thee, the Fortune of the fatal Field  
Inclining, un auspicious Fame shall yield;  
Each to thy Sword shall press, and wish to be  
Imputed as thy Crime, and charg'd on Thee. 405  
Happy thou wer't, if with Retirement blest,  
Which Noise and Faction never should molest,  
Nor break the sacred Quiet of thy Breast;  
Where Harmony and Order ne'er should cease,  
But ev'ry Day should take its Turn in Peace. 410  
So, in eternal stiddy Motion, roll  
The radiant Spheres around the starry Pole:  
Fierce Light'nings, Meteors, and the Winter's Storm,  
Earth and the Face of lower Heav'n deform,  
Whilst all by Nature's Laws is calm above; 415  
No Tempest rages in the Court of *Jove*.  
Light Particles, and idle Atoms fly,  
Toss'd by the Winds, and scatter'd round the Sky;  
While the more solid Parts the Force resist,  
And fix'd and stable on the Center rest. 420  
*Cæsar* shall hear with Joy, that thou art join'd  
With fighting Factions, to disturb Mankind;  
Tho' sworn his Foe, he shall applaud thy Choice,  
And think his wicked War approv'd by *Cato's* Voice.  
See! how to swell their mighty Leader's State, 425  
The Consuls and the servile Senate wait:  
Ev'n *Cato's* self to *Pompey's* Y oak must bow,  
And all Mankind are Slaves but *Cæsar* now.  
If War, however, be at last our Doom,  
If we must Arm for Liberty and *Rome*: 430

While



While undecided yet their Fate depends,  
*Cæsar* and *Pompey* are alike my Friends;  
Which Party I shall chuse is yet to know,  
That let the War decide; who conquers is my Foe.  
435 Thus spoke the Youth. When *Cato* thus exprest  
The sacred Counsels of his inmost Breast.  
    *Brutus*! with thee, I own the Crime is great;  
    With thee, this impious Civil War I hate;  
    But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.  
440 Answer your selves, ye Gods, and set me free;  
If I am guilty, 'tis by your Decree.  
If yon fair Lamps above shou'd lose their Light,  
And leave the wretched World in endless Night;  
If *Chaos* shou'd in Heav'n and Earth prevail,  
445 And universal Nature's Frame shou'd fail;  
What *Stoick* wou'd not the Misfortune share,  
And think that Desolation worth his Care?  
Princes and Nations whom wide Seas divide,  
Where other Stars far distant Heav'ns do guide,  
450 Have brought their Ensigns to the *Roman* side.  
Forbid it Gods! when barb'rous *Scythians* come,  
From their cold North, to prop declining *Rome*,  
That I shou'd see her Fall, and sit secure at Home.  
As some unhappy Sire by Death undone,  
460 Robb'd of his Age's Joy, his only Son,  
Attends the Funeral with pious Care,  
To pay his last Paternal Office there;  
Takes a sad Pleasure in the Croud to go,  
And be himself Part of the pompous Woe;  
465 Then waits 'till ev'ry Ceremony past,  
His own fond Hand may light the Pile at last.



So fix'd, so faithful to thy Cause, O *Rome*,  
 With such a Constancy and Love I come,  
 Resolv'd for thee and Liberty to mourn,  
 And never! never from your Sides be torn; 470  
 Resolv'd to follow still your common Fate,  
 And on your very Names, and last Remains to wait.  
 Thus let it be, since thus the Gods ordain;  
 Since Hecatombs of *Romans* must be slain,  
 Assist the Sacrifice with ev'ry Hand, 475  
 And give 'em all the Slaughter they demand.  
 O! were the Gods contented with my Fall,  
 If *Cato's* Life cou'd answer for you all,  
 Like the devoted *Decius* wou'd I go,  
 To force from either Side the mortal Blow, 480  
 And for my Country's sake, wish to be thought her Foe.  
 To me, ye *Romans*, all your Rage confine,  
 To me, ye Nations from the barb'rous *Rhine*,  
 Let all the Wounds this War shall make be mine.  
 Open my vital Streams, and let 'em run, 485  
 And let the purple Sacrifice atone  
 For all the Ills offending *Rome* has done.  
 If Slavery be all the Faction's End,  
 If Chains the Prize for which the Fools contend,  
 To me convert the War, let me be slain; 490  
 Me, only me, who fondly strive, in vain,  
 Their uselefs Laws and Freedom to maintain :  
 So may the Tyrant safely mount his Throne,  
 And rule his Slaves in Peace, when I am gone.  
 How-e'er, since free as yet from his Command, 495  
 For *Pompey* and the Commonwealth we stand.



Nor he, if Fortune shou'd attend his Arms,  
Is Proof against Ambition's fatal Charms;  
But urg'd with Greatness, and desire of Sway,  
500 May dare to make the vanquish'd World his Prey.  
Then, least the Hopes of Empire swell his Pride,  
Let him remember I was on his Side ;  
Nor think he conquer'd for himself alone,  
To make the Harvest of the War his own,  
505 Where half the Toil was ours. So spoke the Sage.  
His Words the list'ning eager Youth engage  
Too much to love of Arms, and heat of Civil Rage. }  
Now 'gan the Sun to lift his dawning Light,  
Before him fled the colder Shades of Night ;  
510 When lo! the sounding Doors are heard to turn,  
Chaste *Martia* comes from dead *Hortensius*' Urn.  
Once to a better Husband's happier Bed,  
With Bridal Rites, a Virgin was she led :  
When ev'ry Debt of Love and Duty paid,  
515 And thrice a Parent by *Lucina* made ;  
The teeming Matron, at her Lord's Command,  
To glad *Hortensius* gave her plighted Hand ;  
With a fair Stock his barren House to grace,  
And mingle by the Mother's Side the Race.  
520 At length this Husband in his Ashes laid,  
And ev'ry Rite of Due Religion paid,  
Forth from his Monument the mournful Dame,  
With beaten Breasts, and Locks dishevel'd, came ;  
Then with a pale dejected rueful Look,  
525 Thus pleasing, to her former Lord she spoke.

While



While Nature yet with Vigour fed my Veins,  
And made me equal to a Mother's Pains,  
To thee Obedient, I thy House forsook,  
And to my Arms another Husband took:  
My Pow'rs at length with Genial Labours worn, 530  
Weary to thee, and wasted I return.  
At length a barren Wedlock let me prove,  
Give me the Name, without the Joys of Love;  
No more to be abandon'd, let me come,  
That *Cato's Wife* may live upon my Tomb. 535  
So shall my Truth to latest Times be read,  
And none shall ask if guiltily I fled,  
Or thy Command estrang'd me from thy Bed.  
Nor ask I now thy Happiness to share,  
I seek thy Days of Toil, thy Nights of Care: 540  
Give me, with thee, to meet my Country's Foe,  
Thy weary Marches and thy Camps to know;  
Nor let Posterity with Shame record,  
*Cornelia* follow'd, *Martia* left her Lord.

She said. The Heroe's manly Heart was mov'd, 545  
And the chaste Matron's virtuous Suit approv'd.  
And tho' the Times far diff'ring Thoughts demand,  
Tho' War dissents from *Hymen's* Holy Band;  
In plain unsolemn wise his Faith he plights,  
And calls the Gods to view the lonely Rites. 550  
No Garlands gay the chearful Portal crown'd,  
Nor woolly Fillets wove the Posts around;  
No Genial Bed, with rich Embroidery grac'd,  
On Iv'ry Steps in lofty State was plac'd;



555 No Hymeneal Torch preceding shone,  
No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on,  
Nor bad her Feet the sacred Threshold shun.  
No yellow Veil was loosely thrown, to hide  
The rising Blushes of the trembling Bride;  
560 No glitt'ring Zone her flowing Garments bound,  
Nor sparkling Gems her Neck encompass'd round;  
No filken Scarf, nor decent winding Lawn,  
Was o'er her naked Arms and Shoulders drawn:  
But, as she was, in Funeral Attire,  
565 With all the Sadness Sorrow could inspire,  
With Eyes dejected, with a joyless Face,  
She met her Husband's, like a Son's Embrace.  
No *Sabine* Mirth provokes the Bridegroom's Ears.  
Nor sprightly Wit the glad Assembly cheers.  
570 No Friends, nor ev'n their Children grace the Feast,  
*Brutus* attends, their only Nuptial Guest:  
He stands a Witness of the silent Rite,  
And sees the melancholy Pair unite.  
Nor he, the Chief his sacred Visage chear'd,  
575 Nor smooth'd his matted Locks, or horrid Beard;  
Nor daigns his Heart one Thought of Joy to know,  
But met his *Martia* with the same stern Brow.  
(For when he saw the fatal Factions arm,  
The coming War, and *Rome*'s impending Harm;  
580 Regardless quite of ev'ry other Care,  
Unshorn he left his loose neglected Hair;  
Rude hung the hoary Honours of his Head,  
And a foul Growth his mournful Cheeks o'erspread.



No Stings of private Hate his Peace infest,  
Nor partial Favour grew upon his Breast; 585  
But safe from Prejudice, he kept his Mind  
Free, and at Leisure to lament Mankind.)  
Nor could his former Love's returning Fire,  
The warmth of one Connubial Wish inspire,  
But strongly he withstood the just Desire. 590  
These were the stricter Manners of the Man,  
And this the stubborn Course in which they ran;  
The golden Mean unchanging to pursue,  
Constant to keep the purpos'd End in view;  
Religiously to follow Nature's Laws, 595  
And die with Pleasure in his Country's Cause;  
To think he was not for himself design'd,  
But born to be of Use to all Mankind.  
To him 'twas Feasting, Hunger to repress;  
And home-spun Garments were his costly Dress: 600  
No Marble Pillars rear'd his Roof on high,  
'Twas warm, and kept him from the Winter Sky:  
He sought no End of Marriage, but Increase,  
Nor wish'd a Pleasure, but his Country's Peace:  
That took up all the tend'rest Parts of Life, 605  
His Country was his Children and his Wife.  
From Justice' righteous Lore he never swerv'd,  
But rigidly his Honesty preserv'd.  
On universal Good his Thoughts were bent,  
Nor knew what Gain, or Self-affection meant; 610  
And while his Benefits the Publick share,  
*Cato* was always last in *Cato's* Care.



Mean time, the trembling Troops, by *Pompey* led,  
Hasty to *Phrygian Capua* were fled.  
615 Resolving here to fix the moving War,  
He calls his scatter'd Legions from afar;  
Here he decrees the daring Foe to wait,  
And prove at once the great Event of Fate;  
Where *Appenine's* delightful Shades arise,  
620 And lift *Hesperia* lofty to the Skies.  
Between the higher and inferior Sea,  
The long extended Mountain takes his way;  
*Pisa* and *Ancon* bound his sloping Sides,  
Wash'd by the *Tyrrhene* and *Dalmatick* Tides;  
625 Rich in the Treasure of his wat'ry Stores,  
A thousand living Springs and Streams he pours,  
And seeks the diff'rent Seas by diff'rent Shores.  
From his Left falls *Crustumium's* rapid Flood,  
And swift *Metaurus* red with *Punick* Blood;  
630 There gentle *Sapis* with *Isaurus* joins,  
And *Sena* there the *Senones* confines;  
Rough *Aufidus* the meeting Ocean braves,  
And lashes on the lazy *Adria's* Waves;  
Hence vast *Eridanus* with matchless Force,  
635 Prince of the Streams, directs his Regal Course;  
Proud with the Spoils of Fields and Woods he flows,  
And drains *Hesperia's* Rivers as he goes.  
His sacred Banks, in ancient Tales renown'd,  
First by the spreading Poplar's Shade were crown'd;  
640 When the Sun's fiery Steeds forsook their way,  
And downward drew to Earth the burning Day:

When



When ev'ry Flood and ample Lake was dry,  
The *Po* alone his Channel could supply.  
Hither rash *Phaeton* was headlong driv'n,  
And in these Waters quench'd the Flames of Heav'n. 645  
Nor wealthy *Nile* a fuller Stream contains,  
Tho' wide he spreads o'er *Ægypt's* flatter Plains;  
Nor *Ister* rolls a larger Torrent down,  
Sought he the Sea with Waters all his own;  
But meeting Floods to him their Homage pay, 650  
And heave the blended River on his way.  
These from the Left; while from the Right, there come  
The *Rutuba* and *Tyber* dear to *Rome*;  
Thence slides *Vulturnus* swift descending Flood,  
And *Sarnus* hid beneath his misty Cloud; 655  
Thence *Liris*, whom the *Vestin* Fountains aid,  
Winds to the Sea thro' close *Marica's* Shade;  
Thence *Siler* thro' *Salernian* Pastures falls,  
And shallow *Macra* creeps by *Luna's* Walls.  
Bord'ring on *Gaul* the lofty't Ridges rise, 660  
And the low *Alps* from cloudy Heights despise;  
Thence his long Back the fruitful Mountain bows,  
Beneath the *Umbrian* and the *Sabine* Plows;  
The Race Primæval, Natives all of Old,  
His woody Rocks within their Circuit hold; 665  
Far as *Hesperia's* utmost Limits pass,  
The hilly Father runs his mighty Mafs;  
Where *Juno* rears her high *Lacinian* Fane,  
And *Scylla's* raging Dogs molest the Main.  
Once, farther, yet, ('tis said) his way he took, 670  
'Till thro' his Side the Seas conspiring broke;

And



And still we see on fair *Sicilia's* Sands  
Where, Part of *Appenine*, *Pelorus* stands.  
But *Cæsar* for Destruction eager burns,  
675 Free Passages and bloodless Ways he scorns;  
In fierce conflicting Fields his Arms delight,  
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his Might,  
Resistless thro' the widening Breach to go,  
To burst the Gate, to lay the Bulwark low,  
680 To burn the Villages, to waste the Plains,  
And massacre the poor laborious Swains.  
Abhorring Law, he chuses to offend,  
And blushes to be thought his Country's Friend.  
The *Latian* Cities now, with busie Care,  
685 As various they inclin'd, for Arms prepare.  
Tho' doom'd before the War's first Rage to yield,  
Trenches they dig, and ruin'd Walls rebuild;  
Huge Stones and Darts their lofty Tow'rs supply,  
And guarded Bulwarks menace from on high.  
690 To *Pompey's* Part the proner People lean,  
Tho' *Cæsar's* stronger Terrors stand between.  
So when the Blasts of sounding *Auster* blow,  
The Waves obedient to his Empire flow;  
And tho' the stormy God fierce *Eurus* frees,  
695 And sends him rushing cross the swelling Seas;  
Spight of his Force, the Billows yet retain  
Their former Course, and that way roll the Main;  
The lighter Clouds with *Eurus* driving sweep,  
While *Auster* still commands the wat'ry Deep.  
700 Still Fear too sure o'er vulgar Minds prevails,  
And Faith before successful Fortune fails.



*Etruria* vainly trusts in *Libo's* Aid;  
And *Umbria* by *Thermus* is betray'd;  
*Sylla*, unmindful of his Father's Fame,  
Fled at the dreadful Sound of *Cæsar's* Name. 705  
Soon as the Horse near *Auximon* appear,  
Retreating *Varus* owns his abject Fear,  
And with a Coward's Haste neglects his Rear;  
On Flight alone intent, without delay,  
Thro' Rocks and devious Woods he wings his way. 710  
Th' *Esculean* Fortrefs *Lentulus* forfakes,  
A swift Pursuit the speedy Victor makes;  
All Arts of Threats and Promises apply'd,  
He wins the faithless Cohorts to his Side.  
The Leader with his Ensigns fled alone, 715  
To *Cæsar* fell the Soldier, and the Town.  
Thou *Scipio* too do'st for Retreat prepare,  
Thou leav'st *Luceria* trusted to thy Care;  
Tho' Troops well try'd attend on thy Command,  
(The *Roman* Pow'r can boast no braver Band) 720  
By wily Arts of old from *Cæsar* rent,  
Against the hardy *Parthians* were they sent;  
But their first Chief the Legion now obeys,  
And *Pompey* thus the *Gallic* Loss repays;  
Aid to his Foe too freely he affords, 725  
And lends his hostile Father *Roman* Swords.  
But in *Corfinium* bold *Domitius* lies,  
And from his Walls th' advancing Pow'r defies;  
Secure of Heart, for all Events prepar'd,  
He heads the Troops once bloody *Milo's* Guard. 730



Soon as he sees the cloudy Dust arise,  
And glitt'ring Arms reflect the funny Skies:  
Away, Companions of my Arms! he cry'd,  
And haste to guard the River's sedgy side:  
735 Break down the Bridge. And thou that dwell'st below,  
Thou wat'ry God, let all thy Fountains go,  
And rushing bid thy foamy Torrent flow;  
Swell to the utmost Brink thy rapid Stream,  
Bear down the Planks, and ev'ry floating Beam;  
740 Upon thy Banks the ling'ring War delay,  
Here let the headlong Chief be taught to stay;  
'Tis Victory to stop the Victor's way.  
He ceas'd; and shooting swiftly cross the Plain,  
Drew down the Soldier to the Flood in vain.  
745 For *Cæsar* early from the neighb'ring Field,  
The Purpose to obstruct his March beheld;  
Kindling to Wrath, Oh basest Fear! (he cries)  
To whom nor Tow'rs, nor shelt'ring Walls suffice.  
Are these your coward Stratagems of War?  
750 Hope you with Brooks my conqu'ring Arms to bar?  
Tho' *Nile* and *Ister* should my way controul,  
Tho' swelling *Ganges* should to guard you roll,  
What Streams, what Floods foe'er athwart me fall,  
Who past the *Rubicon* shall pass 'em all.  
755 Haste to the Passage then, my Friends. He said;  
Swift as a Storm the nimble Horse obey'd;  
Across the Stream their deadly Darts they throw,  
And from their Station drive the yielding Foe:  
The Victors at their ease the Ford explore,  
760 And pass the undefended River o'er.



The Vanquish'd to *Corfinium's* Strength retreat,  
Where warlike Engines round the Ramparts threat.  
Close to the Wall the creeping *Vinea* lies,  
And mighty Tow'rs in dread Approaches rise.

But see the Stain of War! the Soldier's Shame! 765

And vile Dishonour of the *Latian* Name!

The faithless Garrison betray the Town,  
And Captive drag their valiant Leader down.

The noble *Roman*, fearless, tho' in Bands,  
Before his haughty Fellow-Subject stands, 770  
With Looks erect, and with a daring Brow,  
Death he provokes, and courts the fatal Blow:  
But *Cæsar's* Arts his inmost Thoughts descry,  
His fear of Pardon, and desire to Die.

From me thy forfeit Life (he said) receive, 775

And tho' repining, by my Bounty live;

That all, by thy Example taught, may know,

How *Cæsar's* Mercy treats a vanquish'd Foe:

Still arm against me, keep thy Hatred still,

And if thou conquer'st, use thy Conquest, kill. 780

Returns of Love, or Favour, seek I none;

Nor give thy Life to bargain for my own.

So saying, on the instant he commands

To loose the galling Fetters from his Hands.

Oh Fortune! better were it, he had dy'd, 785

And spar'd the *Roman* Shame, and *Cæsar's* Pride.

What greater Grief can on a *Roman* seize,

Than to be forc'd to live on Terms like these!

To be forgiven, fighting for the Laws,

And need a Pardon in his Country's Cause! 790

Struggling



Struggling with Rage, undaunted he repress  
The swelling Passions in his lab'ring Breast;  
Thus murm'ring to himself: Wo't thou to *Rome*,  
Base as thou art, and seek thy lazy Home?  
795 To War, to Battel, to Destruction fly,  
And haste, as it becomes thee well, to die;  
Provoke the worst Effects of deadly Strife,  
And rid thee of this *Cæsar's* Gift, this Life.

Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd Chief,  
800 *Pompey* prepares to march to his Relief.

He means the scatt'ring Forces to unite,  
And with Increase of Strength expect the Fight.  
Resolving with the foll'wing Sun to move,  
First he decrees the Soldier's Heart to prove:  
805 Then into Words like these, rever'd he broke,  
The silent Legions list'ning while he spoke.

Ye brave Avengers of your Country's Wrong,  
You who to *Rome* and Liberty belong;  
Whose Breasts our Fathers Virtue truly warms,  
810 Whose Hands the Senate's sacred Order arms;  
With chearful Ardor meet the coming Fight,  
And pray the Gods to smile upon the Right.  
Behold the mournful View *Hesperia* yields,  
Her flaming Villages and wasted Fields!

815 See where the *Gauls* a dreadful Deluge flow,  
And scorn the Boundaries of *Alpine* Snow.  
Already *Cæsar's* Sword is stain'd in Blood,  
Be that, ye Gods, to us an Omen good;  
That Glory still be his peculiar Care,  
820 Let him begin, while we sustain the War.

Yet



Yet call it not a War to which we go;  
We seek a Malefactor, not a Foe:  
*Rome's* awful injur'd Majesty demands  
The Punishment of Traytors at our Hands.  
If this be War, then War was wag'd of Old,  
By curst *Cethegus*, *Catiline* the bold,  
By ev'ry Villain's Hand who durst conspire  
In Murder, Robbery, or Midnight Fire.  
Oh wretched Rage! Thee, *Cæsar*, Fate design'd,  
To rank amongst the Patrons of Mankind;  
With brave *Camillus* to enrol thy Fame,  
And mix thee with the great *Metelli's* Name:  
While to the *Cinna's* thy fierce Soul inclines,  
And with the Slaughter-loving *Marii* joins.  
Since then thy Crimes, like theirs, for Justice call,  
Beneath our Axe's Vengeance shalt thou fall:  
Thee Rebel *Carbo's* Sentence, thee the Fate  
Of *Lepidus* and bold *Sertorius* wait.  
Believe me yet, (if yet I am believ'd)  
My Heart is at the Task unpleasing griev'd:  
I mourn to think that *Pompey's* Hand was chose,  
His *Julia's* hostile Father to oppose,  
And mark thee down amongst the *Roman* Foes.  
Oh that return'd in Safety from the East,  
This Province Victor *Crassus* had possess;  
New Honours to his Name thou might'st afford,  
And die like *Spartacus* beneath his Sword;  
Like him have fall'n a Victim to the Laws,  
The same th' Avenger, and the same the Cause.

825

830

835

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845



850 But since the Gods do otherwise decree,  
And give thee, as my latest Palm, to me;  
Again, my Veins confess the fervent Juice,  
Nor has my Hand forgot the Javelin's use.  
And thou shalt learn, that those who humbly know  
855 To Peace and just Authority to bow,  
Can, when their Country's Cause demands their Care,  
Resume their Ardor, and return to War.  
But let him think my former Vigour fled;  
Distrust not, you, your Gen'ral's hoary Head;  
860 The Marks of Age and long declining Years,  
Which I your Leader, his whole Army wears:  
Age still is fit to Counsel, or Command,  
But falters in an unperforming Hand.  
Whate'er superior Pow'r a People free  
865 Could to their Fellow-Citizen decree,  
All lawful Glories, have my Fortunes known,  
And reach'd all heights of Greatness but a Crown;  
Who to be more, than *Pompey* was, desires,  
To kingly Rule, and Tyranny aspires.  
870 Amidst my Ranks, a venerable Band,  
The Conscript Fathers and the Consuls stand.  
And shall the Senate and the vanquish'd State  
Upon Victorious *Cæsar*'s Triumph wait?  
Forbid it Gods in Honour of Mankind!  
875 Fortune is not so shameless, nor so blind.  
What Fame atchiev'd, what unexampled Praise,  
To these high Hopes the daring Hero raise?  
Is it his Age of War, for Trophies calls  
His two whole Years spent on the Rebel *Gauls*?



Is it the hostile *Rhine* forsook with haste? 880  
Is it the shoaly Channel which he past,  
That Ocean huge he talks of? Does he boast  
His Flight on *Britain's* new discover'd Coast?  
Perhaps abandon'd *Rome* new Pride supplies,  
He views the naked Town with joyful Eyes, } 885  
While from his Rage an armed People flies.  
But know, vain Man, no *Roman* fled from thee;  
They left their Walls, 'tis true; but 'twas to follow me.  
Me, who e're twice the Moon her Orb renew'd,  
The Pyrates formidable Fleet subdu'd: 890  
Soon as the Sea my shining Ensigns bore,  
Vanquish'd they fled, and fought the safer Shore;  
Humbly content their forfeit Lives to save,  
And take the narrow Lot my Bounty gave.  
By me the mighty *Mithridates* chac'd, 895  
Thro' all the Windings of his *Pontus* pass'd.  
He who the Fate of *Rome* delay'd so long,  
While in Suspence uncertain Empire hung;  
He who to *Sylla's* Fortune scorn'd to yield,  
To my prevailing Arms resign'd the Field: 900  
Driv'n out at length, and press'd where-e'er he fled,  
He fought a Grave to hide his vanquish'd Head.  
O'er the wide World my various Trophies rise,  
Beneath the vast Extent of distant Skies;  
Me the Cold Bear, me Northern Climates know, 905  
And *Phasis'* Waters thro' my Conquests flow;  
My Deeds in *Ægypt* and *Syene* live,  
Where high Meridian Suns no Shadow give.



*Hesperian Bætis* my Commands obeys,  
910 Who rolls remote to seek the Western Seas.  
By me the Captive *Arabs* Hands were bound,  
And *Colchians* for their ravish'd Fleece renown'd;  
O'er *Asia* wide my conqu'ring Ensigns spread,  
915 *Armenia* me, and lofty *Taurus* dread;  
To me submit *Cilicia's* warlike Pow'rs,  
And proud *Sophene* veils her wealthy Tow'rs:  
The *Jews* I tam'd, who with Religion bow  
To some mysterious Name, which none beside 'em know.  
Is there a Land, to sum up all at last,  
920 Thro' which my Arms with Conquest have not past?  
The World, by me, the World is overcome,  
And *Cæsar* finds no Enemy but *Rome*.

He said. The Croud in dull Suspension hung,  
Nor with applauding Acclamations rung;  
925 No chearful Ardor waves the lifted Hand,  
Nor Military Cries the Fight demand.  
The Chief perceiv'd the Soldiers Fire to fail,  
And *Cæsar's* Fame fore-running to prevail;  
His Eagles he withdraws with timely Care,  
930 Nor trusts *Rome's* Fate to such uncertain War.  
As when with Fury stung and jealous Rage,  
Two mighty Bulls for Sov'raignty engage;  
The vanquish'd far to Banishment removes,  
To lonely Fields and unfrequented Groves;  
935 There, for a while, with conscious Shame he burns,  
And tries on ev'ry Tree his angry Horns:  
But when his former Vigour stands confest,  
And larger Muscles shake his ample Breast,

With



With better Chance he seeks the Fight again,  
And drives his Rival bell'wing o'er the Plain; 940  
Then uncontroul'd the Subject Herd he leads,  
And reigns the Master of the fruitful Meads.

Unequal thus to *Cæsar*, *Pompey* yields  
The fair Dominion of *Hesperia's* Fields:  
Swift thro' *Apulia* march his flying Pow'rs, 945  
And seek the Safety of *Brundisium's* Tow'rs.

This City a *Dicæan* People hold,  
Here plac'd by tall *Athenian* Barks of Old;  
When with false Omens from the *Cretan* Shore,  
Their fable Sails victorious *Theseus* bore. 950

Here *Italy* a narrow Length extends,  
And in a scanty Slip projected ends.  
A crooked Mole around the Waves she winds,  
And in her Folds the *Adriatick* binds.  
Nor yet the bending Shores cou'd form a Bay, 955  
Did not a Barrier Isle the Winds delay,  
And break the Seas tempestuous in their way.

Huge Mounds of Rocks are plac'd by Nature's Hand,  
To guard around the hospitable Strand;  
To turn the Storm, repulse the rushing Tide, 960  
And bid the anch'ring Bark securely ride.

Hence *Nereus* wide the liquid Main displays,  
And spreads to various Ports his wat'ry Ways;  
Whether the Pilot for *Corcyra* stand,  
Or for *Illyrian Epidamnus'* Strand. 965

Hither when all the *Adriatick* roars,  
And thund'ring Billows vex the double Shores;



When fable Clouds around the Welkin spread,  
And frowning Storms involve *Ceraunia's* Head;  
970 When white with Froth *Calabrian Sason* lies,  
Hither the Tempest-beaten Vessel flies.

Now *Pompey*, on *Hesperia's* utmost Coast,  
Sadly survey'd how all behind was lost;  
Nor to *Iberia* cou'd he force his Way;  
975 Long interposing *Alps* his Passage stay.  
At length amongst the Pledges of his Bed,  
He chose his Eldest-born; and thus he said.

Haste thee, my Son! to ev'ry distant Land,  
And bid the Nations rouse at my Command;  
980 Where fam'd *Euphrates* flows, or where the *Nile*  
With muddy Waves improves the fat'ning Soil;  
Where-e'er diffus'd by Victory and Fame,  
Thy Father's Arms have born the *Roman* Name.  
Bid the *Cilician* quit the Shore again,  
985 And stretch his swelling Canvass on the Main:  
Bid *Ptolomy* with my *Tigranes* come,  
And bold *Pharnaces* lend his Aid to Rome.  
Thro' each *Armenia* spread the loud Alarm,  
And bid the cold *Riphean* Mountains arm.

990 *Pontus* and *Scythia's* wand'ring Tribes explore,  
The *Euxine*, and *Mæotis'* icy Shore;  
Where heavy-loaden Wains slow Journeys take,  
And print with groaning Wheels the frozen Lake.  
But wherefore should my Words delay thy Haste?  
995 Scatter my Wars around thro' all the East.  
Summon the vanquish'd World to share my Fate,  
And let my Triumphs on my Ensigns wait.

But



But you whose Names the *Roman* Annals bear,  
 You who distinguish the revolving Year;  
 Ye Consuls! to *Epirus* strait repair,  
 With the first Northern Winds that wing the Air;  
 From thence the Pow'rs of *Greece* united raise,  
 While yet the wint'ry Year the War delays.

1000

So spoke the Chief; his Bidding All obey;  
 Their Ships forsake the Port without delay,  
 And speed their Passage o'er the yielding Way.

1005

But *Cæsar*, never patient long in Peace,  
 Nor trusting in his Fortune's present Face;  
 Closely pursues his flying Son behind,  
 While yet his Fate continu'd to be kind.  
 Such Towns, such Fortresses, such hostile Force,  
 Swept in the Torrent of one rapid Course;  
 Such Trains of long Success attending still,  
 And *Rome* her self abandon'd to his Will;  
*Rome*, the contending Party's noblest Prize,  
 To ev'ry Wish but *Cæsar*'s Might suffice.

1010

1015

But he with Empire fir'd and vast Desires,  
 To All, and nothing less than All, aspires;  
 He reckons not the past, while ought remain'd  
 Great to be done, or Mighty to be gain'd.

1020

Tho' *Italy* obey his wide Command,  
 Tho' *Pompey* linger on her farthest Strand,  
 He grieves to think they tread one common Land;  
 His Heart disdains to brook a Rival Pow'r,  
 Ev'n on that utmost Margin of the Shore;  
 Nor wou'd he leave, or Earth, or Ocean free;  
 The Foe he drives from Land, he bars from Sea.

1025

With



With Moles the op'ning Flood he wou'd restrain,  
Wou'd block the Port, and intercept the Main;  
1030 But deep devouring Seas his Toil deride,  
The plunging Quarries sink beneath the Tide,  
And yielding Sands the rocky Fragments hide.  
Thus, if huge *Gaurus* headlong shou'd be thrown,  
In fathomless *Avernus* deep to drown;  
1035 Or if from fair *Sicilia*'s distant Strand,  
*Eryx* uprooted by some Gyant Hand,  
If pond'rous with his Rocks, the Mountain vast,  
Amidst the wide *Ægean* shou'd be cast;  
The rolling Waves o'er either Mass wou'd flow,  
1040 And each be lost within the Depths below.  
When no firm Basis for his Work he found,  
But still it fail'd in Ocean's faithless Ground,  
Huge Trees and Barks in massy Chains he bound.  
For Planks and Beams he ravages the Wood,  
1045 And the tough Boom extends across the Flood.  
Such was the Road by haughty *Xerxes* made,  
When o'er the *Hellespont* his Bridge he laid.  
Vast was the Task, and daring the Design,  
*Europe* and *Asia*'s distant Shores to join,  
1050 And make the World's divided Parts combine.  
Proudly he pass'd the Flood tumultuous o'er,  
Fearless of Waves that beat, and Winds that roar;  
Then spread his Sails, and bid the Land obey,  
And thro' mid *Athos* find his Fleet a way.  
1055 Like him bold *Cæsar* yoak'd the swelling Tide,  
Like him the boist'rous Elements defy'd;



This floating Bank the strait'ning Entrance bound;  
And rising Turrets trembled on the Mound.  
But anxious Cares revolve in *Pompey's* Breast,  
The new furrounding Shores his Thoughts molest; 1060  
Secret he meditates the Means, to free  
And spread the War wide-ranging o'er the Sea.  
Oft driving on the Work with well-fill'd Sails,  
The Cordage stretching with the fresh'ning Gales,  
Ships with a thund'ring Shock the Mole divide, 1065  
And thro' the wat'ry Breach securely glide.  
Huge Engines oft by Night their Vengeance pour,  
And dreadful shoot from far a fiery Show'r;  
Thro' the black Shade the darting Flame descends,  
And kindling, o'er the wooden Wall extends. 1070  
At length arriv'd, with the revolving Night,  
The chosen Hour appointed for his Flight:  
He bids his Friends prevent the Seaman's Roar,  
And still the deaf'ning Clamours on the Shore;  
No Trumpets may the Watch by Hours renew, 1075  
Nor founding Signals call aboard the Crew.  
The heav'nly Maid her Course had almost run,  
And *Libra* waited on the Rising Sun;  
When hush'd in Silence deep they leave the Land:  
No loud-mouth'd Voices call with hoarse Command, } 1080  
To heave the flooky Anchors from the Sand. }  
Lowly the careful Master's Order's past,  
To brace the Yards, and rear the lofty Mast;  
Silent they spread the Sails, the Cables haul,  
Nor to their Mates for Aid tumultuous call. 1085



The Chief himself to Fortune breath'd a Pray'r,  
At length to take him to her kinder Care;  
That swiftly he might pass the liquid Deep,  
And lose the Land which she forbade to keep.  
1090 Hardly the Boon his niggard Fate allow'd,  
Unwillingly the murm'ring Seas were plow'd;  
The foamy Furrows roar'd beneath his Prow,  
And founding to the Shore alarm'd the Foe.  
Strait thro' the Town their swift Pursuit they sped,  
1095 (For wide her Gates the faithless City spread)  
Along the winding Port they took their Way,  
But griev'd to find the Fleet had gain'd the Sea.  
*Cæsar* with Rage the less'ning Sails descries,  
And thinks the Conquest mean, tho' *Pompey* flies.  
1100 A narrow Pass the horned Mole divides,  
Narrow as that where *Eurypus*' strong Tides  
Beat on *Eubæan Chalcis*' rocky Sides:  
Here two tall Ships become the Victor's Prey;  
Just in the Strait they stuck; the Foes belay;  
1105 The crooked Grappling's steely Hold they cast,  
Then drag 'em to the hostile Shore with haste.  
Here Civil Slaughter first the Sea prophanes,  
And purple *Nereus* blush'd in guilty Stains.  
The rest pursue their Course before the Wind,  
1110 These of the Rear-most only left behind.  
So when the *Pagæan Argo* bore  
The *Grecian* Heroes, to the *Colchian* Shore;  
Earth her *Cyanean* Islands floating sent,  
The bold Advent'ers Passage to prevent;



But the fam'd Bark a Fragment only lost, 1115  
 While swiftly o'er the dang'rous Gulf she crost:  
 Thund'ring the Mountains met and shook the Main,  
 But move no more, since that Attempt was vain.  
 Now thro' Night's Shade the early Dawning broke,  
 And changing Skies the coming Sun bespoke; 1120  
 As yet the Morn was drest in dusky White,  
 Nor purpled o'er the East with ruddy Light;  
 At length the *Pleiads* fading Beams gave way,  
 And dull *Boötes* languish'd into Day;  
 Each larger Star withdrew his fainting Head, 1125  
 And *Lucifer* from stronger *Phæbus* fled;  
 When *Pompey*, from *Hesperia's* hostile Shore  
 Escaping, for the Azure *Offin* bore.  
 O Hero, happy once, once stil'd the Great!  
 What Turns prevail in thy uncertain Fate! 1130  
 How art thou chang'd since Sov'reign of the Main,  
 Thy Navies cover'd o'er the liquid Plain!  
 When the fierce Pyrates fled before thy Prow,  
 Where-ever Waves could waft, or Winds could blow!  
 But Fortune is grown weary of Thee now. 1135  
 With Thee, thy Sons, and tender Wife, prepare  
 The Toils of War and Banishment to bear;  
 And holy Household-Gods thy Sorrows share.  
 And yet a mighty Exile shalt thou go,  
 While Nations follow to partake thy Woe. 1140  
 Far lies the Land in which thou art decreed,  
 Unjustly, by a Villain's Hand to bleed.  
 Nor think the Gods a Death so distant doom,  
 To rob thy Ashes of an Urn in *Rome*;

But



1145 But Fortune fav'rably remov'd the Crime,  
 And forc'd the Guilt on *Egypt's* cursed Clime;  
 The pitying Pow'rs to *Italy* were good,  
 And sav'd her from the Stain of *Pompey's* Blood.



L. Cheron inv.

E. Kirkall sculp.

THE



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THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF  
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

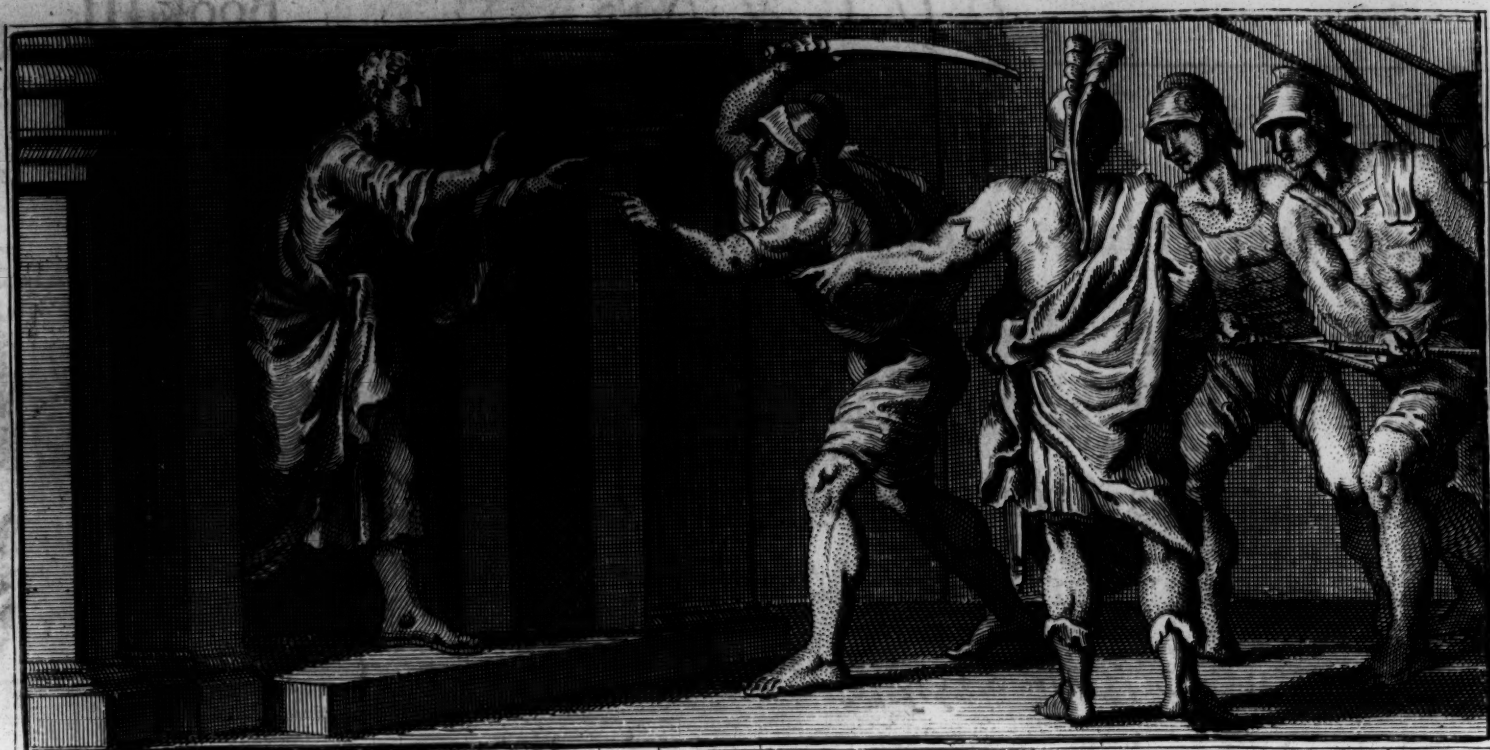
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## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Third Book begins with the Relation of Pompey's Dream in his Voyage from Italy. Cæsar, who had driven him from thence, after sending Curio to provide Corn in Sicily, returns to Rome: There disdaining the single Opposition of L. Metellus, then Tribune of the People, he breaks open the Temple of Saturn, and seises on the publick Treasure. Then follows an Account of the several different Nations that took part with Pompey. From Rome Cæsar passes into Gaul, where the Maffilians, who were inclinable to Pompey, send an Embassy to propose a Neutrality; this Cæsar refuses, and besieges the Town. But meeting with more Difficulties than he expected; he leaves C. Trebonius his Lieutenant before Maffilia, and marches himself into Spain, appointing at the same time D. Brutus Admiral of a Navy which he had built and fitted out with great Expedition. The Maffilians likewise send out their Fleet, but are engag'd and beaten at Sea by Brutus.*





L. Cheron inv.

E. Kirkall scul.

# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## BOOK III.



THRO' the mid Ocean now the Navy  
fails,

Their yielding Canvass stretch'd by  
Southern Gales.

Each to the vast *Ionian* turns his Eye,  
Where Seas and Skies the Prospect  
wide supply:

But *Pompey* backward ever bent his Look,

Nor to the last his Native Coast forfook.

His wat'ry Eyes the less'ning Objects mourn,

And parting Shores that never shall return;

Still the lov'd Land attentive they pursue,

'Till the tall Hills are veil'd in cloudy Blue,

'Till all is lost in Air, and vanish'd from his View.

At length the weary Chieftain sunk to Rest,

And creeping Slumbers sooth'd his anxious Breast:

When,

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When, lo! in that short Moment of Repose,  
His *Julia*'s Shade a dreadful Vision rose;  
15 Thro' gaping Earth her ghastly Head she rear'd,  
And by the Light of livid Flames appear'd.  
Thy impious Arms (she cry'd) my Peace infect,  
And drive me from the Mansions of the Blest:  
No more *Elysium*'s happy Fields I know,  
20 Dragg'd to the guilty *Stygian* Shades below:  
I saw the Fury's horrid Hands prepare  
New Rage, new Flames to kindle up thy War.  
The Sire no longer trusts his single Boat,  
But Navies on the joyless River float.  
25 Capacious Hell complains for want of Room,  
And seeks new Plagues for Multitudes to come.  
Her nimble Hands each fatal Sister plies,  
The Sisters scarcely to the Task suffice.  
When thou wer't mine, what Laurels crown'd thy Head!  
30 Now thou hast chang'd thy Fortune with thy Bed.  
In an ill Hour thy second Choice was made,  
To Slaughter thou, like *Crassus*, art betray'd.  
Death is the Dow'r *Cornelia*'s Love affords,  
Ruin still waits upon her potent Lords:  
35 While yet my Ashes glow'd, she took my Place,  
And came a Harlot to thy loose Embrace.  
But let her Partner of thy Warfare go,  
Let her by Land and Sea thy Labours know;  
In all thy broken Sleeps I will be near,  
40 In all thy Dreams sad *Julia* shall appear.  
Your Loves shall find no Moment for Delight,  
The Day shall all be *Cæsar*'s, mine the Night.



Not the dull Stream, where long Oblivions roll,  
Shall blot thee out, my Husband, from my Soul.

The Pow'rs beneath my Constancy approve, 45  
And bid me follow wheresoe'er you rove.

Amidst the joining Battels will I stand,  
And still remind thee of thy plighted Hand.

Nor think, those sacred Ties no more remain; } 50  
The Sword of War divides the Knot in vain,  
That very War shall make thee mine again.

The Phantom spoke, and gliding from the Place,  
Deluded her astonish'd Lord's Embrace.

But he, tho' Gods forewarn him of his Fate,  
And Furies with Destruction threat'ning wait, 55  
With new Resolves his constant Bosom warms,  
And sure of Ruin, rushes on to Arms.

What mean these Terrors of the Night? he cries;  
Why dance these Visions vain before our Eyes?  
Or endless Apathy succeeds to Death, 60  
And Sense is lost with our expiring Breath;  
Or if the Soul some future Life shall know,  
To better Worlds Immortal shall she go:  
Whate'er Event the doubtful Question clears,  
Death must be still unworthy of our Fears. 65

Now headlong to the West the Sun was fled,  
And half in Seas obscur'd his beamy Head;  
Such seems the Moon while, growing yet, she shines,  
Or waning from her fuller Orb declines:  
When hospitable Shores appear at hand, 70  
Where fair *Dyrrachium* spreads her friendly Strand.



The Seamen furl the Canvass, strike the Mast,  
Then dip their nimble Oars, and landward haste.

Thus while they fled, and less'ning by degrees  
75 The Navy seem'd to hide beneath the Seas;

*Cæsar*, tho' left the Master of the Field,  
With Eyes unpleas'd the Foes Escape beheld:

With fierce Impatience Victory he scorns,  
And viewing *Pompey's* Flight, his Safety mourns.

80 To vanquish seems unworthy of his Care,  
Unless the Blow decides the ling'ring War.

No Bounds his headlong vast Ambition knows,  
Nor joys in ought, thro' Fortune all bestows.

At length his Thoughts from Arms and Vengeance cease,  
85 And for awhile revolve the Arts of Peace;

Careful to purchase popular Applause,  
And gain the lazy Vulgar to his Cause,  
He knew the constant Practice of the Great,  
That those who court the Vulgar bid 'em eat.

90 When pinch'd with Want all Rev'rence they withdraw;  
For hungry Multitudes obey no Law:

Thus therefore Factions make their Parties good,  
And buy Authority and Pow'r with Food.

The Murmurs of the many to prevent,

95 *Curio* to fruitful *Sicily* is sent.

Of old the swelling Sea's impetuous Tide

Tore the fair Island from *Hesperia's* Side:

Still foamy Wars the jealous Waves maintain,

For fear the neighb'ring Lands shou'd join again.

100 *Sardinia* too renown'd for yellow Fields,

With *Sicily* her bounteous Tribute yields;



No Lands a Glebe of richer Tillage boast,  
 Nor waft more Plenty to the *Roman* Coast:  
 Not *Libya* more abounds in wealthy Grain,  
 Nor with a fuller Harvest spreads the Plain;  
 Tho' Northern Winds their cloudy Treasures bear,  
 To temper well the Soil and fult'ry Air,  
 And fatt'ning Rains increase the prosp'rous Year.

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This done, to *Rome* his way the Leader took:  
 His Train the rougher shews of War forlook;  
 No Force, no Fears their Hands unarmed bear,  
 But Looks of Peace and Gentleness they wear.  
 Oh! had he now his Country's Friend return'd,  
 Had none but barb'rous Foes his Conquest mourn'd;  
 What swarming Crouds had issu'd at the Gate,  
 On the glad Triumphs length'ning Train to wait!  
 How might his Wars in various Glories shine,  
 The Ocean vanquish'd, and in Bonds the *Rhine*!  
 How wou'd his lofty Chariot roll along,  
 Thro' loud Applauses of the joyful Throng!  
 How might he view from high his Captive Thralls,  
 The beauteous *Britons*, and the noble *Gauls*!  
 But oh! what fatal Honours has he won!  
 How is his Fame by Victory undone!  
 No chearful Citizens the Victor meet,  
 But hush'd with awful Dread his Passage greet.  
 He too the Horrors of the Croud approv'd,  
 Joy'd in their Fears, and wish'd not to be lov'd.

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Now steepy *Anxur* past, and the moist Way,  
 Which o'er the faithless *Pomtine* Marshes lay;

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Thro'



- 135 Thro' *Scythian Dian's Aricinian Grove*,  
    *Cæsar* approach'd the Fane of *Alban Jove*.  
Thither with yearly Rites the Consuls come,  
And thence the Chief survey'd his Native *Rome*:  
Wond'ring awhile he view'd her from afar,  
140 Long from his Eyes with-held by distant War.  
Fled they from thee, Thou Seat of Gods! (he cry'd)  
E're yet the Fortune of the Fight was try'd?  
If thou art left, what Prize can Earth afford,  
Worth the Contention of the Warrior's Sword?  
145 Well for thy Safety now the Gods provide,  
Since *Parthian* Inroads spare thy naked Side:  
Since yet no *Scythians* and *Pannonians* join,  
Nor warlike *Daci* with the *Getes* combine;  
No Foreign Armies are against thee led,  
150 While thou art curst with such a Coward Head.  
A gentler Fate the heav'nly Pow'rs bestow,  
A Civil War, and *Cæsar* for thy Foe.  
    He said; and strait the frightened City fought:  
    The City with Confusion wild was fraught,  
155 And lab'ring shook with ev'ry dreadful Thought.  
    They think he comes to ravage, sack, and burn;  
    Religion, Gods, and Temples to o'erturn.  
    Their Fears suggest him willing to pursue  
    Whatever Ills unbounded Pow'r can do.  
160 Their Hearts by one low Passion only move,  
Nor dare shew Hate, nor can dissemble Love.  
The lurking Fathers, a dishearten'd Band,  
Drawn from their Houses forth, by proud Command,



In *Palatine Apollo's* Temple meet,  
And sadly view the Consuls empty Seat; 165  
No Rods, no Chairs Curule adorn the Place,  
Nor purple Magistrates th' Assembly grace.  
*Cæsar* is all things in himself alone,  
The silent Court is but a Looker on;  
With humble Votes obedient they agree, 170  
To what their mighty Subject shall Decree:  
Whether as King, or God, he will be fear'd,  
If Royal Thrones, or Altars, shall be rear'd.  
Ready for Death, or Banishment they stand,  
And wait their Doom from his disposing Hand. 175  
But he, by secret Shame's Reproaches staid,  
Blush'd to Command, what *Rome* wou'd have Obey'd.  
Yet Liberty thus flighted and betray'd,  
One last Effort with Indignation made:  
One Man she chose to try th' unequal Fight, 180  
And prove the Pow'r of Justice against Might.  
While with rude Uproar armed Hands essay  
To make old *Saturn's* treas'ring Fane their Prey;  
The bold *Metellus*, careless of his Fate,  
Rush'd thro', and stood to guard the Holy Gate. 185  
So daring is the fordid Love of Gold!  
So fearless Death and Dangers can behold!  
Without a Blow defenceless fell the Laws;  
While Wealth, the basest, most inglorious Cause,  
Against oppressing Tyranny makes Head, 190  
Finds Hands to fight, and Eloquence to plead.  
The bustling Tribune, struggling in the Croud,  
Thus warns the Victor of the Wrong aloud.



Thro' me, thou Robber! force thy horrid way,  
195 My sacred Blood shall stain thy impious Prey.  
But there are Gods, to urge thy guilty Fate;  
Sure Vengeance on thy Sacrilege shall wait.  
Remember, by the Tribunes Curse pursu'd,  
*Crassus*, too late, the Violation ru'd.  
200 Pierce then my Breast, nor shall the Crime displease;  
This Croud is us'd to Spectacles like these.  
In a forsaken City are we left,  
Of Virtue with her noblest Sons bereft.  
Why seek'st thou Ours? Is there not foreign Gold?  
205 Towns to be sack'd, and People to be sold?  
With those reward the Ruffian Soldier's Toil;  
Nor pay him with thy ruin'd Country's Spoil.  
Hast thou not War? Let War thy Wants provide.

He spoke. The Victor high in Wrath, reply'd.  
210 Sooth not thy Soul with hopes of Death so vain,  
No Blood of thine my conqu'ring Sword shall stain.  
Thy Titles and thy popular Command,  
Can never make thee worthy *Cæsar's* Hand.  
Art thou thy Country's sole Defender! Thou!  
215 Can Liberty and *Rome* be fall'n so low!  
Nor Time, nor Chance breed such Confusions yet,  
Nor are the Mean so rais'd, nor sunk the Great;  
But Laws themselves would rather chuse to be  
Suppress'd by *Cæsar*, than preserv'd by thee.  
220 He said. The stubborn Tribune kept his Place,  
While Anger redden'd on the Warrior's Face;  
His wrathful Hand descending grasp'd his Blade,  
And half forgot the peaceful Part he play'd.

When



When *Cotta* to prevent the kindling Fire,  
Thus sooth'd the rash *Metellus* to retire. 225

Where Kings prevail all Liberty is lost,  
And none but he who Reigns can Freedom boast;  
Some Shadow of the Bliss thou shalt retain,  
Chusing to do what Sov'reign Pow'rs ordain:  
Vanquish'd and long accusom'd to submit, 230  
With Patience underneath our Loads we sit;  
Our Chains alone our slavish Fears excuse,  
While we bear Ill, we know not to refuse.  
Far hence the fatal Treasures let him bear,  
The Seeds of Mischief, and the Cause of War. 235  
Free States might well a Loss like this deplore;  
In Servitude none miss the publick Store,  
And 'tis the Curse of Kings for Subjects to be poor.

The Tribune with unwilling Steps withdrew,  
While impious Hands the rude Assault renew: 240  
The brazen Gates with thund'ring Strokes resound,  
And the *Tarpeian* Mountain rings around.  
At length the sacred Store-house, open laid,  
The hoarded Wealth of Ages past display'd;  
There might be seen the Sums proud *Carthage* sent, 245  
Her long impending Ruin to prevent.

There heap'd the *Macedonian* Treasures shone,  
What great *Flaminus* and *Æmilius* won  
From vanquish'd *Philip*, and his hapless Son. 250  
There lay, what flying *Pyrrhus* lost, the Gold  
Scorn'd by the Patriots Honesty of old:  
Whate'er our parsimonious Sires cou'd save,  
What Tributary Gifts rich *Syria* gave;

The



- The hundred *Cretan* Cities ample Spoil;  
255 What *Cato* gather'd from the *Cyprian* Isle.  
Riches of Captive Kings by *Pompey* born,  
In happier Days his Triumph to adorn,  
From utmost *India* and the rising Morn;  
Wealth infinite, in one rapacious Day,  
260 Became the needy Soldiers lawless Prey:  
And wretched *Rome*, by Robbery laid low,  
Was poorer than the Bankrupt *Cæsar* now.  
Meanwhile the World, by *Pompey*'s Fate alarm'd,  
Nations ordain'd to share his Fall had arm'd.  
265 *Greece* first with Troops the neighb'ring War supply'd,  
And sent the Youth of *Phocis* to his Side;  
From *Cyrrha* and *Amphisa*'s Tow'rs they mov'd,  
And high *Parnassus* by the Muse lov'd;  
*Cephissus*' sacred Flood Assistance lends,  
270 And *Dirce*'s Spring her *Theban* Leaders sends.  
*Alphæus* too affords his *Pisa*'s Aid;  
By *Pisa*'s Walls the Stream is first convey'd,  
Then seeks thro' Seas the lov'd *Sicilian* Maid.  
From *Mænalus* *Arcadian* Shepherds swarm,  
275 And Warriors in *Herculean* *Trachyn* arm;  
The *Dryopes* *Chaonia*'s Hills forlook,  
And *Sellæ* left *Dodona*'s silent Oak.  
Tho' *Athens* now had drain'd her Naval Store,  
And the *Phebæan* Arsenal was poor,  
280 Three Ships of *Salamis* to *Pompey* came,  
To vindicate their Isle's contested Name,  
And justify the ancient *Attick* Claim.



*Jove's Cretan* People hastening to the War,  
The *Gnossian* Quiver and the Shaft prepare;  
The bending Bow they draw with deadly Art; 285  
And rival ev'n the flying *Parthian's* Dart.  
Wild *Athamans* who in the Woods delight,  
With *Dardan Oriconians* unite;  
With these th' *Encheliæ* who the Name partake,  
Since *Theban Cadmus* first became a Snake: 290  
The *Colchians* planted on *Illyrian* Shores,  
Where rushing down *Absyrtos* foamy roars;  
With those where *Peneus* runs, and hardy Swains,  
Whose Ploughs divide *Iolcos'* fruitful Plains.  
From thence, e'er yet the Seaman's Art was taught, 295  
Rude *Argo* thro' the Deep a Passage sought;  
She first explor'd the distant foreign Land,  
And shew'd her Strangers to the wond'ring Strand;  
Then Nations Nations knew, in Leagues were join'd,  
And universal Commerce mix'd Mankind. 300  
By her made bold, the daring Race defy'd  
The Winds tempestuous, and the swelling Tide:  
Much she enlarg'd Destruction's ample Pow'r,  
And open'd ways to Death unknown before.  
Then *Pholoe's* Heights, that fabled *Centaur's* boast, 305  
And *Thracian Hæmus* then his Warriors lost.  
Then *Strymon* was forsook, whose wint'ry Flood  
Commits to warmer *Nile* his feather'd Brood;  
Then Bands from *Conè* and from *Peuce* came,  
Where *Ister* loses his divided Stream; 310  
From *Idalis* where cold *Caïcus* flows,  
And where *Arisbe*, thin, her sandy Surface flows;



From *Pytane*, and sad *Celenæ*'s Walls,  
Where now in Streams the vanquish'd *Marsyas* falls:  
315 Still his lamenting Progeny deplore  
*Minerva*'s tuneful Gift, and *Phæbus*' Pow'r;  
While thro' steep Banks his Torrent swift he leads,  
And with *Meander* winds among the Meads.  
Proud *Lydia*'s Plains send forth her wealthy Sons,  
320 *Pactolus* there, and golden *Hermus* runs:  
From Earth's dark Womb hid Treasures they convey,  
And rich in yellow Waters rise to Day.  
From *Ilium* too ill-omen'd Ensigns move,  
Again ordain'd their former Fate to prove;  
325 Their Arms they rang'd on *Pompey*'s hapless Side,  
Nor fought a Chief to *Dardan* Kings ally'd:  
Tho' Tales of *Troy* proud *Cæsar*'s Lineage grace,  
With great *Æneas* and the *Julian* Race.  
The *Syrians* swift *Orontes*' Banks forsake,  
330 And from *Idume*'s Palms their Journey take;  
*Damascus* obvious to the driving Wind,  
With *Ninos*', and with *Gaza*'s Force is join'd.  
Unstable *Tyre* now knit to firmer Ground,  
With *Sidon* for her purple Shells renown'd,  
335 Safe in the *Cynosure*, their glitt'ring Guide,  
With well-directed Navies stem the Tide.  
*Phœnicians* first, if ancient Fame be true,  
The sacred Mystery of Letters knew;  
They first by Sound in various Lines design'd,  
340 Express the Meaning of the thinking Mind;  
The Pow'r of Words by Figures rude convey'd,  
And useful Science everlasting made.

Then



Then *Memphis*, e'er the reedy Leaf was known,  
Engrav'd her Precepts and her Arts in Stone;  
While Animals in various Order plac'd, 345  
The learned Hieroglyphick Column grac'd.  
Then left they lofty *Taurus*' spreading Grove,  
And *Tarfos*, built by *Perseus*, born of *Jove*;  
Then *Mallian*, and *Corycian* Tow'rs they leave,  
Where mould'ring Rocks disclose a gaping Cave: 350  
The bold *Cilicians*, Pyrates now no more,  
Unfurl a juster Sail, and ply the Oar;  
To *Egæ*'s Port they gather all around,  
The Shores with shouting Mariners resound.  
Far in the East War spreads the loud Alarm, 355  
Where Worshippers of distant *Ganges* arm;  
Right to the breaking Day his Waters run,  
The only Stream that braves the rising Sun.  
By this strong Flood, and by the Ocean bound,  
Proud *Alexander*'s Arms a Limit found; 360  
Vain in his Hopes the Youth had grasp'd at all,  
And his vast Thought took in the vanquish'd Ball;  
But own'd, when forc'd from *Ganges* to retreat,  
The World too mighty, and the Task too great.  
Then on the Banks of *Indus* Nations rose, 365  
Where unperceiv'd the mix'd *Hydaspes* flows:  
In Numbers vast they coast the rapid Flood,  
Strange in their Habit, Manners, and their Food.  
With Saffron Dyes their dangling Locks they stain,  
With glitt'ring Gems their flowing Robes constrain, } 370  
And quaff rich Juices from the luscious Cane.



On their own Funerals and Death they smile,  
And living leap amidst the burning Pile;  
Heroick Minds! that can ev'n Fate command,  
375 And bid it wait upon a mortal Hand;  
Who full of Life forsake it as a Feast,  
Take what they like, and give the Gods the rest.  
Descending then fierce *Cappadocian* Swains,  
From rude *Amanus*' Mountains fought the Plains.  
380 *Armenians* from *Niphates*' rolling Stream,  
And from their lofty Woods *Coastrians* came.  
Then wond'ring, *Arabs* from the fult'ry Line  
For ever Northward saw the Shade incline.  
Then did the Madness of the *Roman* Rage  
385 *Carmanian* and *Olostrian* Chiefs engage:  
Beneath far distant Southern Heav'ns they lie,  
Where half the setting *Bear* forsakes the Sky,  
And swift our flow *Boötes* seems to fly.  
These Furies to the Sun-burn'd *Æthiops* spread,  
390 And reach the great *Euphrates*' rising Head.  
One Spring the *Tigris* and *Euphrates* know,  
And join'd awhile the kindred Rivers flow;  
Scarce cou'd we judge between the doubtful Claim,  
If *Tigris*, or *Euphrates*, give the Name:  
395 But soon *Euphrates*' parting Waves divide,  
Cov'ring like fruitful *Nile* the Country wide;  
While *Tigris* sinking from the sight of Day,  
Thro' Subterranean Channels cuts his Way;  
Then from a second Fountain springs again,  
400 Shoots swiftly on, and rushing seeks the Main.



The *Parthian* Pow'r, to neither Chief a Friend,  
 The doubtful Issue in Suspence attend;  
 With neutral Ease they view the Strife from far,  
 And only lend Occasion to the War.  
 Not so the *Scythians* where cold *Bactros* flows, } 405  
 Or where *Hircania*'s wilder Forrest grows,  
 Their baneful Shafts they dip, and string their deadly Bows. }  
 Th' *Heniochi* of *Sparta*'s valiant Breed,  
 Skilful to press, and rein the fiery Steed,  
*Sarmatians* with the fiercer *Moschi* join'd, } 410  
 And *Colchians* rich where *Phasis*' Waters wind,  
 To *Pompey*'s Side their Aid assembling bring,  
 With *Halys*, fatal to the *Lydian* King;  
 With *Tanais* falling from *Rhiphaean* Snows,  
 Who forms the World's Division as he goes: } 415  
 With noblest Names his rising Banks are crown'd,  
 This stands for *Europe*'s, that for *Asia*'s Bound;  
 While, as they wind, his Waves with full Command,  
 Diminish, or enlarge th' adjacent Land.  
 Then arm'd the Nations on *Cimmerian* Shores, } 420  
 Where thro' the *Bosphorus Mæotis* roars,  
 And her full Lake amidst the *Euxine* pours.  
 This Strait, like that of *Hercules*, supplies  
 The Midland Seas, and bids th' *Ægean* rise.  
*Sithonians* fierce, and *Arimaspians* bold, } 425  
 Who bind their plaited Hair in shining Gold,  
 The *Gelon* nimble, and *Areian* strong,  
 March with the hardy *Massagete* along;  
 The *Massagete*, who at his salvage Feast  
 Feeds on the generous Steed which once he prest. } 430



Not *Cyrus* when he spread his Eastern Reign,  
And hid with Multitudes the *Lydian* Plain;  
Not haughty *Xerxes*, when, his Pow'r to boast,  
By Shafts he counted all his mighty Host;  
435 Not he who drew the *Grecian* Chiefs along,  
Bent to Revenge his injur'd Brother's Wrong;  
Or with such Navies plow'd the foamy Main,  
Or led so many Kings, amongst their warlike Train.  
Sure in one Cause such Numbers never yet,  
440 Various in Countries, Speech, and Manners, met;  
But Fortune gather'd, o'er the spacious Ball,  
These Spoils, to grace her once-lov'd Fav'rite's Fall.  
Nor then the *Libyan Moor* with-held his Aid,  
Where sacred *Ammon* lifts his horned Head:  
445 All *Africk*, from the Western Ocean's Bound,  
To Eastern *Nile*, the Cause of *Pompey* own'd.  
Mankind assembled for *Pharsalia's* Day,  
To make the World at once the Victor's Prey.

Now, trembling *Rome* forsook, with swiftest haste,  
450 *Cæsar* the cloudy *Alpine* Hills had past.  
But while the Nations, with Subjection tame,  
Yield to the Terrors of his mighty Name;  
With Faith uncommon to the changing *Greeks*,  
What Duty bids *Maffia* bravely seeks;  
455 And true to Oaths, their Liberty and Laws,  
To stronger Fate prefer the juster Cause.  
But first to move his haughty Soul they try,  
Intreaties and Persuasion soft apply;  
Their Brows *Minerva's* peaceful Branches wear,  
460 And thus in gentlest Terms they greet his Ear.

When



When foreign Wars molest the *Roman* State,  
With ready Arms our glad *Massilians* wait,  
To share your Dangers, and partake your Fate.  
This our unshaken Friendship vouches well,  
And your recording Annals best can tell. 465  
Ev'n now we yield our still devoted Hands,  
On foreign Foes to wreak your dread Commands:  
Wou'd you to Worlds unknown your Triumphs spread?  
Behold! we follow wherefoe'er you lead.  
But if you rouse at Discord's baleful Call, 470  
If *Romans* fatally on *Romans* fall;  
All we can offer, is, a pitying Fear,  
And constant Refuge for the Wretched here.  
Sacred to us you are: Oh may no Stain  
Of *Latian* Blood our Innocence prophane! 475  
Should Heav'n it self be rent with civil Rage,  
Shou'd Giants once more with the Gods engage;  
Officious Piety wou'd hardly dare,  
To proffer *Jove* Assistance in the War.  
Man unconcern'd and humble shou'd remain, 480  
Nor seek to know whose Arms the Conquest gain,  
*Jove's* Thunder will convince 'em of his Reign.  
Nor can your horrid Discords want our Swords,  
The wicked World its Multitudes affords;  
Too many Nations at the Call will come, 485  
And gladly join to urge the Fate of *Rome*.  
Oh had the rest like us their Aid deny'd,  
Your selves must then the guilty Strife decide;  
Then, who, but shou'd with-hold his lifted Hand,  
When for his Foe he saw his Father stand? 490

Brothers



Brothers their Rage had mutually repress,  
Nor driv'n their Jav'lines on a Brother's Breast.  
Your War had ended soon; had you not chose  
Hands for the Work, which Nature meant for Foes;  
495 Who Strangers to your Blood, in Arms delight,  
And rush remorseless to the cruel Fight.  
Briefly, the Sum of all that we request  
Is, to receive thee, as our honour'd Guest;  
Let those thy dreadful Ensigns shine afar,  
500 Let *Cæsar* come, but come without the War.  
Let this one Place from impious Rage be free;  
That, if the Gods the Peace of *Rome* decree,  
If your relenting Angers yield to treat,  
*Pompey* and thou, in Safety, here, may meet.  
505 Then, wherefore do'st thou quit thy purpos'd Way?  
Why, thus, *Iberia's* nobler Wars delay?  
Mean, and of little Consequence we are,  
A Conquest much unworthy of thy Care.  
When *Phocis'* Tow'rs were laid in Ashes low,  
510 Hither we fled for Refuge from the Foe;  
Here, for our plain Integrity renown'd,  
A little Town in narrow Walls we bound:  
No Name in Arms nor Victories we boast,  
But live poor Exiles on a foreign Coast.  
515 If thou art bent on Violence at last,  
To burst our Gates, and lay our Bulwarks waste,  
Know we are equally resolv'd, whate'er  
The Victor's Fury can inflict, to bear.  
Shall Death destroy, shall Flames the Town o'erturn?  
520 Why----Let our People bleed, our Buildings burn.

Wo't



Wo't thou forbid the living Stream to flow?  
We'll dig, and search the wat'ry Stores below.  
Hunger and Thirst with Patience will we meet,  
And, what offended Nature nauseates, Eat.  
Like brave *Saguntum* daring to be free, 525  
Whate'er they suffer'd, we'll expect from Thee.  
Babes, ravish'd from the fainting Mother's Breast,  
Shall headlong in the burning Pile be cast.  
Matrons shall bare their Bosoms to their Lords,  
And beg Destruction from their pitying Swords; 530  
The Brother's Hand the Brother's Heart shall wound,  
And universal Slaughter rage around.  
If Civil Wars must waste this hapless Town,  
No Hands shall bring that Ruin but our own.

Thus said the *Grecian* Messengers. When lo! 535  
A gath'ring Cloud involv'd the *Roman's* Brow;  
Much Grief, much Wrath his troubled Visage spoke,  
Then into these disdainful Words he broke.

This trusting in our speedy March to *Spain*,  
These Hopes, this *Grecian* Confidence is vain; 540  
Whate'er we purpose, Leisure will be found  
To lay *Massilia* level with the Ground:  
This bears, my valiant Friends, a sound of Joy;  
Our useless Arms, at length, shall find Employ.  
Winds lose their Force, that unresisted fly, 545  
And Flames unfed by Fuel, sink and die.  
Our Courage thus would soften in Repose,  
But Fortune, and Rebellion yield us Foes.  
Yet, mark! what Love their friendly Speech exprest!  
Unarm'd and single *Cæsar* is their Guest. 550



Thus, first they dare to stop me on my way,  
Then seek with fawning Treason to betray.  
Anon, they pray that civil Rage may cease:  
But War shall scourge 'em for those hopes of Peace;  
555 And make 'em know the present Times afford,  
At least while *Cæsar* lives, no Safety like the Sword.

He said; and to the City bent his way:  
The City, fearless all, before him lay,  
With armed Hands her Battlements were crown'd,  
560 And lusty Youth the Bulwarks mann'd around.

Near to the Walls, a rising Mountain's Head  
Flat with a little level Plain is spread:  
Upon this Height the wary Chief designs  
His Camp to strengthen with surrounding Lines.

565 Lofty alike, and with a warlike Mien,  
*Massilia*'s neighb'ring Cittadel is seen;  
An humble Valley fills the Space between.

Strait he decrees the middle Vale to fill,  
And run a Mole athwart from Hill to Hill.

570 But first a length'ning Work extends its way,  
Where open to the Land the City lay,  
And from the Camp projecting joins the Sea.  
Low sinks the Ditch, the turphy Breast-works rise,  
And cut the captive Town from all Supplies.

575 While gazing from their Tow'rs, the *Greeks* bemoan  
The Meads, the Fields, and Fountains once their own.

Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest Name,  
And consecrated these their Walls to Fame.  
Fearless of *Cæsar*, and his Arms, they stood,  
580 Nor drove before the headlong rushing Flood:

And



And while he swept whole Nations in a Day,  
*Maffilia* bad th' impatient Victor stay,  
And clog'd his rapid Conquest with Delay.  
*Fortune* a Master for the World prepar'd,  
And these th' approaching Slavery retard. 585  
Ye Times to come record the Warriors Praise,  
Who lengthen'd out expiring Freedom's Days.  
Now while with Toil unweary'd rose the Mound,  
The founding Ax invades the Groves around;  
Light Earth and Shrubs the middle Bank supply'd, 590  
But firmer Beams must fortifie the Side;  
Least when the Tow'rs advance their pond'rous Height,  
The mould'ring Mass should yield beneath the Weight.

Not far away for Ages past had stood  
An old unviolated sacred Wood; 595  
Whose gloomy Boughs, thick interwoven, made  
A chilly chearless everlasting Shade:  
There, nor the rustick Gods, nor Satyrs sport,  
Nor Fawns and Sylvans with the Nymphs resort:  
But barb'rous Priests some dreadful Pow'r adore, 600  
And lustrate ev'ry Tree with human Gore.  
If Mysteries in Times of Old receiv'd,  
And pious Ancientry be yet believ'd,  
There nor the feather'd Songster builds her Nest,  
Nor lonely Dens conceal the savage Beast: 605  
There no tempestuous Winds presume to fly,  
Ev'n Light'nings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by.  
No wanton Breezes toss the dancing Leaves,  
But shiv'ring Horror in the Branches heaves.



610 Black Springs with pitchy Streams divide the Ground,  
And bubling tumble with a fullen Sound.  
Old Images of Forms mis-shapen stand,  
Rude and unknowing of the Artist's Hand;  
With hoary Filth begrim'd, each ghastly Head  
615 Strikes the astonish'd Gazer's Soul with Dread.  
No Gods, who long in common Shapes appear'd,  
Were e'er with such religious Awe rever'd:  
But zealous Crouds in Ignorance adore,  
And still the less they know, they fear the more.  
620 Oft (as Fame tells) the Earth in Sounds of Woe  
Is heard to groan from hollow Depths below;  
The baleful Yew, tho' dead, has oft been seen  
To rise from Earth, and spring with dusky Green;  
With sparkling Flames the Trees unburning shine,  
625 And round their Boles prodigious Serpents twine.  
The pious Worshippers approach not near,  
But shun their Gods, and kneel with distant Fear:  
The Priest himself, when, or the Day, or Night,  
Rowling have reach'd their full Meridian Height,  
630 Refrains the gloomy Paths with wary Feet,  
Dreading the *Dæmon* of the Grove to meet;  
Who, terrible to Sight, at that fix'd Hour,  
Still treads the Round about his dreary Bow'r.  
This Wood near neighb'ring to th' encompass'd Town,  
635 Untouch'd by former Wars remain'd alone;  
And since the Country round it naked stands,  
From hence the *Latian* chief Supplies demands.  
But lo! the bolder Hands, that should have struck,  
With some unusual Horror trembling shook;

With



With silent Dread and Rev'rence they survey'd, 640  
The Gloom Majestick of the sacred Shade:  
None dares with impious Steel the Bark to rend,  
Least on himself the destin'd Stroke descend.  
*Cæsar* perceiv'd the spreading Fear to grow,  
Then, eager, caught an Ax, and aim'd a Blow. 645  
Deep sunk within a violated Oak  
The wounding Edge, and thus the Warrior spoke.  
Now, let no doubting Hand the Task decline;  
Cut you the Wood, and let the Guilt be mine.  
The trembling Bands unwillingly obey'd; 650  
Two various Ills were in the Ballance laid,  
And *Cæsar's* Wrath against the Gods was weigh'd.  
Then *Jove's Dodonian* Tree was forc'd to bow;  
The lofty Ash and knotty Holm lay low;  
The floating Alder by the Current born, 655  
The Cypress by the noble Mourner worn,  
Veil their Aerial Summits, and display  
Their dark Recesses to the golden Day;  
Crouding they fall, each o'er the other lies,  
And heap'd on high the leafy Piles arise. 660  
With Grief, and Fear, the groaning *Gauls* beheld  
Their holy Grove by impious Soldiers fell'd;  
While the *Massilians*, from th' encompass'd Wall,  
Rejoic'd to see the Sylvan Honours fall:  
They hope such Pow'r can never prosper long, 665  
Nor think the patient Gods will bear the Wrong.  
But Ah! too oft Success to Guilt is giv'n,  
And Wretches only stand the Mark of Heav'n.



With Timber largely from the Wood supply'd,  
670 For Wains the Legions search the Country wide;  
Then from the crooked Plow unyolk the Steer,  
And leave the Swain to mourn the fruitless Year.

Meanwhile, impatient of the lingring War,  
The Chieftain to *Iberia* bends afar,  
675 And gives the Leaguer to *Trebonius*' Care.

With diligence the destin'd Task he plies;  
Huge Works of Earth with strength'ning Beams arise:  
High tott'ring Tow'rs, by no fix'd Basis bound,  
Roll nodding on along the stable Mound.

680 The *Greeks* with Wonder on the Movement look,  
And fancy Earth's Foundations deep are shook;  
Fierce Winds they think the Beldame's Entrails tear,  
And anxious for their Walls and City fear:  
The *Roman* from the lofty Top looks down,  
685 And rains a winged War upon the Town.

Nor with less active Rage the *Grecians* burn,  
But larger Ruin on their Foes return;  
Nor Hands alone the missile Deaths supply,  
From nervous Cross-Bows whistling Arrows fly;  
690 The steely Corset and the Bone they break,  
Thro' Multitudes their fatal Journeys take;  
Nor wait the ling'ring *Parcæ*'s slow delay,  
But wound, and to new Slaughter wing their way.

Now by some vast Machine a pond'rous Stone,  
695 Pernicious, from the hostile Wall is thrown;  
At once, on many, swift the Shock descends,  
And the crush'd Carcasses confounding blends.



So rolls some falling Rock by Age long worn,  
 Loose from its Root by raging Whirlwinds torn,  
 And thund'ring down the Precipice is born,  
 O'er crashing Woods the Mass is seen to ride,  
 To grind its Way, and plain the Mountain's side.  
 Gall'd with the Shot from far, the Legions join,  
 Their Bucklers in the warlike Shell combine;  
 Compact and close the brazen Roof they bear,  
 And in just Order to the Town draw near:  
 Safe they advance, while with unweary'd Pain  
 The wrathful Engines waste their Stores in vain;  
 High o'er their Heads the destin'd Deaths are tost,  
 And far behind in vacant Earth are lost;  
 Nor sudden cou'd they change their erring Aim,  
 Slow and unwieldy moves the cumb'rous Frame.

}  
700

705

710

This seen, the *Greeks* their brawny Arms employ,  
 And hurl a stony Tempest from on high:

The clatt'ring Show'r the sounding Fence assails;  
 But vain, as when the stormy Winter hails,  
 Nor on the solid Marble Roof prevails:

} 715  
}

'Till tir'd at length the Warriors fall their Shields;  
 And, spent with Toil, the broken *Phalanx* yields.

Now other Stratagems the War supplies,  
 Beneath the *Vinea* close th' Affailant lies;

720

The strong Machine, with Planks and Turf bespread,  
 Moves to the Walls its well-defended Head;

Within the Covert safe the Miners lurk,

And to the deep Foundation urge their Work.

725

Now justly pois'd the thund'ring Ram they fling,

And drive him forceful with a launching Spring;

Happ'ly



Happ'ly to loose some yielding Part at length,  
And shake the firm cemented Bulwark's Strength.

730 But from the Town the *Grecian* Youth prepare  
With hardy Vigour to repel the War:  
Crouding they gather on the Rampart's height,  
And with tough Staves and Spears maintain the Fight;  
Darts, Fragments of the Rock, and Flames they throw,  
735 And tear the planky Shelter fix'd below;  
Around by all the warring Tempest beat,  
The baffled *Romans* fullenly retreat.

Now by Success the brave *Massilians* fir'd,  
To Fame of higher Enterprize aspir'd;  
740 Nor longer with their Walls Defence content,  
In daring Sallies they the Foe prevent.  
Nor arm'd with Swords, nor pointed Spears they go,  
Nor aim the Shaft, nor bend the deadly Bow:  
Fierce *Mulciber* supplies the bold Design,  
745 And for their Weapons kindling Torches shine.  
Silent they issue thro' the gloomy Night,  
And with broad Shields restrain the beamy Light:  
Sudden the Blaze on ev'ry side began,  
And o'er the *Latian* Works resistless ran;  
750 Catching, and driving with the Wind it grows,  
Fierce thro' the Shade the burning Deluge glows;  
Nor Earth, nor greener Planks its Force delay,  
Swift o'er the hissing Beams it rolls away:  
Embrown'd with Smoke the wavy Flames ascend,  
755 Shiver'd with Heat the crackling Quarries rend;  
'Till with a Roar at last, the mighty Mound,  
Tow'rs, Engines, all, come thund'ring to the Ground:

Wide-



Wide-spread the discontinuous Ruins lie,  
And vast Confusion fills the Gazer's Eye.

Vanquish'd by Land, the *Romans* seek the Main, 760  
And prove the Fortune of the wat'ry Plain;  
Their Navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haste;  
Down thro' the rapid *Rhone* descending past:  
No golden Gods protect the shining Prow,  
Nor filken Streamers lightly dancing flow; 765  
But rough in stable Floorings lies the Wood,  
As in the native Forrest once it stood.

Rearing above the rest her tow'ry Head,  
*Brutus*' tall Ship the floating Squadron led.  
To Sea soon wafted by the hasty Tide, 770  
Right to the *Stæchades* their Course they guide.  
Resolv'd to urge their Fate, with equal Cares,  
*Maffilia* for the naval War prepares;  
All Hands the City for the Task requires,  
And arms her Striplings young, and hoary Sires. 775  
Vessels of ev'ry sort and size she fits,  
And speedy to the briny Deep commits.

The crazy Hulk, that, worn with Winds and Tides, }  
Safe in the Dock, and long neglected, rides, }  
She Planks anew, and Calks her leaky Sides. } 780

Now rose the Morning, and the golden Sun  
With Beams refracted on the Ocean shone;  
Clear was the Sky, the Waves from Murmur cease,  
And ev'ry ruder Wind was hush'd in Peace;  
Smooth lay the glassy Surface of the Main, 785  
And offer'd to the War its ample Plain:



When to the destin'd Stations all repair;  
Here *Cæsar's* Pow'rs, the Youth of *Phocis* there.  
Their brawny Arms are bar'd, their Oars they dip,  
790 Swift o'er the Water glides the nimble Ship;  
Feels the strong Blow the well compacted Oak,  
And trembling springs at each repeated Stroke.  
Crooked in Front the *Latian* Navy stood,  
And wound a bending Crescent o'er the Flood.  
795 With four full Banks of Oars advancing high,  
On either Wing the larger Vessels ply,  
While in the Center safe the lesser Galiots lie.  
*Brutus* the first, with eminent Command,  
In the tall Admiral is seen to stand;  
800 Six Rows of length'ning Pines the Billows sweep,  
And heave the Burthen o'er the groaning Deep.  
Now Prow to Prow advance each hostile Fleet,  
And want but one concurring Stroke to meet,  
When Peals of Shouts and mingling Clamours roar,  
805 And drown the brazen Trump, and plunging Oar.  
The brushing Pine the frothy Surface plies,  
While on their Banks the lusty Rowers rise;  
Each brings the Stroke back on his ample Chest,  
Then firm upon his Seat he lights repress.  
810 With clashing Beaks the launching Vessels meet,  
And from the mutual Shock alike retreat.  
Thick Clouds of flying Shafts the Welkin hide,  
Then fall, and floating strow the Ocean wide.  
At length the stretching Wings their Order leave,  
815 And in the Line the mingling Foe receive:

Then



Then might be seen, how, dash'd from side to side,  
Before the stemming Vessels drove the Tide;  
Still as each Keel her foamy Furrow plows,  
Now back, now forth, the Surge obedient flows.  
Thus warring Winds alternate Rule maintain, 820  
And this, and that way, roll the yielding Main.  
*Maffilia's* Navy, nimble, clean, and light,  
With best Advantage seek or shun the Fight;  
With ready Ease all answer to Command,  
Obey the Helm, and feel the Pilot's Hand. 825  
Not so the *Romans*; cumb'rous Hulks they lay,  
And slow and heavy hung upon the Sea;  
Yet strong, and for the closer Combat good,  
They yield firm footing on th' unstable Flood.  
This *Brutus* saw, and to the Master cries, 830  
(The Master in the lofty Poop he spies,  
Where streaming the *Pretorian* Ensign flies,)  
Still wo't thou bear away, still shift thy Place,  
And turn the Battel to a wanton Chace?  
Is this a time to play so mean a Part, 835  
To tack, to veer, and boast thy trifling Art?  
Bring to. The War shall Hand to Hand be try'd;  
Oppose thou to the Foe our ample side,  
And let us meet like Men. The Chieftain said;  
The ready Master the Command obey'd, 840  
And fide long to the Foe the Ship was laid.  
Upon his Waste fierce fall the thund'ring *Greeks*,  
Fast in his Timbers stick their brazen Beaks;  
Some lie by Chains and Grapplings strong compell'd,  
While others by the tangling Oars are Held: 845

The



The Seas are hid beneath the closing War,  
Nor need they cast the Jav'lin now from far;  
With hardy Strokes the Combatants engage,  
And with keen Faulchions deal their deadly Rage:  
850 Man against Man, and Board by Board they lie,  
And on those Decks their Arms defended die.  
The rolling Surge is stain'd around with Blood,  
And foamy Purple swells the rising Flood;  
The floating Carcasses the Ships delay,  
855 Hang on each Keel, and intercept her Way;  
Helpless beneath the Deep the dying sink,  
And Gore, with briny Ocean mingling, drink.  
Some, while amidst the tumbling Waves they strive,  
And struggling with Destruction float alive,  
860 Or by some pond'rous Beam are beaten down,  
Or sink transfix'd by Darts at random thrown.  
That fatal Day no Jav'lin flies in vain,  
Missing their Mark, they wound upon the Main.  
It chanc'd, a warrior Ship on *Cæsar's* side,  
865 By two *Massilian* Foes was warmly ply'd;  
But with divided Force she meets th' Attack,  
And bravely drives the bold Affailants back:  
When from the lofty Poop, where fierce he fought,  
*Tagus* to seize the *Grecian* Ancient fought.  
870 But double Death his daring Hand repress'd,  
One Spear transfix'd his Back, and one his Breast,  
And deadly met within his heaving Chest.  
Doubtful awhile the Flood was seen to stay,  
At length the steely Shafts at once gave way;

Then



Then fleeting Life a twofold Passage found, 875  
And ran divided from each streaming Wound.  
Hither his Fate unhappy *Telon* led,  
To naval Arts from early Childhood bred;  
No Hand the Helm more skillfully cou'd guide,  
Or stem the Fury of the boist'rous Tide: 880  
He knew what Winds shou'd on the Morrow blow,  
And how the Sails for Safety to bestow;  
Celestial Signals well he cou'd descry,  
Cou'd judge the radiant Lights that shine on high,  
And read the coming Tempest of the Sky. 885  
Full on a *Latian* Bark his Beak he drives,  
The brazen Beak the shiv'ring Alder rives;  
When from some hostile Hand, a *Roman* Dart,  
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting Heart:  
Yet still his careful Hand its Task supplies, 890  
And turns the guiding Rudder as he dies.  
To fill his Place bold *Gyareus* essay'd,  
But passing from a neighb'ring Ship was stay'd:  
Swift thro' his Loins a flying Jav'lin struck,  
And nail'd him to the Vessel he forsook. 895

Friendlike, and side by side, two Brethren fought,  
Whom, at a Birth, their fruitful Mother brought:  
So like the Lines of each resembling Face,  
The same the Features, and the same the Grace,  
That fondly erring oft' their Parents look, 900  
And each, for each, alternately mistook:  
But Death, too soon, a dire Distinction makes,  
While one, untimely snatch'd, the Light forfakes.



His Brother's Form the sad Survivor wears,  
905 And still renews his hapless Parents Tears:  
Too sure they see their single Hope remain,  
And while they bless the Living, mourn the Slain,  
He, the bold Youth, as Board and Board they stand,  
Fix'd on a *Roman* Ship his daring Hand;  
910 Full on his Arm a mighty Blow descends,  
And the torn Limb from off the Shoulder rends;  
The rigid Nerves are cramp'd with stiff'ning Cold,  
Convulsive grasp, and still retain their Hold.  
Nor sunk his Valour by the Pain deprest,  
915 But nobler Rage inflam'd his mangled Breast:  
His Left remaining Hand the Combat tries,  
And fiercely forth to catch the Right he flies:  
The same hard Destiny the Left demands,  
And now a naked helpless Trunk he stands.  
920 Nor daigns he, tho' defenceless to the Foe,  
To seek the Safety of the Hold below;  
For ev'ry coming Jav'lin's Point prepar'd,  
He steps between, and stands his Brother's Guard;  
'Till fix'd, and horrid with a Wood of Spears,  
925 A thousand Deaths at others aim'd he wears.  
Resolv'd at length his utmost Force t' exert,  
His Spirits gather'd to his fainting Heart,  
And the last Vigour rous'd in ev'ry Part;  
Then nimble from the *Grecian* Deck he rose,  
930 And with a Leap sprung fierce amidst his Foes:  
And when his Hands no more cou'd wreak his Hate,  
His Sword no more cou'd minister to Fate,  
Dying he prest 'em with his hostile Weight.

O'er-



O'er-charg'd the Ship with Carcasses and Blood,  
Drunk fast at many a Leak the briny Flood;  
Yielding at length the Waters wide give way,  
And fold her in the Bosome of the Sea;  
Then o'er her Head returning rolls the Tide,  
And cov'ring Waves the sinking Hatches hide.

935

That fatal Day was Slaughter seen to reign,  
In Wonders various, on the liquid Plain.

940

On *Lycidas* a steely Grappling struck;  
Struggling he drags with the tenacious Hook,  
And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy Wave,  
But that his Fellows strove their Mate to save;  
Clung to his Legs, they clasp him all they can,  
The Grappling tugs, afunder flies the Man.  
No single Wound the gaping Rupture seems,  
Where trickling Crimson wells in slender Streams;  
But from an Op'ning horrible and wide,  
A thousand Vessels pour the bursting Tide:  
At once the winding Channel's Course was broke,  
Where wand'ring Life her mazy Journey took:  
At once the Currents all forgot their way,  
And lost their Purple in the Azure Sea.

945

950

955

Soon from the lower Parts the Spirits fled,  
And motionless th' exhausted Limbs lay dead:  
Not so the nobler Regions, where the Heart,  
And heaving Lungs their vital Pow'rs exert;  
There ling'ring late, and long conflicting, Life  
Rose against Fate, and still maintain'd the Strife:  
Driv'n out at length, unwillingly and slow,

960

She left her mortal House, and sought the Shades below.

While



While eager for the Fight, an hardy Crew  
965 To one sole Side their Force united drew,  
The Bark, unapt th' unequal Poise to bear,  
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her lowest Keel in Air:  
In vain his active Arms the Swimmer tries,  
No Aid the Swimmers useles Art supplies;  
970 The Cov'ring vast o'erwhelming shuts 'em down,  
And helpless in the hollow Hold they drown.

One Slaughter terrible above the rest,  
The fatal Horror of the Fight exprest.  
As o'er the crouded Surface of the Flood  
975 A youthful Swimmer swift his Way pursu'd;  
Two meeting Ships, by equal Fury prest,  
With hostile Prows transfix'd his ample Breast:  
Suspended by the dreadful Shock he hung,  
The brazen Beaks within his Bosom rung;  
980 Blood, Bones, and Entrails, mashing with the Blow,  
From his pale Lips a hideous mixture flow.  
At length the backing Oars the Fight restrain,  
The lifeless Body drops amidst the Main;  
Soon enter at the Breach the rushing Waves,  
985 And the salt Stream the mangled Carcass laves.

Around the wat'ry Champian wide dispread,  
The living Shipwracks float amidst the Dead;  
With active Arms the liquid Deep they ply,  
And panting to their Mates for Succour cry:  
990 Now to some social Vessel press they near,  
Their Fellows pale the crouding Numbers fear;  
With ruthless Hearts their well-known Friends withstand,  
And with keen Faulchions lop each grasping Hand;

The



The dying Fingers cling and clench the Wood,  
The heavy Trunk sinks helpless in the Flood.

995

Now spent was all the Warriors steely Store,  
New Darts they seek, and other Arms explore,  
This wields a Flag-staff, that a pond'rous Oar.  
Wrath's ready Hands are never at a loss;

}

The Fragments of the shatter'd Ship they tofs.

1000

The useless Rower from his Seat is cast,  
Then fly the Benches, and the broken Mast.  
Some seizing, as it sinks, the breathless Coarse,  
From the cold Grasp the Blood-stain'd Weapon force.  
Some from their own fresh bleeding Bosomes take,  
And at the Foe the dropping Jav'lin shake:  
The left Hand stays the Blood, and sooths the Pain,  
The right sends back the reeking Spear again.

1005

Now Gods of various Elements conspire,  
To *Nereus*, *Vulcan* joins his hostile Fire;  
With Oils, and living Sulphur, Darts they frame,  
Prepar'd to spread afar the kindling Flame;  
Around, the catching Mischiefs swift succeed,  
The floating Hulks their own Destruction feed;  
The smeary Wax the bright'ning Blaze supplies,  
And wavy Fires from pitchy Planks arise:  
Amidst the Flood the ruddy Torrent strays,  
And fierce upon the scatt'ring Shipwrecks preys.

1010

Here one with haste a flaming Vessel leaves;

Another, spent and beaten by the Waves,

As eager to the burning Ruin cleaves.

} 1020

Amidst the various ways of Death to kill,

Whether by Seas, by Fires, or wounding Steel,

The dreadfullest is that, whose present Force we feel.

}



1025 Nor Valour less her fatal Rage maintains,  
In daring Breasts that swim the liquid Plains:  
Some gather up the Darts that floating lie,  
And to the Combatants new Deaths supply.  
Some struggling in the Deep the War provoke,  
1030 Rise o'er the Surge, and aim a languid Stroke.  
Some with strong Grasp the Foe conflicting join,  
Mix Limbs with Limbs, and hostile Wreathings twine,  
'Till plunging, pressing to the Bottom down,  
Vanquish'd, and Vanquishers, alike they drown.  
1035 One, chief above the rest, is mark'd by Fame,  
For wat'ry Fight, and *Phoceus* was his Name:  
The heaving Breath of Life he knew to keep,  
While long he dwelt within the lowest Deep;  
Full many a Fathom down he had explor'd,  
1040 For Treasures lost, old Ocean's oozy Hoard;  
Oft' when the flooky Anchor stuck below,  
He sunk, and bad the captive Vessel go.  
A Foe he feis'd close cleaving to his Breast,  
And underneath the tumbling Billows prest:  
1045 But when the skillful Victor wou'd repair,  
To upper Seas, and fought the freer Air;  
Hapless beneath the crouding Keels he rose,  
The crouding Keels his wonted way oppose;  
Back beaten, and astonish'd with the Blow,  
1050 He sinks, to bide for ever now below.

Some hang upon the Oars with weighty Force,  
To intercept the hostile Vessel's Course;  
Some to the last the Cause they love defend,  
And valiant Lives by useful Deaths wou'd end;

With



With Breasts oppos'd the thund'ring Beaks they brave, 1055  
And what they fought for living, dying save.

As *Tyrrhen*, from a *Roman* Poop on high,  
Ran o'er the various Combat with his Eye;  
Sure aiming, from his *Balearic* Thong,  
Bold *Ligdamus* a pond'rous Bullet flung; 1060  
Thro' liquid Air the Ball shrill whistling flies,  
And cuts its way thro' hapless *Tyrrhen's* Eyes.

Th' astonish'd Youth stands struck with sudden Night,  
While bursting start the bleeding Orbs of Sight.  
At first he took the Darkness to be Death, 1065  
And thought himself amidst the Shades beneath;  
But soon recov'ring from the stunning Stound,  
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd, he found.

Vigour at length, and wonted Force returns,  
And with new Rage his valiant Bosome burns: 1070  
To me, my Friends, (he cry'd) your Aid supply,  
Nor useless let your Fellow-Soldier die;  
Give me, oppos'd against the Foe, to stand,  
While like some Engine you direct my Hand.  
And thou, my poor remaining Life, prepare 1075  
To meet each Hazard of the various War;  
At least, my mangled Carcass shall pretend  
To interpose, and shield some valiant Friend:  
Plac'd like a Mark their Darts I may sustain,  
And, to preserve some better Man, be slain. 1080

Thus said, unaiming he a Jav'lin threw,  
The Jav'lin wing'd, with sure Destruction flew;  
In *Argus* the descending Steel takes place,  
*Argus*, a *Grecian*, of illustrious Race.

Deep



1085 Deep sinks the piercing Point, where to the Loins  
Above the Navel high the Belly joins;  
The stagging Youth falls forward on his Fate,  
And helps the goring Weapon with his Weight.

It chanc'd, to ruthless Destiny design'd,  
1090 To the same Ship his aged Sire was join'd:  
While young, for high Atchievements was he known,  
The first in fair *Massilia* for Renown;  
Now an Example meerly, and a Name,  
Willing to rouse the younger Sort he came,  
1095 And fire their Souls to emulate his Fame.

When from the Prow, where distant far he stood,  
He saw his Son lie welt'ring in his Blood;  
Soon to the Poop, oft' stumbling in his haste,  
With falt'ring Steps the feeble Father past.  
1100 No falling Tears his wrinkled Cheeks bedew,  
But stiff'ning Cold and motionless he grew:  
Deep Night and deadly Shades of Darkness rise,  
And hide his much-lov'd *Argus* from his Eyes.  
As to the dizzy Youth the Sire appears,  
1105 His dying, weak, unwieldy Head he rears;  
With lifted Eyes he cast a mournful Look,  
His pale Lips mov'd, and fain he wou'd have spoke;  
But unexpress'd th' imperfect Accent hung,  
Lost in his falling Jaws and murm'ring Tongue:  
1110 Yet in his speechless Visage seems exprest,  
What, had he Words, wou'd be his last Request:  
That aged Hand to seal his closing Eye,  
And in his Father's fond Embrace to die.

But



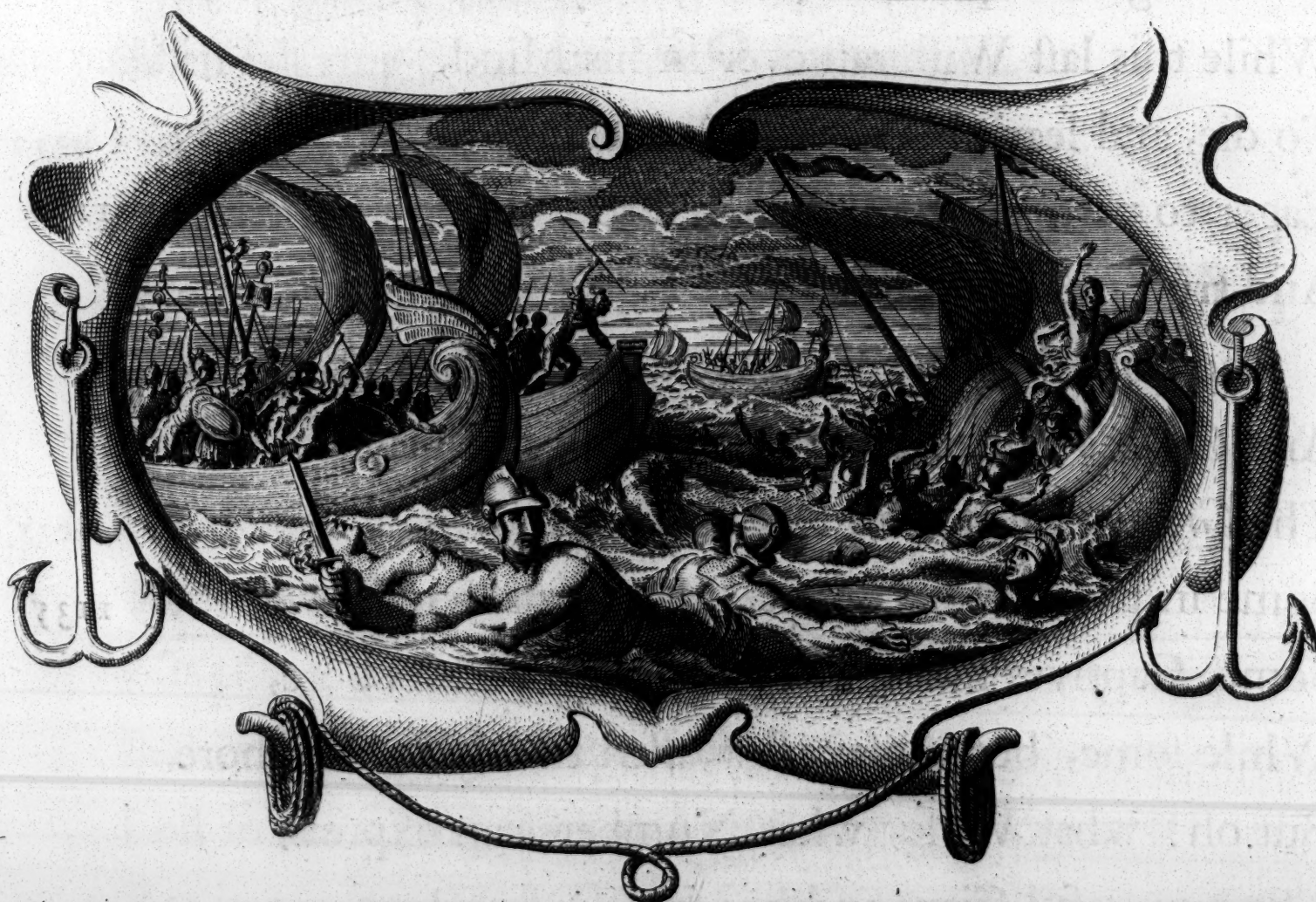
But he, when Grief with keenest Sense revives,  
With Nature's strongest Pangs conflicting strives; 1115  
Let me not lose this Hour of Death, he cries,  
Which my indulgent Destiny supplies;  
And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my Son,  
If thy dear Lips, and last Embrace I shun.  
Warm from thy Wound the purple Current flows, 1120  
And vital Breath yet heaving comes and goes:  
Yet my sad Eyes behold thee, yet alive,  
And thou shalt, yet, thy wretched Sire survive..  
He said, and fierce, by frantick Sorrow prest,  
Plung'd his sharp Sword amidst his aged Breast: 1125  
And tho' Life's gushing Streams the Weapon stain  
Headlong he leaps amidst the greedy Main;  
While this last Wish ran ever in his Mind,  
To die, and leave his darling Son behind;  
Eager to part, his Soul disdain'd to wait, 1130  
And trust uncertain to a single Fate.

And now *Maffilia*'s vanquish'd Force gives way,  
And *Cæsar*'s Fortune claims the doubtful Day.  
The *Grecian* Fleet is all dispers'd around,  
Some in the Bottom of the Deep lie drown'd; 1135  
Some, Captives made, their haughty Victors bore,  
While some, but those a few, fled timely to the Shore.  
But oh! what Verse, what Numbers can express,  
The mournful City, and her fore Distress!  
Upon the Beach lamenting Matrons stand, 1140  
And Wailings eccho o'er the length'ning Strand:  
Their Eyes are fix'd upon the Waters wide,  
And watch the Bodies driving with the Tide.



Here a fond Wife, with pious Error, prest  
 1145 Some hostile *Roman* to her throbbing Breast;  
 There to a mangled Trunk two Mothers run,  
 Each grasps, and each would claim it for her Son;  
 Each, what her boading Heart perswades, believes,  
 And for the last sad Office fondly strives.

1150 But *Brutus* now victorious on the Main,  
 To *Cæsar* vindicates the wat'ry Plain;  
 First to his Brow he binds the Naval Crown,  
 And bids the spacious Deep the mighty Master own.



J. Cheron inv.

E. Kirkall sculp.

THE



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THE  
FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*Cæsar having join'd Fabius, whom he had sent before him into Spain, encamps upon a rising Ground near Ilerda, and not far from the River Sicoris: There, the Waters being swollen by great Rains endanger his Camp; but the Weather turning fair, and the Floods abating, Pompey's Lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, who lay over-against him, decamp suddenly. Cæsar follows, and encamps so as to cut off their Passage, or any Use of the River Iberus. As both Armies lay now very near to each other, the Soldiers on both sides knew, and saluted one another; and forgetting the opposite Interest and Factions they were engag'd in, ran out from their several Camps, and embrac'd one another with great Tendernefs. Many of Cæsar's Soldiers were invited into the Enemy's Camp, and feasted by their Friends and Relations. But Petreius apprehending this Familiarity might be of ill Consequence to his Party, commanded 'em all (tho' against the Rules of Humanity and Hospitality) to be kill'd. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards Ilerda; but is prevented, and inclos'd by Cæsar; to whom, both himself and Afranius, after their Army had suffer'd extreamly for want of Water and other Necessaries, are compell'd to surrender, without asking any other Conditions than that they might not be compell'd to take on in his Army: This Cæsar, with great Generosity, grants, and dismisses 'em. In the meanwhile, C. Antonius, who commanded for Cæsar near Salonæ, on the Coast of Dalmatia, being shut up by Octavius, Pompey's Admiral, and destitute of Provisions, had attempted by help of some Vessels, or floating Machines of a new Invention, to pass thro' Pompey's Fleet: Two of 'em by advantage of the Tide found means to escape, but the third, which carried a thousand Opitergians commanded by Vulteius, was intercepted by a Boom laid under the Water. These when they found it impossible to get off, at the Persuasion, and by the Example of their Leader, ran upon one another's Swords and dy'd. In Africa the Poet introduces Curio enquiring after the Story of Hercules and Antæus, which is recounted to him by one of the Natives, and afterwards relates the Particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and kill'd by Juba.*





# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## BOOK IV.



**B**UT *Cæsar* in *Iberian* Fields afar,  
 Ev'n to the Western Ocean spreads the  
 War ;  
 And tho' no Hills of Slaughter heap  
 the Plain,  
 No purple Deluge leaves a guilty Stain,  
 Vast is the Prize, and great the Victor's Gain. 5  
 For *Pompey*, with alternative Command,  
 The brave *Petreius*, and *Afranius* stand:  
 The Chiefs in Friendship's just Conditions join,  
 And, cordial to the Common Cause, combine;  
 By Turns they quit, by Turns resume the Sway, 10  
 The Camp to guard, or Battle to array;  
 To these their Aid the nimble *Vectons* yield,  
 With those who till *Asturia's* hilly Field;



- Nor wanted then the *Celtiberians* bold,  
15 Who draw their long Descent from *Celtick Gauls* of Old.  
Where rising Grounds the fruitful *Champion* end,  
And unperceiv'd by soft Degrees ascend;  
An ancient Race their City chose to found,  
And with *Ilerda's* Walls the Summit crown'd,  
20 The *Sicoris*, of no ignoble Name,  
Fast by the Mountain pours his gentle Stream.  
A stable Bridge runs cross from Side to Side,  
Whose spacious Arch transmits the passing Tide,  
And jutting Peers the wint'ry Floods abide.  
25 Two neighb'ring Hills their Heads distinguish'd raise;  
The first great *Pompey's* Ensigns high displays;  
Proud *Cesar's* Camp upon the next is seen;  
The River interposing glides between.  
Wide spread beyond, an ample Plain extends,  
30 Far as the piercing Eye its Prospect sends:  
Upon the spacious Level's utmost Bound,  
The *Cinga* rolls his rapid Waves around.  
But soon in full *Iberus' Channel* lost,  
His blended Waters seek *Iberia's* Coast;  
35 He yields to the superiour Torrent's Fame,  
And with the Country takes his nobler Name.  
Now 'gan the Lamp of Heav'n the Plains to gild,  
When moving Legions hide th' embattled Field;  
When Front to Front oppos'd in just Array,  
40 The Chieftains each their hostile Pw'r's display:  
But whether conscious Shame their Wrath repress,  
And soft Reluctance rose in ev'ry Breast;



Or Virtue did a short-liv'd Rule resume,  
And gain'd one Day for Liberty and *Rome*;  
Suspended Rage yet linger'd for a Space, 45  
And to the West declin'd the Sun in Peace.  
Night rose, and black'ning Shades involv'd the Sky,  
When *Cæsar* bent War's wily Arts to try;  
Thro' his extended Battle gives Command,  
The foremost Lines in Order fix'd shall stand; 50  
Meanwhile the last, low lurking from the Foe,  
With secret Labour sink a Trench below:  
Successful they the destin'd Task pursue,  
While closing Files prevent the hostile View.

Soon as the Morn renew'd the dawning Grey, 55  
He bids the Soldier urge his speedy way,  
To seize a vacant Height that near *Ilerda* lay.  
This saw the Foe, and wing'd with Fear and Shame,  
Thro' secret Paths with swift Prevention came.  
Now various Motives various Hopes afford, 60  
To these the Place, to those the Conqu'ring Sword:  
Oppress'd beneath their Armour's cumbrous Weight,  
Th' Assailants lab'ring tempt the steepy Height;  
Half bending back they mount with panting Pain,  
The foll'wing Croud their foremost Mates sustain; 65  
Against the shelving Precipice they toil,  
And prop their Hands upon the steely Pile;  
On Cliffs, and Shrubs, their Steps, some climbing stay,  
With cutting Swords some clear the woody Way;  
Nor Death, nor Wounds their Enemies annoy, 70  
While other Uses now their Arms employ.

The  
Their



Their Chief the Danger from afar survey'd,  
And bad the Horse fly timely to their Aid.  
In Order just the ready Squadrons ride,  
75 Then wheeling, to the Right and Left divide,  
To flank the Foot, and guard each naked Side.  
Safe in the middle Space retire the Foot,  
Make good the Rear, and scorn the Foes Pursuit;  
Each Side retreat, tho' each disdain to yield,  
80 And claim the Glory of the doubtful Field.

Thus far the Cause of *Rome* by Arms was try'd,  
And human Rage alone the War supply'd;  
But now the Elements new Wrath prepare,  
And gath'ring Tempests vex the troubled Air.  
85 Long had the Earth by wint'ry Frost been bound,  
And the dry North had numb'd the lazy Ground.  
No furrow'd Fields were drench'd with drisly Rain,  
Snow hid the Hills, and hoary Ice the Plain.  
All desolate the Western Climes were seen,  
90 Keen were the Blafts, and sharp the Blue serene,  
To parch the fading Herb, and nip the springing Green.  
At length the genial Heat began to shine,  
With stronger Beams in *Aries*' vernal Sign;  
Again the golden Day resum'd its Right,  
95 And rul'd in just Equation with the Night:  
The Moon her monthly Course had now begun,  
And with increasing Horns forsook the Sun;  
When *Boreas*, by Night's silver Empress driv'n,  
To softer Airs resign'd the Western Heav'n.  
100 Then with warm Breezes gentler *Eurus* came,  
Glowing with *India*'s, and *Arabia*'s Flame.



The sweeping Wind the gath'ring Vapours prest,  
From ev'ry Region of the farthest East;  
Nor hang they heavy in the midway Sky,  
But speedy to *Hesperia* driving fly; 105  
To *Calpe's* Hills the fluicy Rains repair,  
From North, and South, the Clouds assemble there,  
And dark'ning Storms low'r in the sluggish Air.  
Where Western Skies the utmost Ocean bound,  
The wat'ry Treasures heap the Welkin round; 110  
Thither they croud, and scanted in the Space,  
Scarce between Heav'n and Earth can find a Place.  
Condens'd at length the spouting Torrents pour,  
Earth smoaks, and rattles with the gushing Show'r;  
*Jove's* forked Fires are rarely seen to fly, 115  
Extinguish'd in the Deluge soon they die;  
Nor e'er before did dewy *Iris* show  
Such fady Colours, or so maim'd a Bow:  
Unvary'd by the Light's refracting Beam,  
She stoop'd to drink from Ocean's briny Stream; 120  
Then to the dropping Sky restor'd the Rain:  
Again the falling Waters sought the Main.  
Then first the cov'ring Snows began to flow  
From off the *Pyrenean's* hoary Brow;  
Huge Hills of Frost, a thousand Ages old, 125  
O'er which the Summer Suns had vainly roll'd,  
Now melting, rush from ev'ry side amain,  
Swell ev'ry Brook, and deluge all the Plain.  
And now o'er *Cæsar's* Camp the Torrents sweep,  
Bear down the Works, and fill the Trenches deep. 130



Here Men and Arms in mix'd Confusion swim,  
And hollow Tents drive with th' impetuous Stream;  
Lost in the spreading Flood the Land-marks lie,  
Nor can the Forager his way descry.  
135 No Beasts for Food the floating Pastures yield,  
Nor Herbage rises in the wat'ry Field.  
And now, to fill the Measure of their Fears,  
Her baleful Visage meager Famine rears;  
Seldom alone, she troops among the Fiends,  
140 And still on War and Pestilence attends.  
Unpress'd, unstraiten'd by besieging Foes,  
All Miseries of Want the Soldier knows.  
Gladly he gives his little Wealth, to eat,  
And buys a Morsel, with his whole Estate.  
145 Curst Merchandize! where Life it self is sold,  
And Avarice consents to starve for Gold!  
No Rock, no rising Mountain rears his Head,  
No single River winds along the Mead,  
But one vast Lake o'er all the Land is spread.  
150 No lofty Grove, no Forrest Haunt is found,  
But in his Den deep lies the Salvage drown'd:  
With headlong Rage resistless in its Course,  
The rapid Torrent whirls the snorting Horse;  
High o'er the Sea the foamy Freshes ride,  
155 While backward *Tethys* turns her yielding Tide.  
Mean-time continu'd Darkness veils the Skies,  
And Suns with unavailing Ardor rise;  
Nature no more her various Face can boast,  
But Form is huddled up in Night, and lost.



Such are the Climes beneath the frozen Zone, 160  
Where chearless Winter plants her dreary Throne;  
No golden Stars their gloomy Heav'ns adorn,  
Nor genial Seasons to their Earth return:  
But everlasting Ice and Snows appear,  
Bind up the Summer Signs, and curse the barren Year. 165

Almighty Sire! who dost supremely Reign,  
And thou great Ruler of the raging Main!  
Ye gracious Gods! in Mercy give Command,  
This Defolation may for ever stand.  
Thou *Jove*! for ever cloud thy stormy Sky; 170  
Thou *Neptune*! bid thy angry Waves run high;  
Heave thy huge Trident for a mighty Blow,  
Strike the strong Earth, and bid her Fountains flow;  
Bid ev'ry River-God exhaust his Urn,  
Nor let thy own alternate Tides return; 175  
Wide let their blended Waters waste around,  
These Regions, *Rhine*, and those the *Rhone* confound.  
Melt, ye hoar Mountains of *Riphaean* Snow;  
Brooks, Streams, and Lakes, let all your Sources go;  
Your spreading Floods the Guilt of *Rome* shall spare, 180  
And save the wretched World from Civil War.

But Fortune stay'd her short Displeasure here,  
Nor urg'd her Minion with too long a Fear;  
With large Increase her Favours full return'd,  
As if the Gods themselves his Anger mourn'd; 185  
As if his Name were terrible to Heav'n,  
And Providence cou'd sue to be forgiv'n.

Now 'gan the Welkin clear to shine serene,  
And *Phæbus* potent in his Rays was seen.



190 The scatt'ring Clouds disclos'd the piercing Light,  
And hung the Firmament with fleecy White;  
The troublous Storm had spent his wrathful Store,  
And clatt'ring Rains were heard to rush no more.  
Again the Woods their leafy Honours raise,  
195 And Herds upon the rising Mountains graze.  
Day's genial Heat upon the Damps prevails,  
And ripens into Earth the slimy Vales.  
Bright glitt'ring Stars adorn Night's spangled Air,  
And ruddy Ev'ning Skies foretel the Morning fair.  
200 Soon as the falling *Sicoris* begun  
A peaceful Stream within his Banks to run,  
The bending Willow into Barks they twine,  
Then line the Work with Spoils of slaughter'd Kine:  
Such are the Floats *Venetian* Fishers know,  
205 Where in dull Marshes stands the settling *Po*;  
On such to neighb'ring *Gaul*, allur'd by Gain,  
The bolder *Britons* cross the swelling Main;  
Like these, when fruitful *Ægypt* lies afloat,  
The *Memphian* Artist builds his reedy Boat.  
210 On these embarking bold with eager haste,  
Across the Stream his Legions *Cæsar* past:  
Strait the tall Woods with founding Strokes are fell'd,  
And with strong Piles a beamy Bridge they build;  
Then mindful of the Flood so lately spread,  
215 They stretch the length'ning Arches o'er the Mead.  
And least his bolder Waters rise again,  
With num'rous Dykes they Canton out the Plain,  
And by a thousand Streams the suff'ring River drain.



*Petreus* now a Fate superior saw,  
While Elements obey proud *Cæsar's* Law; 220  
Then strait *Ilerda's* lofty Walls forlook,  
And to the farthest West his Arms betook;  
The nearer Regions faithless all around,  
And basely to the Victor bent, he found.  
When with just Rage and Indignation fir'd, 225  
He to the *Celtiberians* fierce retir'd;  
There fought, amidst the World's extreamest Parts,  
Still daring Hands, and still unconquer'd Hearts.

Soon as he view'd the neighb'ring Mountain's Head  
No longer by the hostile Camp o'erspread, 230  
*Cæsar* commands to Arm. Without delay  
The Soldier to the River bends his way;  
None then with cautious Care the Bridge explor'd,  
Or fought the Shallows of the safer Ford;  
Arm'd at all Points, they plunge amidst the Flood, 235  
And with strong Sinews make the Passage good:  
Dangers they scorn that might the Bold affright,  
And stop ev'n panting Cowards in their Flight.  
At length the farther Bank attaining safe,  
Chill'd by the Stream, their dropping Limbs they chafe: 240  
Then with fresh Vigour urge the Foes Pursuit,  
And in the sprightly Chace, the Pow'rs of Life recruit.  
Thus they; 'till half the Course of Light was run,  
And less'ning Shadows own'd the Noon-day Sun;  
The Fliers now a doubtful Fight maintain, 245  
While the fleet Horse in Squadrons scour the Plain;  
The Stragglers scatt'ring round they force to yield,  
And gather up the Gleanings of the Field.



'Midst a wide Plain two lofty Rocks arise,  
250 Between the Cliffs an humble Valley lies;  
Long Rows of ridgy Mountains run behind,  
Where Ways obscure and secret Passes wind.  
But *Cæsar*, deep within his Thought, foresees  
The Foes Attempt the Covert strong to seize;  
255 So may their Troops at leisure range afar,  
And to the *Celtiberians* lead the War.  
Be quick (he cries) nor minding just Array,  
Swift, to the Combate, wing your speedy Way.  
See! where yon Cowards to the Fastness haste,  
260 But let your Terrors in their Way be plac'd:  
Pierce not the fearful Backs of those that fly,  
But on your meeting Jav'lins let 'em die.  
He said. The ready Legions took the Word,  
And hastily obey their eager Lord;  
265 With Diligence the coming Foe prevent,  
And stay their Marches, to the Mountains bent.  
Near neighb'ring now the Camps intrench'd are seen,  
With scarce a narrow Interval between.

Soon as their Eyes o'ershoot the middle Space,  
270 From either Host, Sires, Sons, and Brothers trace  
The well-known Features of some kindred Face.  
Then first their Hearts with Tenderneſs were ſtruck,  
First with Remorſe for Civil Rage they ſhook;  
Stiff'ning with Horror cold, and dire Amaze,  
275 Awhile in ſilent Interviews they gaze:  
Anon with ſpeechleſs Signs their Swords ſalute,  
While Thoughts conflicting keep their Maſters mute.



At length, disdaining still to be repress'd,  
Prevailing Passion rose in ev'ry Breast,  
And the vain Rules of guilty War transgress'd. 280  
As at a Signal, both their Trenches quit,  
And spreading Arms in close Embraces knit:  
Now Friendship runs o'er all her ancient Claims,  
Guest and Companion are their only Names;  
Old Neighbourhood they fondly call to Mind, 285  
And how their boyish Years in Leagues were join'd.  
With Grief each other mutually they know,  
And find a Friend in ev'ry *Roman* Foe.  
Their falling Tears their steely Arms bedew,  
While interrupting Sighs each Kiss pursue; 290  
And tho' their Hands are yet unstain'd by Guilt,  
They tremble for the Blood they might have spilt.  
But speak, unhappy *Roman*! speak thy Pain,  
Say for what Woes thy streaming Eyes complain?  
Why dost thou groan? Why beat thy sounding Breast? 295  
Why is this wild fantastick Grief exprest?  
Is it, that yet thy Country claims thy Care?  
Dost thou the Crimes of War unwilling share?  
Ah! whither art thou by thy Fears betray'd?  
How can'st thou dread that Pow'r thy self hast made! 300  
Do *Cæsar*'s Trumpets call thee? Scorn the Sound.  
Do's he bid, March? Dare thou to keep thy Ground.  
So Rage and Slaughter shall to Justice yield,  
And fierce *Erinnys* quit the fatal Field:  
*Cæsar* in Peace a private State shall know, 305  
And *Pompey* be no longer call'd his Foe.



Appear, thou heav'nly Concord! blest appear!  
And shed thy better Influences here.  
Thou who the warring Elements dost bind,  
310 Life of the World, and Safety of Mankind,  
Infuse thy sov'reign Balm, and heal the wrathful Mind.  
But if the same dire Fury rages yet,  
Too well they know what Foes their Swords shall meet;  
No blind Pretence of Ignorance remains,  
315 The Blood they shed must flow from *Roman* Veins.  
Oh! fatal Truce! the Brand of guilty *Rome*!  
From thee worse Wars and redder Slaughters come.  
See! with what free and unsuspecting Love,  
From Camp to Camp, the jocund Warriors rove;  
320 Each to his turphy Table bids his Guest,  
And *Bacchus* crowns the hospitable Feast.  
The grassy Fires refulgent lend their Light,  
While Conversation sleepless wastes the Night:  
Of early Feats of Arms, by turns they tell,  
325 Of Fortunes that in various Fields befall,  
With well-becoming Pride their Deeds relate,  
And now agree, and friendly now debate:  
At length their unauspicious Hands are join'd,  
And sacred Leagues with Faith renew'd they bind.  
330 But oh! what worse could cruel Fate afford!  
The Furies smil'd upon the curst Accord,  
And dy'd with deeper Stains the *Roman* Sword.  
By busie Fame *Petreius* soon is told,  
His Camp, himself, to *Cæsar* all are sold;  
335 When strait the chief Indignant calls to Arm,  
And bids the Trumpet spread the loud Alarm.

With



With War encompass'd round he takes his Way,  
And breaks the short-liv'd Truce with fierce Affray;  
He drives th' unarm'd and unsuspecting Guest,  
Amaz'd, and wounded, from th' unfinish'd Feast;  
With horrid Steel he cuts each fond Embrace,  
And violates with Blood the new-made Peace.  
And least the fainting Flames of Wrath expire,  
With Words like these he fanns the deadly Fire.

340

Ye Herd! unknowing of the *Roman* Worth,  
And lost to that great Cause which led you forth;  
Tho' Victory, and Captive *Cæsar*, were

345

Honours too glorious for your Swords to share;  
Yet something, Abject as you are, from you,  
Something to Virtue and the Laws is due:

350

A second Praise ev'n yet you may partake;  
Fight, and be vanquish'd for your Country's sake.

Can you, while Fate as yet suspends our Doom,  
While you have Blood and Lives to lose for *Rome*,

Can you with tame Submission seek a Lord;  
And own a Cause by Men and Gods abhorr'd?

355

Will you in lowly wise his Mercy crave?

Can Soldiers beg to wear the Name of Slave?

Wou'd you for us your Suit to *Cæsar* move?

Know we disdain his pard'ning Pow'r to prove.

360

No private Bargain shall redeem this Head;

For *Rome*, and not for us, the War was made.

Tho' Peace a specious poor Pretence afford,

Baseness and Bondage lurk beneath the Word.

In vain the Workmen search the steely Mine

365

To arm the Field, and bid the Battle shine;



In vain the Fortrefs lifts her tow'ry Height;  
 In vain the warlike Steed provokes the Fight;  
 In vain our Oars the foamy Ocean sweep;  
 370 In vain our floating Castles hide the Deep;  
 In vain by Land, in vain by Sea we fought,  
 If Peace shall e'er with Liberty be bought.  
 See! with what Constancy, what gallant Pride,  
 Our stedfast Foes defend an impious Side!  
 375 Bound by their Oaths, tho' Enemies to Good,  
 They scorn to change from what they once have vow'd.  
 While each vain Breath your slack'ning Faith withdraws,  
 Yours! who pretend to arm for *Rome* and Laws,  
 Who find no Fault, but Justice in your Cause.  
 380 And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er,  
 A brave Repentance still is in your Pow'r;  
 While *Pompey* calls the utmost East from far,  
 And leads the *Indian* Monarchs on to War.  
 Shall we (oh Shame!) prevent his great Success,  
 385 And bind his Hands by our inglorious Peace?  
 He spoke; and civil Rage at once returns,  
 Each Breast the fonder Thought of Pity scorns,  
 And ruthless with redoubled Fury burns.  
 So when the Tyger, or the spotted Pard,  
 390 Long from the Woods, and Salvage Haunts debarr'd  
 From their first Fierceness for a while are won,  
 And seem to put a gentler Nature on;  
 Patient their Prison, and Mankind they bear,  
 Fawn on their Lords, and Looks less horrid wear:  
 395 But let the Taste of Slaughter be renew'd,  
 And their fell Jaws again with Gore embrew'd;

Then



Then dreadfully their wak'ning Furies rise,  
And glaring Fires rekindle in their Eyes;  
With wrathful Roar their ecchoing Dens they tear,  
And hardly, ev'n the well-known Keeper spare;  
The shudd'ring Keeper shakes, and stands aloof for Fear. } 400  
From Friendship freed, and conscious Nature's Tie,  
To undistinguish'd Slaughters loose they fly;  
With Guilt avow'd their daring Crimes advance,  
And scorn th' Excuse of Ignorance and Chance. 405  
Those whom so late their fond Embraces prest,  
The Bosom's Partner, and the welcome Guest;  
Now at the Board un hospitable bleed,  
While Streams of Blood the flowing Bowl succeed.  
With Groans at first, each draws the glitt'ring Brand, 410  
And ling'ring Death stops in th' unwilling Hand:  
'Till urg'd at length returning Force they feel,  
And catch new Courage from the murd'ring Steel:  
Vengeance and Hatred rise with ev'ry Blow,  
And Blood paints ev'ry Visage like a Foe. 415  
Uproar and Horrour thro' the Camp abound,  
While impious Sons their mangled Fathers wound,  
And least the Merit of the Crime be lost,  
With dreadful Joy the Parricide they boast;  
Proud to their Chiefs the cold pale Heads they bear, 420  
The Gore yet dropping from the silver Hair.

But thou, oh *Cæsar*! to the Gods be dear!  
Thy pious Mercy well becomes their Care;  
And tho' thy Soldier falls by treach'rous Peace,  
Be proud, and reckon this thy great Success. 425



Not all thou ow'st to bounteous Fortune's Smile,  
Not proud *Maffilia*, nor the *Pharian Nile*;  
Not the full Conquest of *Pharsalia's* Field,  
Cou'd greater Fame, or nobler Trophies yield;  
430 Thine and the Cause of Justice now are one,  
Since guilty Slaughter brands thy Foes alone.

Nor dare the conscious Leaders longer wait,  
Or trust to such unhallow'd Hands their Fate:  
Astonish'd and dismay'd they shun the Fight,  
435 And to *Ilerda* turn their hasty Flight.

But e're their March atchieves its destin'd Course,  
Preventing *Cæsar* sends the winged Horse:  
The speedy Squadrons seize th' appointed Ground,  
And hold their Foes on Hills encompass'd round.  
440 Pent up in barren Heights, they strive in vain  
Refreshing Springs and flowing Streams to gain;  
Strong hostile Works their Camp's Extension stay,  
And deep sunk Trenches intercept their Way.

Now Deaths in unexpected Forms arise,  
445 Thirst, and pale Famine stalk before their Eyes.  
Shut up and close besieg'd, no more they need  
The Strength, or Swiftneſs of the warlike Steed;  
But doom the gen'rous Coursers all to bleed.  
Hopeless at length, and barr'd around from Flight,  
450 Headlong they rush to Arms, and urge the Fight:  
But *Cæsar*, who with wary Eyes beheld,  
With what determin'd Rage they fought the Field,  
Reſtrain'd his eager Troops. Forbear, he cry'd,  
Nor let your Swords in Madmen's Blood be dy'd.

But



But since they come devoted by Despair,  
Since Life is grown unworthy of their Care,  
Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis ours to spare.  
Those naked Bosomes that provoke the Foe,  
With greedy Hopes of deadly Vengeance glow;  
With Pleasure shall they meet the pointed Steel,  
Nor smarting Wounds, nor dying Anguish feel,  
If, while they bleed, your *Cæsar* shares the Pain,  
And mourns his gallant Friends among the Slain.  
But wait awhile, this Rage shall soon be past,  
This Blaze of Courage is too fierce to last;  
This Ardour for the Fight shall faint away,  
And all this fond Desire of Death decay.

He spoke; and at the Word the War was stay'd,  
Till *Phæbus* fled from Night's ascending Shade.  
Ev'n all the Day, embattled on the Plain,  
The rash *Petreians* urge to Arms in vain:  
At length the weary Fire began to cease,  
And wasting Fury languish'd into Peace;  
Th' impatient Arrogance of Wrath declin'd,  
And slack'ning Passions cool'd upon the Mind.  
So when, the Battel roaring loud around,  
Some Warriour warm receives a fatal Wound;  
While yet the griding Sword has newly past,  
And the first pungent Pains and Anguish last;  
While full with Life the turgid Vessels rise,  
And the warm Juice the spritely Nerve supplies;  
Each sin'wy Limb with fiercer Force is prest,  
And Rage redoubles in the burning Breast;



But if, as conscious of th' Advantage gain'd,  
475 The cooler Victor stays his wrathful Hand;  
Then sinks his Thrall with ebbing Spirits low,  
The black Blood stiffens and forgets to flow;  
Cold Damps and Numbness close the deadly Stound,  
And stretch him pale and fainting on the Ground.  
480 For Water now on ev'ry Side thy try,  
Alike the Sword and delving Spade employ;  
Earth's Bosome dark, laborious they explore,  
And search the Sources of her liquid Store:  
Deep in the hollow Hill the Well descends,  
485 'Till level with the moister Plain it ends.  
Not lower down from chearful Day decline  
The pale *Assyrians*, in the Golden Mine.  
In vain they toil, no secret Streams are found  
To roll their murm'ring Tides beneath the Ground;  
490 No bursting Springs repay the Workman's Stroke,  
Nor glitt'ring gush from out the wounded Rock;  
No sweating Caves in dewy Droppings stand,  
Nor smallest Rills run gurgling o'er the Sand.  
Spent and exhausted with the fruitless Pain,  
495 The fainting Youth ascend to Light again.  
And now less patient of the Drought they grow,  
Than in those cooler Depths of Earth below;  
No fav'ry Viands crown the chearful Board,  
Ev'n Food for want of Water stands abhorr'd;  
500 To Hunger's meager Refuge they retreat,  
And since they cannot Drink refuse to Eat.  
Where yielding Clods a moister Clay confess,  
With griping Hands the clammy Glebe they press;

Where-



Where-e'er the standing Puddle loathsome lies,  
Thither in Crouds the thirsty Soldier flies;  
Horrid to Sight, the miry Filth they quaff, 505  
And drain with dying Jaws the deadly Draff.  
Some seek the Beastial Mothers for Supply,  
And draw the Herds extended Udders dry;  
'Till Thirst, unfated with the milky Store,  
With lab'ring Lips drinks in the putrid Gore. 510  
Some strip the Leaves, and suck the Morning Dews;  
Some grind the Bark, the woody Branches bruise,  
And squeeze the Saplin's unconcocted Juice. }

Oh happy those, to whom the barb'rous Kings  
Left their envenom'd Floods, and tainted Springs! 515  
*Cæsar* be kind, and ev'ry Bane prepare,  
Which *Cretan* Rocks, or *Lybian* Serpents bear:  
The *Romans* to thy pois'nous Stream shall fly,  
And, conscious of the Danger, drink, and die.  
With secret Flames their with'ring Entrails burn, 520  
And fiery Breathings from their Lungs return;  
The shrinking Veins contract their purple Flood,  
And urge, laborious, on the beating Blood;  
The heaving Sighs thro' straiter Passes blow,  
And scorch the painful Palate as they go; 525  
The parch'd rough Tongue Night's humid Vapour draws,  
And restless rolls within the clammy Jaws;  
With gaping Mouths they wait the falling Rain,  
And want those Floods that lately spread the Plain.  
Vainly to Heav'n they turn their longing Eyes, 530  
And fix 'em on the dry relentless Skies.



Nor here by sandy *Africk* are they curst,  
Nor *Cancer*'s fult'ry Line enflames their Thirst;  
535 But to enhance their Pain, they view below,  
Where Lakes stand full, and plenteous Rivers flow;  
Between two Streams expires the panting Host,  
And in a Land of Waters are they lost.

Now prest by pinching Want's unequal Weight,  
540 The vanquish'd Leaders yield to adverse Fate:  
Rejecting Arms, *Afranius* seeks Relief,  
And sues submissive to the hostile Chief.  
Foremost himself, to *Cæsar*'s Camp he leads  
His famish'd Troops, a fainting Band succeeds.  
545 At length, in Presence of the Victor plac'd,  
A fitting Dignity his Gesture grac'd,  
That spoke his present Fortunes, and his past.  
With decent Mixture in his manly Mien,  
The Captive and the General were seen:  
550 Then with a free, secure, undaunted Breast,  
For Mercy thus his pious Suit he prest.

Had Fate and my ill Fortune laid me low,  
Beneath the Pow'r of some ungen'rous Foe;  
My Sword hung ready to protect my Fame,  
555 And this right Hand had sav'd my Soul from Shame:  
But now with Joy I bend my suppliant Knee,  
Life is worth asking, since 'tis giv'n by thee.  
No Party-Zeal our factious Arms inclines,  
No Hate of thee, or of thy bold Designs.  
560 War with its own Occasions came unsought,  
And found us on the Side for which we fought:



True to our Cause, as best becomes the Brave,  
Long as we cou'd, we kept that Faith we gave.  
Nor shall our Arms thy stronger Fate delay,  
Behold! our Yielding paves thy conqu'ring Way: 565  
The Western Nations all at once we give,  
Securely these behind thee sha't thou leave;  
Here while thy full Dominion stands confest,  
Receive it as an Earnest of the East.  
Nor this thy easie Victory disdain, 570  
Bought with no Seas of Blood, nor Hills of Slain;  
Forgive the Foes that spare thy Sword a Pain.  
Nor is the Boon for which we sue too great,  
The weary Soldier begs a last Retreat;  
In some poor Village, peaceful at the Plow, 575  
Let 'em enjoy the Life thou dost bestow.  
Think, in some Field, among the Slain we lie,  
And lost to thy Remembrance cast us by.  
Mix not our Arms in thy successful War,  
Nor let thy Captives in thy Triumph share. 580  
These unprevailing Bands their Fate have try'd,  
And prov'd that Fortune fights not on their Side.  
Guiltless to cease from Slaughter we implore,  
Let us not conquer with Thee, and we ask no more.  
He said. The Victor, with a gentler Grace, 585  
And Mercy soft'ning his severer Face,  
Bad his attending Foes their Fears dismiss,  
Go free from Punishment, and live in Peace.  
The Truce on equal Terms at length agreed,  
The Waters from the watchful Guard are freed; 590



Eager to drink, down rush the thirsty Croud,  
Hang o'er the Banks, and trouble all the Flood.  
Some, while too fierce the fatal Draughts they drain,  
Forget the gasping Lungs that heave in vain;  
595 No breathing Airs the choaking Channels fill,  
But ev'ry Spring of Life at once stands still.  
Some drink, nor yet the fervent Pest assuage,  
With wonted Fires their bloated Entrails rage;  
With bursting Sides each Bulk enormous heaves,  
600 While still for Drink th' insatiate Feaver craves.  
At length returning Health dispers'd the Pain,  
And lusty Vigour strung the Nerves again.  
Behold! ye Sons of Luxury, behold!  
Who scatter in Excess your lavish Gold;  
605 You who the Wealth of frugal Ages waste,  
T' indulge a wanton supercilious Taste;  
For whom all Earth, all Ocean are explor'd,  
To spread the various proud voluptuous Board:  
Behold! how little thrifty Nature craves,  
610 And what a cheap Relief the Lives of Thousands saves!  
No costly Wines these fainting Legions know,  
Mark'd by old Consuls many a Year ago;  
No waiting Slaves the precious Juices pour,  
From *Myrrhine* Goblets, or the Golden Ore:  
615 But with pure Draughts they cool the boiling Blood,  
And seek their Succour from the chrystal Flood.  
Who, but a Wretch, wou'd think it worth his Care,  
The Toils and Wickedness of War to share,  
When all we want thus easily we find?  
620 The Field and River can supply Mankind.

Dismiss'd,



Dismiss'd, and safe from Danger and Alarms,  
The Vanquish'd to the Victor quits his Arms;  
Guiltless from Camps, to Cities he repairs,  
And in his native Land forgets his Cares.  
There in his Mind he runs, repenting, o'er 625  
The tedious Toils and Perils once he bore;  
His Spear and Sword of Battle stand accurst,  
He hates the weary March, and parching Thirst;  
And wonders much, that e'er with pious Pain  
He pray'd so oft' for Victory in vain; 630  
For Victory! the Curse of those that win,  
The fatal End where still new Woes begin.  
Let the proud Masters of the horrid Field  
Count all the Gains their dire Successes yield;  
Then let 'em think what Wounds they yet must feel, 635  
E'er they can fix revolving Fortune's Wheel:  
As yet th' imperfect Task by halves is done,  
Blood, Blood remains, more Battles must be won,  
And many a heavy Labour undergone: }  
Still conqu'ring, to new Guilt they shall succeed, 640  
Where-ever restless Fate and *Cæsar* lead.  
How happier lives the Man to Peace assign'd,  
Amidst this gen'ral Storm that wrecks Mankind!  
In his own quiet House ordain'd to die,  
He knows the Place in which his Bones shall lie. 645  
No Trumpet warns him 'put his Harness on,  
Tho' faint, and all with Weariness fore-done:  
But when Night falls, he lies securely down,  
And calls the creeping Slumber all his own.



650 His kinder Fates the Warrior's Hopes prevent,  
And e'er the time, the wish'd Dismission sent;  
A lowly Cottage, and a tender Wife,  
Receive him in his early Days of Life;  
His Boys, a rustick Tribe, around him play,  
655 And homely Pleasures wear the vacant Day.  
No factious Parties here the Mind engage,  
Nor work th' imbitter'd Passions up to Rage;  
With equal Eyes the hostile Chiefs they view,  
To This their Faith, to That their Lives are due:  
660 To both oblig'd alike, no Part they take,  
Nor Vows for Conquest, nor against it, make.  
Mankind's Misfortunes they behold from far,  
Pleas'd to stand Neuter, while the World's at War.

But Fortune, bent to check the Victor's Pride,  
665 In other Lands forsook her *Cæsar's* Side;  
With changing Cheer the fickle Goddess frown'd,  
And for awhile her fav'rite Cause disown'd.  
Where *Adria's* swelling Surge *Salonæ* laves,  
And warm *Iader* rolls his gentle Waves,  
670 Bold in the brave *Curictan's* warlike Band,  
*Antonius* Camps upon the utmost Strand:  
Begirt around by *Pompey's* floating Pow'r,  
He braves the Navy from his well-fenc'd Shore.  
But while the distant War no more he fears,  
675 Famine, a worse, resistless Foe, appears:  
No more the Meads their grassy Pasture yield,  
Nor waving Harvests crown the yellow Field.  
On ev'ry verdant Leaf the Hungry feed,  
And snatch the Forage from the fainting Steed;

Then



Then rav'nous on their Camp's Defence they fall, 680  
And grind with greedy Jaws the turfy Wall.  
Near on the neighb'ring Coast at length they spy,  
Where *Basilus* with social Sails draws nigh;  
While led by *Dolabella's* bold Command,  
Their *Cæsar's* Legions spread th' *Illyrian* Strand : 685  
Strait with new Hopes their Hearts recov'ring beat,  
Aim to elude the Foe, and meditate Retreat.

Of wond'rous Form a vast Machine they build,  
New, and unknown upon the floating Field.  
Here, nor the Keel its crooked Length extends, 690  
Nor o'er the Waves the rising Deck ascends;  
By Beams and grappling Chains compacted strong,  
Light Skiffs, and Casks, two equal Rows prolong:  
O'er these, of solid Oak securely made,  
Stable and tight a Flooring firm is laid; 695  
Sublime, from hence, two planky Tow'rs run high,  
And nodding Battlements the Foe defie.  
Securely plac'd, each rising Range between,  
The lusty Rower plies his Task unseen.  
Meanwhile nor Oars upon the Sides appear, 700  
Nor swelling Sails receive the driving Air;  
But living seems the mighty Mafs to sweep,  
And glide self-mov'd athwart the yielding Deep.  
Three wond'rous Floats, of this enormous Size,  
Soon by the skillful Builder's Craft arise; 705  
The ready Warriors all aboard 'em ride,  
And wait the turn of the retiring Tide.  
Backward at length revolving *Tethys* flows,  
And ebbing Waves the naked Sands disclose;



710 Strait by the Stream the launching Piles are born,  
Shields, Spears, and Helms, their nodding Tow'rs adorn;  
Threat'ning they move in terrible Array,  
And to the deeper Ocean bend their way.

*Octavius* now, whose naval Pow'rs command  
715 *Adria's* rude Seas, and wide *Illyria's* Strand,  
Full in their Course his Fleet advancing stays,  
And each impatient Combatant delays:  
To the blue Offin wide he seems to bear,  
Hopeful to draw th' unwary Vessels near;  
720 Aloof he rounds 'em, eager on his Prey,  
And tempts 'em with an open roomy Sea.  
Thus when the wily Huntsman spreads his Nets,  
And with his ambient Toil the Wood besets;  
While yet his busie Hands, with skillful Care,  
725 The meshy Hayes and forky Props prepare;  
E'er yet the Deer the painted Plumage spy,  
Snuff the strong Odour from afar, and fly;  
His Mates, the *Cretan* Hound and *Spartan* bind,  
And muzzle all the loud *Molossian* Kind;  
730 The Quester only to the Wood they loose,  
Who silently the tainted Track pursues:  
Mute Signs alone the conscious Haunt betray,  
While fix'd he points, and trembles to the Prey.

'Twas at the Season when the fainting Light,  
735 Just in the Ev'ning's Close, brought on the Night;  
When the tall tow'ry Floats their Isle forsook,  
And to the Seas their Course, advent'rous, took.  
But now the fam'd *Cilician* Pyrates, skill'd  
In Arts and Warfare of the liquid Field,

Their



Their wonted Wiles and Stratagems provide, 740  
To aid their great acknowledg'd Victor's Side.  
Beneath the glassy Surface of the Main,  
From Rock to Rock they stretch a pond'rous Chain;  
Loosely the flacker Links suspended flow,  
T' enwrap the driving Fabricks as they go. 745  
Urg'd from within, and wafted by the Tide,  
Smooth o'er the Boom the first and second glide;  
The third the guileful latent Chain enfolds,  
And in his steely Grasp entwining holds :  
From the tall Rocks the shouting Victors roar, 750  
And drag the resty Captive to the Shore.  
For Ages past an ancient Cliff there stood,  
Whose bending Brow hung threat'ning o'er the Flood:  
A verdant Grove was on the Summit plac'd,  
And o'er the Waves a gloomy Shadow cast; 755  
While near the Base wide Hollows sink below,  
There roll huge Seas, and bell'wing Tempests blow;  
Thither what-e'er the greedy Waters drown,  
The Shipwreck, and the driving Corpse, are thrown:  
Anon the gaping Gulph the Spoil restores, 760  
And from his lowest Depths loud-spouting pours.  
Not rude *Charybdis* roars in Sounds like these,  
When thund'ring, with a burst, she spews the foamy Seas.  
Hither, with warlike *Opitergians* fraught,  
The third ill-fated Pris'ner Float was brought; 765  
The Foe, as at a Signal, speed their Way,  
And haste to compass in the destin'd Prey;  
The crouding Sails from ev'ry Station press,  
While armed Bands the Rocks and Shores possess.

Too



770 Too late the Chief, *Vulteius*, found the Snare,  
And strove to burst the Toil with fruitless Care:  
Driv'n by Despair at length, nor thinking yet  
Which way to Fight, or whither to Retreat,  
He turns upon the Foe; and tho' distrest,  
775 By Wiles entangled, and by Crouds opprest,  
With scarce a single Cohort to his Aid,  
Against the gath'ring Host a Stand he made.  
Fierce was the Combat fought, with Slaughter great,  
Tho' thus on Odds unequally they meet,  
780 One with a thousand match'd, a Ship against a Fleet.  
But soon on dusky Wings arose the Night,  
And with her friendly Shade restrains the Fight;  
The Combatants from War consenting cease,  
And pass the Hours of Darkness o'er in Peace.  
785 When to the Soldier, anxious for his Fate,  
And doubtful what Success the Dawn might wait,  
The brave *Vulteius* thus his Speech addrest,  
And thus compos'd the Cares of ev'ry beating Breast.  
My gallant Friends! whom our hard Fates decree,  
790 This Night, this short Night only, to be free;  
Think what remains to do, but think with haste,  
E'er the brief Hour of Liberty be past.  
Perhaps, reduc'd to this so hard Extream,  
Too short, to some, the Date of Life may seem;  
795 Yet know, brave Youths, that None untimely fall,  
Whom Death obeys, and comes but when they call.  
'Tis true, the neighb'ring Danger waits us nigh;  
We meet but that from which we cannot fly;  
Yet think not but with equal Praise we die.

Dark



Dark and uncertain is Man's future Doom, 800  
If Years, or only Moments are to come;  
All is but dying; he who gives an Hour,  
Or he who gives an Age, gives all that's in his Pow'r.  
Sooner, or late, all Mortals know the Grave,  
But to chuse Death distinguishes the Brave. 805  
Behold where, waiting round, yon hostile Band,  
Our Fellow-Citizens, our Lives demand.  
Prevent we then their cruel Hands, and bleed;  
'Tis but to do what is too fure decreed, }  
And where our Fate wou'd drag us on, to lead. } 810  
A great conspicuous Slaughter shall we yield,  
Nor lie the Carnage of a common Field;  
Where one ignoble Heap confounds the Slain,  
And Men, and Beasts, promiscuous strow the Plain.  
Plac'd on this Float by some diviner Hand, 815  
As on a Stage, for publick View we stand.  
*Illyria's* neighb'ring Shores, her Isles around,  
And ev'ry Cliff with Gazers shall be crown'd;  
The Seas, and Earth, our Virtue shall proclaim,  
And stand eternal Vouchers for our Fame; 820  
Alike the Foes and Fellows of our Cause,  
Shall mark the Deed, and join in vast Applause.  
Blest be thou, Fortune, that hast mark'd us forth,  
A Monument of unexampled Worth;  
To latest Times our Story shall be told, 825  
Ev'n rais'd beyond the noblest Names of Old,  
Distinguish'd Praise shall crown our daring Youth,  
Our pious Honour, and unshaken Truth.



Mean is our Off'ring, *Cæsar*, we confess;  
830 For such a Chief, what Soldier can do less?  
Yet oh! this faithful Pledge of Love receive!  
Take it, 'tis all that Captives have to give.  
Oh! that to make the Victim yet more dear,  
Our aged Sires, our Children had been here:  
835 Then with full Horreur shou'd the Slaughter rise,  
And blast our paler Foes' astonish'd Eyes;  
'Till aw'd beneath that Scorn of Death we wear,  
They bless the Time our Fellows 'scap'd their Snare:  
'Till with mean Tears our Fate the Cowards mourn,  
840 And tremble at the Rage with which we burn.  
Perhaps they mean our constant Souls to try,  
Whether for Life and Peace we may comply.  
Oh! grant, ye Gods! their Offers may be great,  
That we may gloriously disdain to treat,  
845 That this last Proof of Virtue we may give,  
And shew we die not now, because we cou'd not live.  
That Valour to no common Heights must rise,  
Which he, our God-like Chief himself shall Prize.  
Immortal shall our Truth for ever stand,  
850 If *Cæsar* thinks this little faithful Band  
A Loss, amidst the Host of his Command.  
For me, my Friends, my fix'd Resolve is ta'en,  
And Fate, or Chance, may proffer Life in vain;  
I scorn whatever Safety they provide,  
855 And cast the worthless trifling Thought aside.  
The sacred Rage of Death devours me whole,  
Reigns in my Heart, and triumphs in my Soul;



I see, I reach the Period of my Woe,  
And taste those Joys the Dying only know.  
Wisely the Gods conceal the wond'rous Good, 860  
Lest Man no longer shou'd endure his Load;  
Lest ev'ry Wretch like me from Life shou'd fly,  
Seize his own Happiness himself, and die.

He spoke. The Band his potent Tongue confest,  
And gen'rous Ardour burn'd in ev'ry Breast. 865  
No longer now they view, with wat'ry Eyes,  
The swift revolving Circle of the Skies;  
No longer think the setting Stars in haste,  
Nor wonder how *Böotes* moves so fast;  
But with high Hearts exulting all, and gay, 870  
They wish for Light, and call the tardy Day.  
Yet, nor the heav'nly *Axis* long delays,  
To roll the radiant Signs beneath the Seas;  
In *Leda's* Twins now rose the warmer Sun,  
And near the lofty *Crab* exalted shone; 875  
Swiftly Night's shorter Shades began to move,  
And to the West *Theffalian Chiron* drove.  
At length the Morning's purple Beams disclose  
The wide Horizon cover'd round with Foes;  
Each Rock and Shore the crouding *Istrians* keep, 880  
While *Greeks* and fierce *Liburnians* spread the Deep:  
When yet, e'er Fury lets the Battle loose,  
*Octavius* woo's 'em with the Terms of Truce:  
If hap'ly *Pompey's* Chains they chuse to wear,  
And Captive Life to instant Death prefer. 885  
But the brave Youth, regardless of his Might,  
Fierce in the Scorn of Life, and hating Light,

Fearless,



Fearless, and careless of whate'er may come,  
Resolv'd, and self-determin'd to their Doom;  
890 Alike disdain the threat'ning of the War,  
And all the flatt'ring Wiles their Foes prepare.  
Calmly the num'rous Legions round they view,  
At once by Land and Sea the Fight renew;  
Relief, or Friends, or Aid expect they none,  
895 But fix one certain Trust in Death alone.  
In Opposition firm awhile they stood,  
But soon were satisfy'd with hostile Blood.  
Then turning from the Foe, with gallant Pride,  
Is there a gen'rous Youth (*Vulteius* cry'd)  
900 Whose worthy Sword may pierce your Leader's Side?  
He said; and at the Word, from ev'ry Part,  
A hundred pointed Weapons reach'd his Heart;  
Dying he prais'd 'em all, but him the chief,  
Whose eager Duty brought the first Relief:  
905 Deep in his Breast he plung'd his deadly Blade,  
And with a grateful Stroke the friendly Gift repay'd.  
At once all rush, at once to Death they fly,  
And on each others Swords alternate die,  
Greedy to make the Mischief all their own,  
910 And arrogate the Guilt of War alone.  
A Fate like this did *Cadmus*' Harvest prove,  
When mortally the Earth-born Brethren strove;  
When by each others Hands of Life bereft,  
An Omen dire to future *Thebes* they left.  
915 Such was the Rage inspir'd the *Colchian* Foes,  
When from the Dragons wond'rous Teeth they rose;

When



When urg'd by Charms, and Magick's mystick Pow'r,  
 They dy'd their native Field with streaming Gore;  
 'Till ev'n the fell Enchantress stood dismay'd,  
 And wonder'd at the Mischiefs which she made. 920  
 Furies more fierce the dying *Romans* feel,  
 And with bare Breasts provoke the ling'ring Steel;  
 With fond Embraces catch the deadly Darts,  
 And press 'em plunging to their panting Hearts.  
 No Wound imperfect, for a second calls; 925  
 With certain Aim the sure Destruction falls.  
 This last best Gift, this one unerring Blow,  
 Sires, Sons, and Brothers mutually bestow;  
 Nor Piety, nor fond Remorse prevail,  
 And if they fear, they only fear to fail. 930  
 Here with red Streams the blushing Waves they stain,  
 Here dash their mangled Entrails in the Main.  
 Here with a last Disdain they view the Skies,  
 Shut out Heav'n's hated Light with scornful Eyes,  
 And with insulting Joy, the Victor Foe despise. } 935  
 At length the heapy Slaughter rose on high,  
 The hostile Chiefs the purple Pile descry;  
 And while the last accustom'd Rites they give,  
 Scarcely the unexampled Deed believe:  
 Much they admire a Faith by Death approv'd, 940  
 And wonder lawless Pow'r cou'd e'er be thus lov'd.

Wide thro' Mankind eternal Fame displays  
 This hardy Crew, this single Vessel's Praise.  
 But oh! the Story of the godlike Rage  
 Is lost, upon a vile, degen'rate Age; 945  
 The base, the slavish World will not be taught,  
 With how much Ease their Freedom may be bought.



Still Arbitrary Pow'r on Thrones commands,  
Still Liberty is gall'd by Tyrants Bands,  
950 And Swords in vain are trusted to our Hands.  
Oh! Death! thou pleasing End of human Woe,  
Thou Cure for Life, thou greatest Good below;  
Still may'st thou fly the Coward, and the Slave,  
And thy soft Slumbers only bless the Brave.  
955 Nor War's pernicious God less Havock yields,  
Where swarthy *Libya* spreads her Sun-burn'd Fields.  
For *Curio* now the stretching Canvass spread,  
And from *Sicilian* Shores his Navy led;  
To *Africk's* Coast he cuts the foamy Way,  
960 Where low the once victorious *Carthage* lay.  
There landing, to the well-known Camp he hies,  
Where from afar the distant Seas he spies;  
Where *Bagrada's* dull Waves the Sands divide,  
And slowly downward roll their sluggish Tide.  
965 From thence he seeks the Heights renown'd by Fame,  
And hallow'd by the great *Cornelian* Name:  
The Rocks and Hills which, long Traditions say,  
Were held by huge *Antæus'* horrid Sway.  
Here, as, by Chance, he lights upon the Place,  
970 Curious he tries the rev'rend Tale to trace.  
When thus, in short, the ruder *Libyans* tell,  
What from their Sires they heard, and how the Case befel.  
The teeming Earth, for ever fresh and young,  
Yet, after many a Gyant Son, was strong;  
975 When lab'ring, here, with the prodigious Birth,  
She brought her youngest-born *Antæus* forth.  
Of all the dreadful Brood which erst she bore,  
In none the fruitful Beldame glory'd more:



Happy for Those above she brought him not,  
 'Till after *Phlegra's* doubtful Field was fought. 980  
 That this, her Darling, might in Force excell,  
 A Gift she gave: whene'er to Earth he fell,  
 Recruited Strength he from his Parent drew,  
 And ev'ry slack'ning Nerve was strung anew.  
 Yon Cave his Den he made; where oft' for Food, 985  
 He snatch'd the Mother Lion's horrid Brood.  
 Nor Leaves, nor shaggy Hides his Couch prepar'd,  
 Torn from the Tyger, or the spotted Pard;  
 But stretch'd along the naked Earth he lies;  
 New Vigour still the native Earth supplies. 990  
 Whate'er he meets his ruthless Hands invade,  
 Strong in himself, without his Mother's Aid.  
 The Strangers that, unknowing, seek the Shore,  
 Soon a worse Shipwreck on the Land deplore.  
 Dreadful to all, with matchless Might he reigns, 995  
 Robs, spoils, and massacres the simple Swains,  
 And all unpeopled lye the *Libyan* Plains.  
 At length, around the trembling Nations spread,  
 Fame of the Tyrant to *Alcides* fled.  
 The Godlike Heroe, born, by *Jove's* decree, 1000  
 To set the Seas, and Earth, from Monsters free;  
 Hither in gen'rous Pity bent his Course,  
 And set himself to prove the Giant's Force.  
 Now met, the Combatants for Fight provide,  
 And either 'doffs the Lion's yellow Hide. 1005  
 Bright in *Olympick* Oil *Alcides* shone,  
*Antæus* with his Mother's Dust is strown,  
 And seeks her friendly Force to aid his own.

Now



Now seizing fierce their grasping Hands they mix,  
1010 And labour on the swelling Throat to fix;  
Their sin'wy Arms are writh'd in many a Fold,  
And Front to Front, they threaten stern and bold.  
Unmatch'd before, each bends a fullen Frown,  
To find a Force thus equal to his own.  
1115 At length the godlike Victor *Greek* prevail'd,  
Nor yet the Foe with all his Force assail'd.  
Faint dropping Sweats bedew the Monster's Brows,  
And panting thick with heaving Sides he blows;  
His trembling Head the slack'ning Nerves confess'd,  
1020 And from the Heroe shrunk his yielding Breast.  
The Conqueror pursues, his Arms entwine,  
Infolding gripe, and strain his crashing Chine,  
While his broad Knee bears forceful on his Groin.  
At once his falt'ring Feet from Earth he rends,  
1025 And on the Sands the mighty Length extends.  
The Parent Earth her vanquish'd Son deplores,  
And with a Touch his Vigour lost restores;  
From his faint Limbs the clammy Dews she drains,  
And with fresh Streams recruits his ebbing Veins;  
1030 The Muscles swell, the hard'ning Sinews rise,  
And bursting from th' *Herculean* Grasp he flies.  
Astonish'd at the Sight *Alcides* stood:  
Nor more he wonder'd, when in *Lerna's* Flood  
The dreadful Snake her falling Heads renew'd.  
1035 Of all his various Labours, none was seen  
With equal Joy by Heav'n's unrighteous Queen;  
Pleas'd she beheld, what Toil, what Pains he prov'd,  
He who had born the Weight of Heav'n unmov'd.

Sudden



Sudden again upon the Foe he flew,  
The falling Foe to Earth for Aid withdrew; 1040  
The Earth again her fainting Son supplies,  
And with redoubled Forces bids him rise:  
Her vital Pow'rs to succour him she sends,  
And Earth her self with *Hercules* contends.  
Conscious at length of such unequal Fight, 1045  
And that the Parent Touch renew'd his Might,  
No longer sha't thou fall, *Alcides* cry'd,  
Henceforth the Combat standing shall be try'd;  
If thou wo't lean, to me alone incline,  
And rest upon no other Breast but mine. 1050  
He said; and as he saw the Monster stoop,  
With mighty Arms aloft he rears him up:  
No more the distant Earth her Son supplies,  
Lock'd in the Hero's strong Embrace he lyes;  
Nor thence dismiss'd, nor trusted to the Ground, 1055  
'Till Death in ev'ry frozen Limb was found.

Thus, fond of Tales, our Ancestors of Old  
The Story to their Childrens Children told;  
From thence a Title to the Land they gave,  
And call'd this hollow Rock *Antæus'* Cave. 1060  
But greater Deeds this rising Mountain grace,  
And *Scipio's* Name ennobles much the Place;  
While fixing here his famous Camp, he calls  
Fierce *Hannibal* from *Rome's* devoted Walls.  
As yet the mould'ring Works remain in view, 1065  
Where dreadful once the *Latian* Eagles flew.

Fond of the prosperous victorious Name,  
And trusting Fortune wou'd be still the same,



Hither his hapless Ensigns *Curio* leads,  
1070 And here his unauspicious Camp he spreads.  
A fierce superior Foe his Arms provoke,  
And rob the Hills of all their ancient Luck.  
O'er all the *Roman* Pow'rs in *Libya's* Land,  
Then *Atius Varus* bore supream Command;  
1075 Nor trusting in the *Latian* Strength alone,  
With foreign Force he fortify'd his own;  
Summon'd the swarthy Monarchs all from far,  
And call'd remotest *Juba* forth to War.  
O'er many a Country runs his wide Command,  
1080 To *Atlas* huge, and *Gades'* Western Strand;  
From thence to horned *Ammon's* Fane renown'd,  
And the waste *Syrts* unhospitable Bound:  
Southward as far he Reigns, and Rules alone  
The fult'ry Regions of the burning Zone.  
1085 With him, unnumber'd Nations march along,  
Th' *Autololes* with wild *Numidians* throng;  
The rough *Getulian*, with his ruder Steed;  
The *Moor*, resembling *India's* swarthy Breed;  
Poor *Nasamon's*, and *Garamantines* join'd,  
1090 With swift *Marmaridans* that match the Wind;  
The *Mazax*, bred the trembling Dart to throw,  
Sure as the Shaft that leaves the *Parthian* Bow;  
With these *Massyliæ's* nimble Horsemen ride,  
They, nor the Bit, nor curbing Rein provide,  
1095 But with light Rods the well-taught Courser guide.  
From lonely Cots the *Libyan* Hunters came,  
Who still unarm'd invade the Salvage Game,  
And with spread Mantles tawny Lions tame.

But



But not *Rome's* Fate, nor civil Rage alone,  
Incite the Monarch *Pompey's* Cause to own; 1100  
Stung by resenting Wrath the War he fought,  
And deep Displeasures past by *Curio* wrought.  
He, when the Tribune's sacred Pow'r he gain'd,  
When Justice, Laws, and Gods were all prophan'd,  
At *Juba's* ancient Scepter aim'd his Hate, 1105  
And strove to rob him of his Royal Seat:  
From a just Prince wou'd tear his native Right,  
While *Rome* was made a Slave to lawless Might.  
The King, revolving Causes from afar,  
Looks on himself as Party to the War. 1110  
That Grudge, too well remembring, *Curio* knew;  
To this he joins, his Troops to *Cæsar* new,  
None of those old experienc'd faithful Bands,  
Nurs'd in his Fear, and bred to his Commands;  
But a loose, neutral, light, uncertain Train, 1115  
Late with *Corfinium's* Captive Fortrefs ta'en,  
That wav'ring pause, and doubt for whom to strike,  
Sworn to both Sides, and true to both alike.  
The careful Chief beheld, with anxious Heart,  
The faithless Centinels each Night desert: 1120  
Then thus, resolving, to himself he cry'd.  
By daring Shews our greatest Fears we hide:  
Then let me haste to bid the Battle join,  
And lead my Army, while it yet is mine;  
Leisure and Thinking still to Change incline. 1125  
Let War, and Action, busie Thought controul,  
And find a full Employment for the Soul.

When



When with drawn Swords determin'd Soldiers stand,  
When Shame is lost, and Fury prompts the Hand,  
1130 What Reason then can find a Time to pause,  
To weigh the diff'ring Chiefs, and juster Cause?  
That Cause seems only just for which they fight,  
Each likes his own, and All are in the Right.  
On Terms like these, within th' appointed Space,  
1135 Bold Gladiators, Gladiators face:  
Unknowing why, like fiercest Foes they greet,  
And only hate, and kill, because they meet.

He said, and rang'd his Troops upon the Plain,  
While Fortune met him with a Semblance vain,  
1140 Cov'ring her Malice keen, and all his future Pain.  
Before him *Varus*' vanquish'd Legions yield,  
And with dishonest Flight forsake the Field;  
Expos'd to shameful Wounds their Backs he views,  
And to their Camp the fearful Rout pursues.

1145 *Juba* with Joy the mournful News receives,  
And haughty in his own Success believes.  
Careful his Foes in Error to maintain,  
And still preserve 'em Confident, and Vain;  
Silent he marches on in secret fort,  
1150 And keeps his Numbers close from loud Report.  
*Sabbura*, great in the *Numidian* Race,  
And second to their swarthy King in Place,  
First with a chosen slender Band precedes,  
And seemingly the Force of *Juba* leads:  
1155 While hidden he, the Prince himself, remains,  
And in a secret Vale his Host constrains.

Thus



Thus oft' th' *Ichneumon*, on the Banks of *Nile*,  
 Invades the deadly *Aspick* by a Wile;  
 While artfully his slender Tail is plaid,  
 The Serpent darts upon the dancing Shade; 1160  
 Then turning on the Foe with swift Surprise,  
 Full at his Throat the nimble Seizer flies:  
 The gasping Snake expires beneath the Wound,  
 His gushing Jaws with pois'nous Floods abound,  
 And shed the fruitless Mischief on the Ground. 1165  
 Nor Fortune fail'd to favour his Intent,  
 But crown'd the Fraud with prosperous Event.  
*Curio*, unknowing of the hostile Pow'r,  
 Commands his Horse the doubtful Plain to scour,  
 And ev'n by Night the Regions round explore. 1170  
 Himself, tho' oft' forewarn'd by friendly Care,  
 Of *Punick* Arts, and Danger to beware,  
 Soon as the Dawn of early Day was broke,  
 His Camp, with all the moving Foot, forsook.  
 It seem'd, Necessity inspir'd the Deed, 1175  
 And Fate requir'd the daring Youth shou'd bleed.  
 War, that curst War which he himself begun,  
 To Death and Ruin drove him headlong on.  
 O'er devious Rocks, long time, his Way he takes,  
 Thro' rugged Paths, and rude encumb'ring Brakes; 1180  
 'Till, from afar, at length the Hills disclose,  
 Assembling on their Heights his distant Foes.  
 Oft' hasty Flight with swift Retreat they feign,  
 To draw th' unwary Leader to the Plain.  
 He, rash and ignorant of *Libyan* Wiles, 1185  
 Wide o'er the naked Champian spreads his Files;



When, sudden, all the circling Mountains round  
With numberless *Numidians* thick are crown'd;  
At once the rising Ambush stands confess'd,  
1190 And Dread strikes cold on ev'ry *Roman* Breast.  
Helpless they view th' impending Danger nigh,  
Nor can the Valiant fight, nor Coward fly.  
The weary Horse neglects the Trumpet's Sound,  
Nor with impatient Ardour paws the Ground;  
1195 No more he champs the Bit, nor tugs the Rein,  
Nor pricks his Ears, nor shakes his flowing Mane:  
With foamy Sweat his smoking Limbs are spread,  
And all o'er-labour'd hangs his heavy Head;  
Hoarse, and with Pantings thick, his Breath he draws,  
1200 While roapy Filth begrimes his clammy Jaws;  
Careless the Rider's heart'ning Voice he hears,  
And motionless the wounding Spur he bears.  
At length by Swords, and goading Darts compell'd,  
Dronish he drags his Load across the Field;  
1205 Nor once attempts to Charge, but drooping goes,  
To bear his dying Lord amidst his Foes.  
Not so, the *Libyans* fierce their Onset make;  
With thund'ring Hoofs the sandy Soil they shake;  
Thick o'er the Battle wavy Clouds arise,  
1210 As when thro' *Thrace*, *Bistonian Boreas* flies,  
Involves the Day in Dust, and darkens all the Skies.  
And now the *Latian* Foot, encompass'd round,  
Are massacred, and trodden to the Ground;  
None in Resistance vainly prove their Might,  
1215 But Death is all the Business of the Fight.



Thicker than Hail the steely Show'rs descend;  
 Beneath the Weight the falling *Romans* bend.  
 On ev'ry Side the shrinking Front grows less,  
 And to the Centre madly all they press:  
 Fear, Uproar, and Dismay increase the Cry,  
 Crushing, and crush'd, an armed Croud they die;  
 Ev'n thronging on their Fellows Swords they run,  
 And the Foes' Business by themselves is done.  
 But the fierce *Moors* disdain a Croud shou'd share  
 The Praise of Conquest, or the Task of War:  
 Rivers of Blood they wish, and Hills of Slain,  
 With mangled Carcasses to strow the Plain.

1220

1225

Genius of *Carthage*! rear thy drooping Head,  
 And view thy Fields with *Roman* Slaughter spread.  
 Behold, oh *Hannibal*, thou hostile Shade!  
 A large Amends by Fortune's Hand is made,  
 And the lost *Punick* Blood is well repay'd.  
 Thus do the Gods the Cause of *Pompey* bless?  
 Thus! is it thus, they give our Arms Success?  
 Take, *Africk*, rather take the horrid Good,  
 And make thy own Advantage of our Blood.

} 1230  
}

1235

The Dust, at length, in crimson Floods was laid,  
 And *Curio* now the dreadful Field survey'd.  
 He saw 'twas lost, and knew it vain to strive,  
 Yet bravely scorn'd to fly, or to survive;  
 And tho' thus driv'n to Death, he met it well,  
 And in a Croud of dying *Romans* fell.

1240

Now what avail thy pop'lar Arts and Fame,  
 Thy restless Mind that shook thy Country's Frame;

Thy



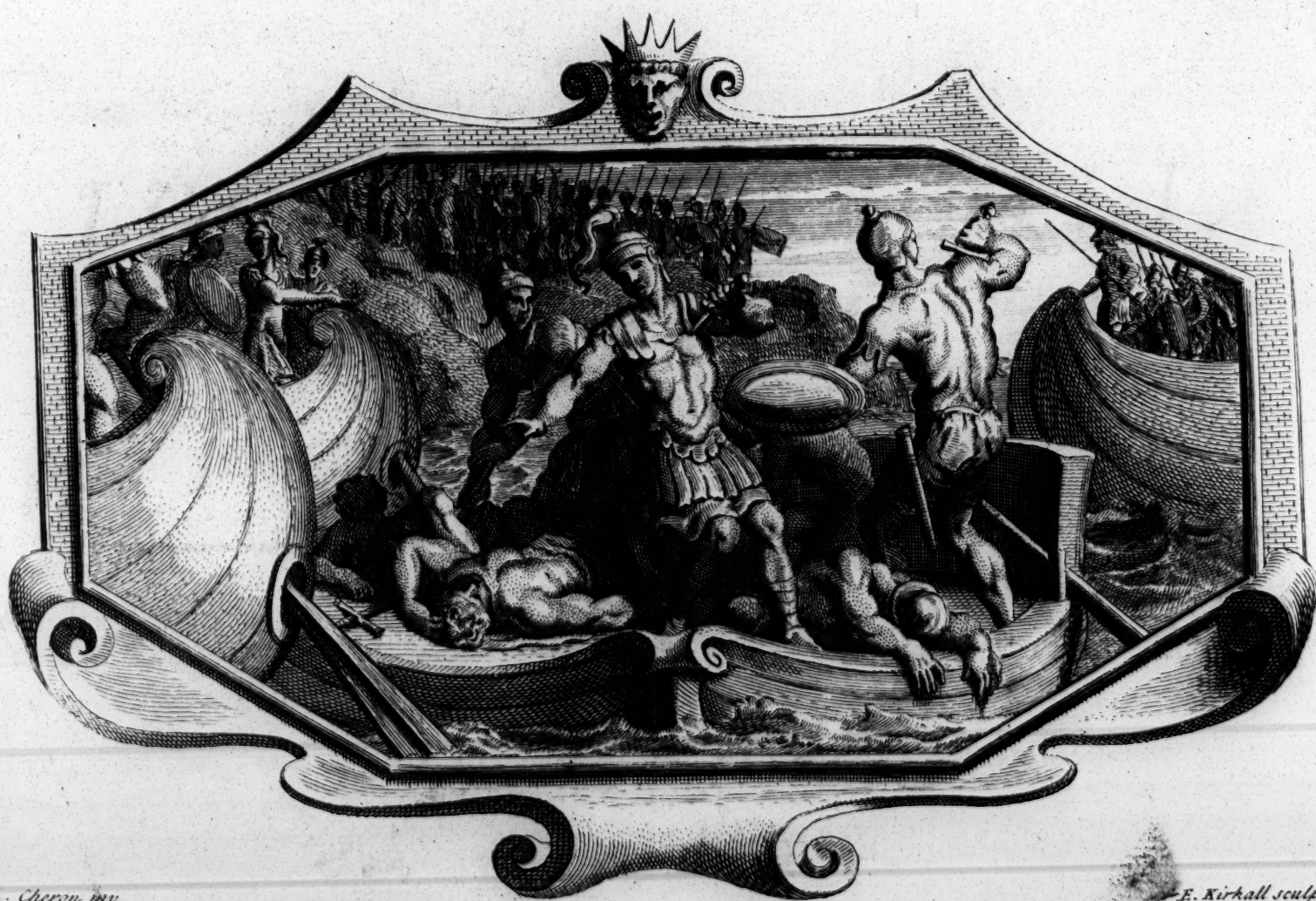
- 1245 Thy moving Tongue that knew so well to charm,  
And urge the madding Multitude to arm?  
What boots it, to have sold the Senate's Right,  
And driv'n the furious Leaders on to Fight?  
Thou the first Victim of thy War art slain,  
1250 Nor sha't thou see *Pharsalia's* fatal Plain.  
Behold! ye potent Troublers of the State,  
What wretched Ends on curst Ambition wait!  
See! where, a Prey, unbury'd *Curio* lyes,  
To ev'ry Fowl that wings the *Libyan* Skies.  
1255 Oh! were the Gods as gracious, as severe,  
Were Liberty, like Vengeance, still their Care;  
Then, *Rome*! what Days, what People might'st thou see,  
If Providence wou'd equally decree,  
To punish Tyrants, and preserve thee Free.  
1260 Nor yet, oh gen'rous *Curio*! shall my Verse  
Forget, thy Praise, thy Virtues, to rehearse:  
Thy Virtues, which with envious Time shall strive,  
And to succeeding Ages long survive.  
In all our pregnant Mother's Tribes, before,  
1265 A Son of nobler Hope she never bore:  
A Soul more bright, more great she never knew,  
While to thy Country's Int'rest thou wer't true.  
But thy bad Fate o'er-rul'd thy native Worth,  
And in an Age abandon'd brought thee forth;  
1270 When Vice in Triumph thro' the City pass'd,  
And dreadful Wealth and Pow'r laid all Things waste.  
The sweeping Stream thy better Purpose cross'd,  
And in the headlong Torrent wer't thou lost.



Much to the Ruin of the State was done,  
 When *Curio* by the *Gallick* Spoils was won;  
*Curio*, the Hope of *Rome*, and her most worthy Son.  
 Tyrants of Old, whom former Times record,  
 Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murd'ring Sword;  
*Sylla* whom such unbounded Pow'r made proud;  
*Marius*, and *Cinna*, red with *Roman* Blood;  
 Ev'n *Cæsar*'s mighty Race who Lord it now,  
 Before whose Throne the Subject Nations bow,  
 All bought that Pow'r which lavish *Curio* sold,  
*Curio*, who barter'd Liberty for Gold.

1275

1280



L. Cheron inv.

E. Kirkall sculp.



Much to the Ruin of the State was done;  
When Cato by the Gates of Hell was won;  
Cato, the Hope of Rome, and her most worthy Son;  
Tyrant of Old, whose former Times record  
Who rild, and ravag'd with the murdering sword;  
Kills whom such unbounded Pow'r made proud;  
Marius, and Cato, and with Roman Blood;  
Ev'n Cato's mighty Race who Lord it now;  
Before whose Throne the Subject Nations bow;  
All bought that Pow'r which with Cato sold;  
Cato, who purchas'd Liberty for Gold.





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THE  
FIFTH BOOK  
OF  
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*In Epirus the Consuls assemble the Senate, who unanimously appoint Pompey General of the War against Cæsar, and decree publick Thanks to the several Princes and States who assisted the Commonwealth. Appius, at that Time Prætor of Achaia, consults the Oracle of Delphos, concerning the Event of the Civil War. And, upon this Occasion, the Poet goes into a Digression concerning the Origine, the manner of the Delivery, and the present Silence of that Oracle. From Spain, Cæsar returns into Italy, where he quells a Mutiny in his Army, and punishes the Offenders. From Placentia, where this Disorder happen'd, he orders 'em to march to Brundisium; where, after a short Turn to Rome, and assuming the Consulship, or rather the Supreme Power, he joins them himself. From Brundisium, tho' it was then the middle of Winter, he transports Part of his Army by Sea to Epirus, and lands at Palæste. Pompey, who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Cæsar's Arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, march'd that Way: On the Banks of the River Apfus, they met and encamp'd close together. Cæsar was not yet join'd by that part of his Troops which he had left behind him at Brundisium, under the Command of Mark Anthony; and being uneasie at his Delays, leaves his Camp by Night, and ventures over a tempestuous Sea in a small Bark to hasten the Transport. Upon Cæsar's joining his Forces together; Pompey perceiv'd that the War wou'd now probably be soon decided by a Battle: and upon that Consideration, resolv'd to send his Wife to expect the Event at Lesbos. Their Parting, which is extreamly moving, concludes this Book.*





# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## BOOK V.



HUS equal, Fortune holds a while  
the Scale,  
And bids the Leading Chiefs by turns  
prevail;  
In doubt the Goddess, yet, their Fate  
detains,

And keeps 'em for *Emathia's* fatal Plains.

And now the setting *Pleiades* grew low,  
The Hills stood hoary in *December's* Snow;  
The solemn Season was approaching near,  
When other Names, renew'd the *Fasti* wear,  
And double *Janus* leads the coming Year.

The Consuls, while their Rods they yet maintain'd,  
While, yet, some shew of Liberty remain'd,  
With Missives round the scatter'd Fathers greet,  
And in *Epirus* bid the Senate meet.

Y y

There



There the great Rulers of the *Roman* State,  
15 In foreign Seats, consulting, meanly fate.  
No Face of War the grave Assembly wears,  
But civil Pow'r in peaceful Pomp appears :  
The Purple Order to their Place resort,  
While waiting Lictors guard the crouded Court.

20 No Faction these, nor Party, seem to be,  
But a full Senate, legal, just, and free.

Great, as he is, here *Pompey* stands confest  
A private Man, and one among the rest.

Their mutual Groans, at length, and Murmurs cease,  
25 And ev'ry mournful Sound is hush'd in Peace ;  
When from the Consular distinguish'd Throne,  
Sublimely rais'd, thus *Lentulus* begun.

If yet our *Roman* Virtue is the same,  
Yet worthy of the Race from which we came,  
30 And emulates our great Forefathers' Name,  
Let not our Thoughts, by sad Remembrance led,  
Bewail those captive Walls from whence we fled.

This Time demands that to our selves we turn,  
Nor, Fathers, have we Leisure now to mourn ;

35 But let each early Care, each honest Heart,  
Our Senate's sacred Dignity assert.

To all around proclaim it, wide, and near,  
That Pow'r which Kings obey, and Nations fear,  
That only Legal Pow'r of *Rome*, is here.

40 For whether to the Northern *Bear* we go,  
Where pale she glitters o'er eternal Snow ;  
Or whether in those fult'ry Climes we burn,  
Where Night and Day with equal Hours return ;



The World shall still acknowledge us it's Head,  
And Empire follow wheresoe'er we lead. 45  
When *Gallick* Flames the burning City felt,  
At *Veie* *Rome* with her *Camillus* dwelt.  
Beneath forsaken Roofs proud *Cæsar* reigns,  
Our vacant Courts, and silent Laws constrains;  
While Slaves, obedient to his Tyrant Will, 50  
Outlaws, and Profligates, his Senate fill;  
With him a banish'd guilty Croud appear,  
All that are Just and Innocent are here.  
Dispers'd by War, tho' guiltless of its Crimes,  
Our Order yielded to these impious Times; 55  
At length returning each from his Retreat,  
In happy Hour the scatter'd Members meet.  
The Gods, and Fortune greet us on the Way,  
And with the World lost *Italy* repay.  
Upon *Illyria*'s favourable Coast, 60  
*Vulteius* with his furious Band are lost;  
While in bold *Curio*, on the *Libyan* Plain,  
One half of *Cæsar*'s Senators lye slain.  
March Then, ye Warriors! second Fate's Design,  
And to the leading Gods your Ardour join. 65  
With equal Constancy to Battle come,  
As when you shunn'd the Foe, and left your native *Rome*.  
The Period of the Consuls Pow'r is near,  
Who yield our *Fasces* with the ending Year:  
But you, ye Fathers, whom we still obey, 70  
Who rule Mankind with undetermin'd Sway,  
Attend the publick Weal, with faithful Care,  
And bid our greatest *Pompey* lead the War.



In loud Applause the pleas'd Assembly join,  
75 And to the glorious Task the Chief assign:  
His Country's Fate they trust to him alone,  
And bid him fight *Rome's* Battles, and his own.  
Next, to their Friends their Thanks are dealt around,  
And some with Gifts, and some with Praise are crown'd:  
80 Of these, the Chief are *Rhodes*, by *Phæbus* lov'd,  
And *Sparta* rough, in Virtue's Lore approv'd.  
Of *Athens* much they speak; *Massilia's* Aid,  
Is with her Parent *Phocis'* Freedom pay'd.  
*Deiotarus* his Truth they much commend,  
85 Their still unshaken faithful *Asian* Friend.  
Brave *Cotys*, and his valiant Son they grace,  
With bold *Rhasipolis* from stormy *Thrace*.  
While gallant *Juba* justly is decreed  
To his paternal Scepter to succeed.  
90 And thou too, *Ptolomy* (unrighteous Fate!)  
Wer't rais'd unworthy to the Regal State;  
The Crown upon thy perjur'd Temples shone,  
That once was born by *Philip's* Godlike Son.  
O'er *Ægypt* shakes the Boy his cruel Sword,  
95 (Oh! that he had been only, *Ægypt's* Lord!)  
But the dire Gift more dreadful Mischiefs wait,  
While *Lagos'* Scepter gives him *Pompey's* Fate:  
Preventing *Cæsar's*, and his Sister's Hand,  
He seiz'd his Parricide, and her Command.  
100 Th' Assembly rose, and all on War intent  
Bustle to Arms, and blindly wait th' Event.  
*Appius* alone, impatient to be taught,  
With what the threat'ning future Times were fraught,

With



With busie Curiosity explores

The dreadful Purpose of the heav'nly Pow'rs.

105

To *Delphos* strait he flies, where long the God

In Silence had possess'd his close Abode;

His Oracles had long been known to cease,

And the Prophetick Virgin liv'd in Peace.

Between the ruddy West and Eastern Skies,

110

In the mid-Earth *Parnassus*' Tops arise:

To *Phæbus*, and the chearful God of Wine,

Sacred in common stands the Hill divine.

Still as the third revolving Year comes round,

The *Mænades*, with leafy Chaplets crown'd,

The double Deity in solemn Songs resound.

} 115

When, o'er the World, the Deluge wide was spread,

This only Mountain rear'd his lofty Head;

One rising Rock, preserv'd, a Bound was giv'n,

Between the vasty Deep, and ambient Heav'n.

120

Here, to revenge long-vex'd *Latona*'s Pain,

*Python* by infant *Pæan*'s Darts was slain,

While yet the Realm was held by *Themis*' righteous Reign.

}

But when the God perceiv'd, how from below

The conscious Caves diviner Breathings blow,

125

How Vapours cou'd unfold th' Enquirer's Doom,

And talking Winds cou'd speak of Things to come;

Deep in the Hollows plunging he retir'd,

There, with foretelling Fury first inspir'd,

From thence the Prophet's Art, and Honours he acquir'd.

} 130

So runs the Tale. And oh! what God indeed

Within this gloomy Cavern's Depth is hid?

What Pow'r Divine forsakes the Heav'n's fair Light,

To dwell with Earth, and everlasting Night?



- 135 What is this Spirit, potent, wise, and great,  
Who daigns to make a Mortal Frame his Seat;  
Who the long Chain of secret Causes knows;  
Whose Oracles the Years to come disclose;  
Who thro' Eternity at once foresees,  
140 And tells that Fate which he himself decrees?  
Part of that Soul, perhaps, which moves in all,  
Whose Energy informs the pendant Ball,  
Thro' this dark Passage seeks the Realms above,  
And strives to re-unite it self to *Jove*.  
145 Whate'er the *Demon*, when he stands confest  
Within his raging Priestess' panting Breast,  
Dreadful his Godhead from the Virgin breaks,  
And thund'ring from her foamy Mouth he speaks.  
Such is the Burst of bell'wing *Ætna's* Sound,  
150 When fair *Sicilia's* Pastures shake around;  
Such from *Inarimè Typhæus* roars,  
While rattling Rocks bestrew *Campania's* Shores.  
The lift'ning God, still ready with Replies,  
To none his Aid, or Oracle denies;  
155 Yet wise and righteous ever, scorns to hear  
The Fool's fond Wishes, or the Guilty's Pray'r;  
Tho', vainly, in repeated Vows they trust,  
None e'er find Grace before him, but the Just.  
Oft to a banish'd, wand'ring, houseless Race,  
160 The sacred Dictates have assign'd a Place.  
Oft from the strong he saves the weak in War:  
This Truth, ye *Salaminian* Seas declare!  
And heals the barren Land, and Pestilential Air.  
Of all the Wants with which this Age is curst,  
165 The *Delphick* Silence surely is the worst.



But Tyrants, justly fearful of their Doom,  
Forbid the Gods to tell us what's to come.  
Meanwhile, the Prophetess may well rejoice,  
And bless the ceasing of the sacred Voice:  
Since Death too oft her holy Task attends,  
And immature her dreadful Labour ends.  
Torn by the fierce distracting Rage she springs,  
And dies beneath the God for whom she sings.

170

These silent Caves, these *Tripods* long unmov'd,  
Anxious for *Rome*, inquiring *Appius* prov'd:  
He bids the Guardian of the dread Abode,  
Send in the trembling Priestess to the God.  
The rev'rend Sire the *Latian* Chief obey'd,  
And sudden seis'd the unsuspecting Maid,  
Where careless in the peaceful Grove she stray'd.  
Dismay'd, aghast, and pale he drags her on;  
She stops, and strives the fatal Task to shun:  
Subdu'd by Force, to Fraud and Art she flies,  
And, thus to turn the *Roman's* Purpose tries.  
What curious Hopes thy wand'ring Fancy move,  
The silent *Delphick* Oracle to prove?

175

180

In vain, *Ausonian Appius*, art thou come;  
Long has our *Phæbus* and his Cave been dumb.  
Whether, disdain'g us, the sacred Voice  
Has made some other distant Land its choice;  
Or whether, when the fierce Barbarians' Fires  
Low in the Dust had laid our lofty Spires,  
In Heaps the smould'ring Ashes heavy rod,  
And choak'd the Channels of the breathing God:  
Or whether, Heav'n no longer gives Replies,  
But bids the *Sibylls* mystick Verse suffice;

185

190

195

Or



Or if he daigns not this bad Age to bear,  
And holds the World unworthy of his Care;  
Whate'er the Cause, our God has long been mute,  
200 And answers not to any Suppliant's Sute.

But ah! too well her Artifice is known,  
Her Fears confess the God, whom they disown.  
Howe'er, each Rite she seemingly prepares;  
A Fillet gathers up her foremost Hairs;  
205 While the white Wreath and Bays her Temples bind,  
And knit the looser Locks which flow behind.  
Sudden, the stronger Priest, tho' yet she strives,  
The ling'ring Maid within the Temple drives:  
But still she fears, still shuns the dreadful Shrine,  
210 Lags in the outer Space, and feigns the Rage divine.  
But far unlike the God, her calmer Breast  
No strong Enthusiastick Throes confess;  
No Terrours in her starting Hairs were seen,  
To cast from off her Brow the wreathing Green;  
215 No broken Accents half obstructed hung,  
Nor swelling Murmurs roll her lab'ring Tongue.  
From her fierce Jaws no sounding Horrors come,  
No Thundersbellow thro' the working Foam,  
To rend the spacious Cave, and shake the vaulted Dome.

220 Too plain, the peaceful Groves and Fane betray'd  
The wily, fearful, God-difsembling Maid.  
The furious *Roman* soon the Fraud espy'd,  
And, Hope not thou to scape my Rage, he cry'd;  
Sore shalt thou rue thy fond Deceit, profane,  
225 (The Gods and *Appius* are not mock'd in vain)  
Unless thou cease thy mortal Sounds to tell,  
Unless thou plunge thee in the mystick Cell,

Unless



Unless the Gods themselves reveal the Doom,  
Which shall befall the warring World, and *Rome*.

He spoke, and aw'd by the superior Dread, 230  
The trembling Priests to the *Tripod* fled:

Close to the holy breathing Vent she cleaves,  
And largely the unwonted God receives.

Nor Age the potent Spirit had decay'd,  
But with full Force he fills the heaving Maid; 235

Nor e'er so strong inspiring *Pæan* came,  
Nor stretch'd, as now, her agonizing Frame:  
The mortal Mind driv'n out forsook her Breast,  
And the sole Godhead ev'ry Part possess.

Now swell her Veins, her turgid Sinews rise, 240  
And bounding Frantick thro' the Cave she flies;  
Her bristling Locks the wreathy Fillet scorn,  
And her fierce Feet the tumbling *Tripods* spurn.

Now wild she dances o'er the vacant Fane,  
And whirls her giddy Head, and bellows with the Pain. 245

Nor yet the less, th' avenging wrathful God,  
Pours in his Fires, and shakes his founding Rod:

He lashes now, and goads her on amain;  
And now he checks her stubborn to the Rein,  
Curbs in her Tongue, just lab'ring to disclose, 250  
And speak that Fate which in her Bosome glows.

Ages on Ages throng, a painful Load,  
Myriads of Images, and Myriads croud;  
Men, Times, and Things, or present, or to come,  
Work lab'ring up and down, and rage for Room. 255

Whatever is, shall be, or e'er has been,  
Rolls in her Thought, and to her Sight is seen.



- The Ocean's utmost Bounds her Eyes explore,  
And number ev'ry Sand on ev'ry Shore;  
260 Nature, and all her Works, at once they see,  
Know when she first begun, and when her End shall be.  
And as the *Sibyll* once in *Cumæ's* Cell,  
When vulgar Fates she proudly ceas'd to tell,  
The *Roman* Destiny distinguish'd took,  
265 And kept it careful in her sacred Book;  
So now, *Phemonœ*, in Crouds of Thought,  
The single Doom of *Latian Appius* fought.  
Nor in that Mass, where Multitudes abound,  
A private Fortune can with Ease be found.  
270 At length her foamy Mouth begins to flow,  
Groans more distinct, and plainer Murmurs go;  
A doleful Houl the roomy Cavern shook,  
And thus the calmer Maid in fainting Accents spoke.  
While guilty Rage the World tumultuous rends,  
275 In Peace for thee, *Eubæa's* Vale attends;  
Thither, as to thy Refuge, shalt thou fly,  
There find Repose, and unmolested lye.  
She said; the God her lab'ring Tongue suppress,  
And in eternal Darkness veil'd the rest.  
280 Ye sacred *Tripods*, on whose Doom we wait!  
Ye Guardians of the future Laws of Fate!  
And thou, oh! *Phæbus*, whose Prophetick Skill  
Reads the dark Counsels of the heav'nly Will;  
Why did your wary Oracles refrain,  
285 To tell what Kings, what Heroes must be slain,  
And how much Blood the blushing Earth shou'd stain?



Was it that yet, the Guilt was undecreed?  
That yet our *Pompey* was not doom'd to bleed?  
Or chose you wisely, rather, to afford,  
A just Occasion to the Patriot's Sword?  
As if you fear'd t' avert the Tyrant's Doom,  
And hinder *Brutus* from avenging *Rome*?

290

Thro' the wide Gates at length by Force display'd,  
Impetuous fallies the Prophetick Maid;  
Nor yet the holy Rage was all suppress'd,  
Part of the God still heaving in her Breast:  
Urg'd by the *Demon*, yet she rolls her Eyes,  
And wildly wanders o'er the spacious Skies.  
Now horrid Purple flushes in her Face,  
And now a livid Pale supplies the Place;  
A double Madness paints her Cheeks by turns,  
With Fear she freezes, and with Fury burns:  
Sad breathing Sighs with heavy Accent go,  
And doleful from her fainting Bosome blow.  
So when no more the Storm sonorous sings,  
But noisic *Boreas* hangs his weary Wings;  
In hollow Groans the falling Winds complain,  
And murmur o'er the hoarse-resounding Main.

295

300

305

Now by degrees the Fire *Ætherial* fail'd,  
And the dull human Sense again prevail'd;  
While *Phæbus*, sudden, in a murky Shade,  
Hid the past Vision from the mortal Maid.  
Thick Clouds of dark Oblivion rise between,  
And snatch away at once the wond'rous Scene;  
Stretch'd on the Ground the fainting Priestess lies,  
While to the *Tripod*, back, th' informing Spirit flies.

310

315

Mean<sup>a</sup>



Meanwhile, fond *Appius*, erring in his Fate,  
 Dream'd of long Safety, and a neutral State;  
 And, e'er the great Event of War was known,  
 320 Fix'd on *Eubæan Chalcis* for his own.  
 Fool! to believe that Pow'r cou'd ward the Blow,  
 Or snatch thee from amidst the gen'ral Woe!  
 In Times like these, what God but Death can save?  
 The World can yield no Refuge, but the Grave.  
 325 Where struggling Seas *Charystos* rude constrains,  
 And, dreadful to the proud, *Rhamnusia* reigns;  
 Where by the whirling Current Barks are tost  
 From *Chalcis* to unlucky *Aulis*' Coast;  
 There shalt thou meet the Gods appointed Doom,  
 330 A private Death, and long-remember'd Tomb.  
 To other Wars the Victor now succeeds,  
 And his proud Eagles from *Iberia* leads:  
 When the chang'd Gods his Ruin seem to threat,  
 And cross the long successful Course of Fate.  
 335 Amidst his Camp, and fearless of his Foes,  
 Sudden he saw where inborn Dangers rose:  
 He saw those Troops that long had faithful stood,  
 Friends to his Cause, and Enemies to Good,  
 Grown weary of their Chief, and fatiated with Blood.  
 340 Whether the Trumpet's Sound too long had ceas'd,  
 And Slaughter slept in unaccustom'd Rest:  
 Or whether, arrogant by Mischief made,  
 The Soldier held his Guilt but half repay'd:  
 Whilst Avarice and Hope of Bribes prevail,  
 345 Turn against *Cæsar*, and his Cause, the Scale,  
 And set the mercenary Sword to sale.

Nor



Nor, e'er before, so truly cou'd he read  
 What Dangers strow those Paths the Mighty tread.  
 Then, first, he found on what a faithless Base  
 Their nodding Tow'rs Ambition's Builders place: 350  
 He who so late, a potent Faction's Head,  
 Drew in the Nations, and the Legions led;  
 Now stript of all, beheld in ev'ry Hand  
 The Warriors Weapons at their own Command;  
 Nor Service now, nor Safety they afford, 355  
 But leave him single to his Guardian Sword.  
 Nor is this Rage the Grumbling of a Croud,  
 That shun to tell their Discontents aloud;  
 Where all with gloomy Looks suspicious go,  
 And Dread of an Informer choaks their Woe: 360  
 But, bold in Numbers, proudly they appear,  
 And scorn the bashful mean Restraints of Fear.  
 For Laws, in great Rebellions, lose their End,  
 And all go free, when Multitudes offend.

Among the rest, one thus: At length 'tis time 365  
 To quit thy Cause, oh *Cæsar*! and our Crime:  
 The World around for Foes thou hast explor'd,  
 And lavishly expos'd us to the Sword;  
 To make Thee great, a worthless Croud we fall,  
 Scatter'd o'er *Spain*, o'er *Italy*, and *Gaul*; 370  
 In ev'ry Clime beneath the spacious Sky,  
 Our Leader conquers, and his Soldiers die.  
 What boots our March beneath the frozen Zone,  
 Or that lost Blood which stains the *Rhine* and *Rhone*?  
 When scarr'd with Wounds, and worn with Labours } 375  
 We come with hopes of Recompence prepar'd, [hard, }  
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 Thou giv'st us War, more War, for our Reward.



Tho' purple Rivers in thy Cause we spilt,  
And stain'd our horrid Hands in ev'ry Guilt;  
380 With unavailing Wickedness we toil'd,  
In vain the Gods, in vain the Senate spoil'd;  
Of Virtue, and Reward, alike bereft,  
Our pious Poverty is all we've left.  
Say to what height thy daring Arms wou'd rise?  
385 If *Rome's* too little, what can e'er suffice?  
Oh see at length! with Pity, *Cæsar*, see  
These with'ring Arms, these Hairs grown white for thee.  
In painful Wars our joyless Days have past,  
Let weary Age lye down in Peace at last;  
390 Give us, on Beds, our dying Limbs to lay,  
And figh, at Home, our parting Souls away.  
Nor think it much we make the bold Demand,  
And ask this wond'rous Favour at thy Hand:  
Let our poor Babes, and weeping Wives be by,  
395 To close our drooping Eyelids when we die.  
Be merciful, and let Disease afford  
Some other way to die, beside the Sword;  
Let us no more a common Carnage burn,  
But each be laid in his own decent Urn.  
400 Still wo't thou urge us ignorant and blind,  
To some more monstrous Mischief yet behind?  
Are we the only Fools, forbid to know  
How much we may deserve by one fure Blow?  
Thy Head, thy Head is ours, whene'er we please;  
405 Well has thy War inspir'd such Thoughts as these:  
What Laws, what Oaths can urge their feeble Bands,  
To hinder these determin'd daring Hands?

That



That *Cæsar*, who was once ordain'd our Head,  
When to the *Rhine* our lawful Arms he led,  
Is now no more our Chieftain, but our Mate; 410  
Guilt equal, gives Equality of State.  
Nor shall his foul Ingratitude prevail,  
Nor weigh our Merits in his partial Scale;  
He views our Labours with a scornful Glance,  
And calls our Victories the Works of Chance: 415  
But his proud Heart, henceforth, shall learn to own,  
His Pow'r, his Fate, depends on us alone.  
Yes, *Cæsar*, spight of all those Rods that wait,  
With mean obsequious Service, on thy State;  
Spight of thy Gods, and thee, the War shall cease, 420  
And we thy Soldiers will command a Peace.

He spoke, and fierce tumultuous Rage inspir'd,  
The kindling Legions round the Camp were fir'd,  
And with loud Cries their absent Chief requir'd. }

Permit it thus, ye righteous Gods, to be; 425  
Let wicked Hands fulfill your great Decree;  
And since lost Faith, and Virtue are no more,  
Let *Cæsar*'s Bands the publick Peace restore.  
What Leader had not now been chill'd with Fear,  
And heard this Tumult with the last Despair? 430  
But *Cæsar*, form'd for Perils hard and great,  
Headlong to drive, and brave opposing Fate;  
While yet with fiercest Fires their Furies flame,  
Secure, and scornful of the Danger, came.  
Nor was he wroth to see the Madness rise, 435  
And mark the Vengeance threat'ning in their Eyes:

With



With Pleasure cou'd he crown their curst Designs,  
With Rapes of Matrons, and the Spoils of Shrines;  
Had they but ask'd it, well he cou'd approve  
440 The Waste, and Plunder of *Tarpeian Jove*:  
No Mischief he, no Sacrilege, denies,  
But wou'd himself bestow the horrid Prize.  
With Joy he sees their Souls by Rage possess'd,  
Sooths and indulges ev'ry frantick Breast,  
445 And only fears what Reason may suggest.  
Still, *Cæsar*, wo't thou tread the Paths of Blood?  
Wo't thou, thou singly! hate thy Country's Good?  
Shall the rude Soldier first of War complain,  
And teach thee to be pitiful in vain?  
450 Give o'er at length, and let thy Labours cease,  
Nor vex the World, but learn to suffer Peace.  
Why should'st thou force each, now, unwilling Hand,  
And drive 'em on to Guilt by thy Command?  
When ev'n relenting Rage it self gives place,  
455 And fierce *Enyo* seems to shun thy Face.  
High on a turfy Bank the Chief was rear'd,  
Fearless, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;  
Around the Croud he cast an angry Look,  
And dreadful, thus with Indignation spoke.  
460 Ye noisie Herd! who in so fierce a Strain  
Against your absent Leader dare complain:  
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he stands,  
And braves the Malice of your threat'ning Hands.  
Here find your End of War, your long-sought Rest,  
465 And leave your useless Swords in *Cæsar's* Breast.

But



But wherefore urge I the bold Deed to you?  
 To rail, is all your feeble Rage can do.  
 In grumbling Factions are you bold and loud,  
 Can sow Sedition, and increase a Croud;  
 You! who can loath the Glories of the Great,  
 And poorly meditate a base Retreat.  
 But, hence! begone, from Victory and me,  
 Leave me to what my better Fates decree:  
 New Friends, new Troops, my Fortune shall afford,  
 And find a Hand for ev'ry vacant Sword.  
 Behold, what Crouds on flying *Pompey* wait,  
 What Multitudes attend his abject State!  
 And shall Success, and *Cæsar*, droop the while?  
 Shall I want Numbers to divide the Spoil,  
 And reap the Fruits of your forgotten Toil?  
 Legions shall come to end the bloodless War,  
 And shouting follow my triumphal Car.  
 While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd Race,  
 Shall view our Honours with a downward Face,  
 And curse your selves in secret as we pass.  
 Can your vain Aid, can your departing Force,  
 With-hold my Conquest, or delay my Course?  
 So trickling Brooks their Waters may deny,  
 And hope to leave the mighty Ocean dry;  
 The Deep shall still be full, and scorn the poor Supply.  
 Nor think such vulgar Souls as yours were giv'n,  
 To be the Task of Fate, and Care of Heav'n:  
 Few are the Lordly, the distinguish'd Great,  
 On whom the watchful Gods, like Guardians, wait:

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495 The rest for common Use were all design'd,  
An unregarded Rabble of Mankind.  
By my auspicious Name, and Fortune, led,  
Wide o'er the World your conqu'ring Arms were spread,  
But say, what had you done, with *Pompey* at your Head?  
500 Vast was the Fame by *Labienus* won,  
When rank'd amidst my warlike Friends, he shon:  
Now mark, what follows on his faithless Change,  
And see him with his Chief new-chosen range;  
By Land, and Sea, where-e'er my Arms he spies,  
505 An ignominious Runagate he flies.  
Such shall you prove. Nor is it worth my Care,  
Whether to *Pompey's* Aid your Arms you bear:  
Who quits his Leader, wheresoe'er he go,  
Flies like a Traytor, and becomes my Foe.  
510 Yes, ye great Gods! your kinder Care I own,  
You made the Faith of these false Legions known:  
You warn me well to change these coward Bands,  
Nor trust my Fate to such betraying Hands.  
And thou too, Fortune, point'it me out the Way,  
515 A mighty Debt, thus, cheaply to repay:  
Henceforth my Care regards my self alone,  
War's glorious Gain shall now be all my own.  
For you, ye vulgar Herd, in Peace return,  
My Ensigns shall by manly Hands be born.  
520 Some few of you, my Sentence here shall wait,  
And warn succeeding Factions by your Fate.  
Down! groveling down to Earth, ye Traytors, bend,  
And with your prostrate Necks, my Doom attend.

And



And you, ye younger Striplings of the War;  
You, whom I mean to make my future Care;  
Strike home! to Blood, to Death, inure your Hands,  
And learn to execute my dread Commands.

525

He spoke; and at th' imperious Sound dismay'd,  
The trembling unresisting Croud obey'd:

No more their late Equality they boast,  
But bend beneath his Frown, a suppliant Host.

530

Singly secure, he stands confess'd their Lord,  
And rules, in spite of him, the Soldier's Sword.

Doubtful, at first, their Patience he surveys,

And wonders why each haughty Heart obeys;

535

Beyond his Hopes he sees the Stubborn bow,

And bare their Breasts obedient to the Blow;

'Till ev'n his cooler Thoughts the Deed disclaim,

And wou'd not find their fiercer Souls so tame.

A few, at length, selected from the rest,

540

Bled for Example, and the Tumult ceas'd:

While the consenting Host the Victims view'd,

And, in that Blood, their broken Faith renew'd.

Now to *Brundisium's* Walls he bids 'em tend,  
Where ten long Days their weary Marches end;

545

There he commands assembling Barks to meet,

And furnish from the neighb'ring Shores his Fleet.

Thither the crooked Keels from *Leuca* glide,

From *Taras* old, and *Hydrus'* winding Tide;

Thither with swelling Sails their way they take,

550

From lowly *Sipus*, and *Salapia's* Lake;

From where *Apulia's* fruitful Mountains rise,

Where high along the Coast *Garganus* lyes,

And beating Seas, and fighting Winds defies.

Mean-



555 Meanwhile the Chief to *Rome* directs his Way,  
Now fearful, aw'd, and fashion'd to his Sway.  
There, with mock Pray'rs, the suppliant Vulgar wait,  
And urge on him the great Dictator's State.  
Obedient he, since thus their Wills ordain,  
560 A gracious Tyrant condescends to Reign.  
His mighty Name the joyful *Fasti* wear,  
Worthy to usher in the curst *Pharsalian* Year.  
Then was the time, when Sycophants began  
To heap all Titles on one Lordly Man;  
565 Then learn'd our Sires that fawning lying Strain,  
Which we, their flavish Sons, so well retain:  
Then, first, were seen to join, an ill-match'd Pair,  
The Ax of Justice, with the Sword of War;  
Fasces, and Eagles, mingling, march along,  
570 And in proud *Cæsar*'s Train promiscuous throng.  
And while all Pow'rs in him alone unite,  
He mocks the People with the Shews of Right.  
The *Martian* Field th' assembling Tribes receives,  
And each his unregarded Suffrage gives;  
575 Still with the same Solemnity of Face,  
The rev'rend Augur seems to fill his Place:  
Tho' now he hears not when the Thunders rowl,  
Nor sees the Flight of the ill-boding Owl.  
Then sunk the State and Dignity of *Rome*,  
580 Thence monthly Consuls nominally come:  
Just as the Sov'raign bids, their Names appear,  
To head the Calendar, and mark the Year.  
Then too, to finish out the Pageant Show,  
With formal Rites to *Alban Jove* they go;

By



By Night the Festival was huddled o'er, 585  
 Nor cou'd the God, unworthy, ask for more;  
 He who look'd on, and saw such foul Disgrace,  
 Such Slavery befall his *Trojan* Race.

Now, *Cæsar*, like the Flame that cuts the Skies, } 590  
 And swifter than the vengeful Tygres, flies,  
 Where waste and overgrown *Apulia* lies;  
 O'er-passing soon the rude abandon'd Plains,  
*Brundisium's* crooked Shores, and *Cretan* Walls he gains.  
 Loud *Boreas* there his Navy close confines,  
 While wary Seamen dread the wint'ry Signs. 595  
 But he, th' impatient Chief, disdains to spare,  
 Those Hours that better may be spent in War:  
 He grieves to see his ready Fleet with-held,  
 While others boldly plow the wat'ry Field.  
 Eager to rouse their Sloth, Behold, (he cries) } 600  
 The constant Wind that rules the wint'ry Skies,  
 With what a settled Certainty it flies!  
 Unlike the wanton fickle Gales, that bring  
 The cloudy Changes of the faithless Spring.  
 Nor need we now to Shift, to Tack, and Veer; 605  
 Steddy the friendly North commands to steer.  
 Oh! that the Fury of the driving Blast  
 May swell the Sail, and bend the lofty Mast.  
 So, shall our Navy soon be wafted o'er,  
 E'er yon *Phœacian* Gallies dip the Oar, } 610  
 And intercept the wish'd-for *Grecian* Shore.  
 Cut ev'ry Cable then, and haste away;  
 The waiting Winds and Seas upbraid our long Delay.



Low in the West the setting Sun was laid,  
615 Up rose the Night in glitt'ring Stars array'd,  
And Silver *Cynthia* cast a length'ning Shade;  
When loosing from the Shore the moving Fleet,  
All Hands at once unfurl the spreading Sheet;  
The flacker Tacklings let the Canvass flow,  
620 To gather all the Breath the Winds can blow.  
Swift, for a while, they scud before the Wind,  
And leave *Hesperia*'s less'ning Shores behind;  
When, lo! the dying Breeze begins to fail,  
And flutters on the Mast the flagging Sail:  
625 The duller Waves with slower Heavings creep,  
And a dead Calm benums the lazy Deep.  
As when the Winter's potent Breath constrains  
The *Scythian Euxine* in her icy Chains;  
No more the *Bosphori* their Streams maintain,  
630 Nor rushing *Ister* heaves the languid Main;  
Each Keel inclos'd, at once forgets its Course,  
While o'er the new-made Champion bounds the Horse  
Bold on the chrystal Plains the *Thracians* ride,  
And print with sounding Heels the stable Tide.  
635 So still a Form th' *Ionian* Waters take,  
Dull as the muddy Marsh and standing Lake:  
No Breezes o'er the curling Surface pass,  
Nor Sun-beams tremble in the liquid Glafs;  
No usual Turns revolving *Tethys* knows,  
640 Nor with alternate Rollings ebbs and flows:  
But sluggish Ocean sleeps in stupid Peace,  
And weary Nature's Motion seems to cease.

With



With diff'ring Eyes the hostile Fleets beheld  
The falling Winds, and uselefs wat'ry Field.  
There *Pompey's* daring Prows attempt, in vain,  
To plow their Passage thro' th' unyielding Main;  
While, pinch'd by Want, proud *Cæsar's* Legions here  
The dire Distress of meagre Famine fear.

645

With Vows unknown before they reach the Skies,  
That Waves may dash, and mounting Billows rise;  
That Storms may with returning Fury reign,  
And the rude Ocean be it self again.

650

At length the still, the sluggish Darkness fled,  
And cloudy Morning rear'd its low'ring Head.

The rolling Flood the gliding Navy bore,  
And Hills appear'd to pass upon the Shore.

655

Attending Breezes waft 'em to the Land,  
And *Cæsar's* Anchors bite *Palæste's* Strand.

In neighb'ring Camps the hostile Chiefs sit down,  
Where *Genusus* the swift, and *Apsus* run;  
Among th' ignobler Croud of Rivers, these  
Soon lose their Waters in the mingling Seas:  
No mighty Streams, nor distant Springs they know,  
But rise from muddy Lakes, and melting Snow.

660

Here meet the Rivals who the World divide,  
Once by the tend'rest Bands of Kindred ty'd.

665

The World with Joy their Interview beheld,  
Now only parted by a single Field.

Fond of the hopes of Peace, Mankind believe,  
Whene'er they come thus near, they must forgive.

670

Vain Hopes! for soon they part to meet no more,  
'Till both shall reach the curst *Ægyptian* Shore;

'Till



'Till the proud Father shall in Arms succeed,  
And see his vanquish'd Son untimely bleed;  
675 'Till he beholds his Ashes on the Strand,  
Views his pale Head within a Villain's Hand;  
'Till *Pompey's* Fate shall *Cæsar's* Tears demand.

The latter, yet, his eager Rage restrains,  
While *Antony* the ling'ring Troops detains.  
680 Repining much, and griev'd at Wars delay,  
Impatient *Cæsar* often chides his Stay,  
Oft' he is heard to threat, and humbly oft' to pray.

Still shall the World (he cries) thus anxious wait?  
Still wo't thou stop the Gods, and hinder Fate?  
685 What cou'd be done before, was done by me:  
Now ready Fortune only stays for thee.  
What holds thee then? Do Rocks thy Course withstand?  
Or *Libyan Syrts* oppose their faithless Strand?  
Or dost thou fear new Dangers to explore?

690 I call thee not, but where I pass'd before.  
For all those Hours thou lovest, I complain,  
And sue to Heav'n for prosp'rous Winds in vain.  
My Soldiers (often has their Faith been try'd)  
If not with-held, had hasten'd to my Side.  
695 What Toil, what Hazards will they not partake?  
What Seas and Shipwrecks scorn, for *Cæsar's* sake?  
Nor will I think the Gods so partial are,  
To give thee fair *Ausonia* for thy Share;  
While *Cæsar*, and the Senate, are forgot,  
700 And in *Epirus* bound their barren Lot.

In Words like these, he calls him oft' in vain,  
And thus the hasty Missives oft' complain.



At length the lucky Chief, who oft' had found  
What vast Success his rather Darings crown'd;  
Who saw how much the fav'ring Gods had done, 705  
Nor wou'd be wanting, when they urg'd him on;  
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious Stay,  
Resolves by Night to prove the doubtful Way :  
Bold in a single Skiff he means to go,  
And tempt those Seas that Navies dare not plow. 710

'Twas now the time when Cares and Labour cease,  
And ev'n the Rage of Arms was hush'd to Peace:  
Snatch'd from their Guilt and Toil, the Wretched lay,  
And slept the founder for the painful Day.  
Thro' the still Camp the Night's third Hour resounds, 715  
And warns the second Watches to their Rounds;  
When thro' the Horrors of the murky Shade,  
Secret the careful Warrior's Footsteps tread.  
His Train, unknowing, slept within his Tent,  
And Fortune only follow'd where he went. 720  
With silent Anger he perceiv'd, around,  
The sleepy Centinels bestrew the Ground:  
Yet unreprieving, now, he pass'd 'em o'er,  
And fought with eager haste the winding Shore.  
There, thro' the Gloom, his searching Eyes explor'd, 725  
Where to the mould'ring Rock a Bark was moor'd.  
The mighty Master of this little Boat,  
Securely slept within a neighb'ring Cot :  
No massy Beams support his humble Hall,  
But Reeds and marshy Rushes wove the Wall; 730  
Old shatter'd Planking for a Roof was spread,  
And cover'd in from Rain the needy Shed.



- Thrice on the feeble Door the Warrior strook,  
Beneath the Blow the trembling Dwelling shook.
- 735 What Wretch forlorn (the poor *Amyclas* cries)  
Driv'n by the raging Seas, and stormy Skies,  
To my poor lowly Roof for Shelter flies?  
He spoke; and hasty left his homely Bed,  
With oozy Flags and with'ring Sea-weed spread.
- 740 Then from the Hearth the smoaking Match he takes,  
And in the Tow the drowzy Fire awakes;  
Dry Leaves, and Chips, for Fuel, he supplies,  
'Till kindling Sparks, and glitt'ring Flames arise.  
Oh happy Poverty! thou greatest Good,
- 745 Bestow'd by Heav'n, but seldom understood!  
Here, nor the cruel Spoiler seeks his Prey,  
Nor ruthless Armies take their dreadful Way:  
Security thy narrow Limits keeps,  
Safe are thy Cottages, and sound thy Sleeps.
- 750 Behold! ye dangerous Dwellings of the Great,  
Where Gods, and Godlike Princes chuse their Seat;  
See in what Peace the poor *Amyclas* lies,  
Nor starts, tho' *Cæsar*'s Call commands to rise.  
What Terrors had you felt that Call to hear?
- 755 How had your Tow'rs and Ramparts shook with Fear,  
And trembled, as the mighty Man drew near!  
The Door unbarr'd: Expect (the Leader said)  
Beyond thy Hopes, or Wishes, to be pay'd;  
If on this instant Hour thou waft me o'er,
- 760 With speedy haste, to yon' *Hesperian* Shore.  
No more shall Want thy weary Hand constrain,  
To work thy Bark upon the boist'rous Main:

Hence-



Henceforth good Days and Plenty shall betide ;

The Gods and I, will for thy Age provide.

A glorious Change attends thy low Estate,

Sudden and mighty Riches round thee wait ;

Be wise, and use the lucky Hour of Fate.

} 765  
}

Thus he ; and tho' in humble Vestments dress'd,

Spite of himself, his Words his Pow'r express'd,

And *Cæsar* in his Bounty stood confess'd.

} 770  
}

To him the wary Pilot thus replies :

A thousand Omens threaten from the Skies ;

A thousand boding Signs my Soul affright,

And warn me not tempt the Seas by Night.

In Clouds the setting Sun obscur'd his Head,

775

Nor painted o'er the ruddy West with Red :

Now North, now South, he shot his parted Beams,

And tipp'd the fullen Black with golden Gleams :

Pale shone his middle Orb with faintish Rays,

And suffer'd mortal Eyes at ease to gaze.

780

Nor rose the silver Queen of Night serene,

Supine and dull her blunted Horns were seen,

With foggy Stains, and cloudy Blots between.

}  
}

Dreadful awhile she shone all fiery Red,

Then sicken'd into Pale, and hid her drooping Head.

785

Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow Roar,

In leafy Groves, and on the sounding Shore.

In various Turns the doubtful Dolphins play,

And thwart, and run across, and mix their way.

The Cormorants the wat'ry Deep forsake,

790

And soaring Hens avoid the plashy Lake ;

While,



While, wadling on the Margin of the Main,  
The Crow bewets her, and prevents the Rain.  
Howe'er, if some great Enterprize demand,  
795 Behold, I proffer thee my willing Hand:  
My vent'rous Bark the troubled Deep shall try,  
To thy wish'd Port her plunging Prow shall ply,  
Unless the Seas resolve to beat us by.

He spoke, and spread his Canvass to the Wind,  
800 Unmoor'd his Boat, and left the Shore behind.  
Swift flew the nimble Keel; and as they past,  
Long Trails of Light the shooting Meteors cast;  
Ev'n the fix'd Fires above in Motion seem,  
Shake thro' the Blast, and dart a quiv'ring Beam;  
805 Black Horrors on the gloomy Ocean brood,  
And in long Ridges rolls the threat'ning Flood;  
While loud and louder murmuring Winds arise,  
And growl from ev'ry Quarter of the Skies.

When thus the trembling Master, pale with Fear,  
810 Behold what Wrath the dreadful Gods prepare;  
My Art is at a loss; the various Tide  
Beats my unstable Bark on ev'ry Side:  
From the Norwest the setting Current swells,  
While Southern Storms the driving Rack foretells.

815 Howe'er it be, our purpos'd Way is lost,  
Nor can one Relick of our Wreck be tost  
By Winds, like these, on fair *Hesperia's* Coast.  
Our only means of Safety is to yield,  
And measure back with haste the foamy Field;  
820 To give our unsuccessful Labour o'er,  
And reach, while yet we may, the neighb'ring Shore.

But



But *Cæsar*, still superior to Distress,  
Fearless, and confident of sure Success,  
Thus to the Pilot loud----The Seas despise,  
And the vain Threat'ning of the noisie Skies. 825  
Tho' Gods deny thee yon' *Ausonian* Strand;  
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my Command.  
Thy Ignorance alone can cause thy Fears,  
Thou know'st not what a Freight thy Vessel bears;  
Thou know'st not I am He, to whom 'tis giv'n 830  
Never to want the Care of watchful Heav'n.  
Obedient Fortune waits my humble Thrall,  
And always ready comes before I call.  
Let Winds, and Seas, loud Wars at freedom wage,  
And waste upon themselves their empty Rage; 835  
A stronger, mightier *Demon* is thy Friend,  
Thou, and thy Bark, on *Cæsar's* Fate depend.  
Thou stand'st amaz'd to view this dreadful Scene;  
And wonder'st what the Gods and Fortune mean!  
But artfully their Bounties thus they raise, 840  
And from my Dangers arrogate new Praise;  
Amidst the Fears of Death they bid me live,  
And still inhance what they are sure to give.  
Then leave yon' Shore behind with all thy haste,  
Nor shall this idle Fury longer last. 845  
Thy Keel auspicious shall the Storm appease,  
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer Seas,  
And reach *Brundisium's* safer Port with Ease.  
Nor can the Gods ordain another now,  
'Tis what I want, and what they must bestow. 850



Thus while in vaunting Words the Leader spoke,  
Full on his Bark the thund'ring Tempest strook;  
Off rips the rending Canvass from the Mast,  
And whirling flits before the driving Blast;  
855 In ev'ry Joint the groaning Alder sounds,  
And gapes wide-opening with a thousand Wounds.  
Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,  
From ev'ry Quarter roars the rushing Wind:  
First from the wide *Atlantick* Ocean's Bed,  
860 Tempestuous *Corus* rears his dreadful Head;  
Th' obedient Deep his potent Breath controuls,  
And, Mountain-high, the foamy Flood he rolls.  
Him the North-East incount'ring-fierce defy'd,  
And back rebuffetted the yielding Tide.  
865 The curling Surges loud conflicting meet,  
Dash their proud Heads, and bellow as they beat;  
While piercing *Boreas*, from the *Scythian* Strand,  
Plows up the Waves, and scoops the lowest Sand.  
Nor *Eurus* then, I ween, was left to dwell,  
870 Nor show'ry *Notus*, in th' *Æolian* Cell;  
But each from ev'ry Side, his Pow'r to boast,  
Rang'd his proud Forces, to defend his Coast.  
Equal in Might, alike they strive in vain,  
While in the midst the Seas unmov'd remain:  
875 In lesser Wars they yield to stormy Heav'n,  
And captive Waves to other Deeps are driv'n;  
The *Tyrrhen* Billows dash *Ægean* Shores,  
And *Adria* in the mix'd *Ionian* roars.  
How then must Earth the swelling Ocean dread,  
880 When Floods ran higher than each Mountain's Head!

Subject,



Subject, and low the trembling Beldame lay,  
And gave her self for lost, the conqu'ring Water's Prey.  
What other Worlds, what Seas unknown before,  
Then drove their Billows on our beaten Shore!  
What distant Deeps, their Prodigies to boast, 885  
Heav'd their huge Monsters on th' *Ausonian* Coast!  
So when avenging *Jove* long time had hurl'd,  
And tir'd his Thunders on a harden'd World;  
New Wrath, the God, new Punishment display'd,  
And call'd his wat'ry Brother to his Aid: 890  
Offending Earth to *Neptune's* Lot he join'd,  
And bad his Floods no longer stand confin'd;  
At once the Surges o'er the Nations rise,  
And Seas are only bounded by the Skies.  
Such now the spreading Deluge had been seen, 895  
Had not th' Almighty Ruler stood between;  
Proud Waves, the Cloud-compelling Sire obey'd,  
Confess'd his Hand suppressing, and were stay'd.  
Nor was that Gloom the common Shade of Night,  
The friendly Darkness, that relieves the Light; 900  
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,  
A murky Vapour breath'd from yawning Hell:  
So thick the mingling Seas and Clouds were hung,  
Scarce cou'd the struggling Light'ning gleam along.  
Thro' Nature's Frame the dire Convulsion strook, 905  
Heav'n groan'd, the lab'ring Poles and Axis shook:  
Uproar, and *Chaos* old, prevail'd again,  
And broke the sacred Elemental Chain:  
Black Fiends, unhallow'd, fought the blest Abodes,  
Profan'd the Day, and mingled with the Gods. 910



One only Hope, when ev'ry other fail'd,  
With *Cæsar*, and with Nature's self, prevail'd;  
The Storm that fought their Ruin prov'd 'em strong,  
Nor cou'd they fall, who stood that Shock so long.  
915 High as *Leucadia's* less'ning Cliffs arise,  
On the tall Billow's Top the Vessel flies;  
While the pale Master, from the Surge's Brow,  
With giddy Eyes surveys the Depth below.  
When strait the gaping Main at once divides,  
920 On naked Sands the rushing Bark subsides,  
And the low liquid Vale the Topmast hides.  
The trembling Shipman, all distraught with Fear,  
Forgets his Course, and knows not how to steer;  
No more the useless Rudder guides the Prow,  
925 To meet the rolling Swell, or shun the Blow.  
But lo! the Storm it self Assistance lends,  
While one Assaults, another Wave defends:  
This lays the sidelong Alder on the Main,  
And that restores the leaning Bark again.  
930 Obedient to the mighty Winds she plies,  
Now seeks the Depths, and now invades the Skies;  
There born aloft, she apprehends no more,  
Or shoaly *Sason*, or *Thessalia's* Shore;  
High Hills she dreads, and Promontories now,  
935 And fears to touch *Ceraunia's* airy Brow.  
At length the universal Wreck appear'd,  
To *Cæsar's* self, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.  
Why all these Pains, this Toil of Fate (he cries)  
This Labour of the Seas, and Earth, and Skies?



All Nature, and the Gods at once alarm'd, 940  
Against my little Boat and me are arm'd.  
If, oh ye Pow'rs Divine! your Will decrees  
The Glory of my Death to these rude Seas;  
If warm, and in the fighting Field to die,  
If that, my first of Wishes, you deny; 945  
My Soul no longer at her Lot repines,  
But yields to what your Providence assigns.  
Tho' immature I end my glorious Days,  
Cut short my Conquest, and prevent new Praise;  
My Life, already, stands the noblest Theme, 950  
To fill long Annals of recording Fame.  
Far Northern Nations own me for their Lord,  
And envious Factions crouch beneath my Sword;  
Inferior *Pompey* yields to me at Home,  
And only fills a second Place in *Rome*. 955  
My Country has my high Behests obey'd,  
And at my Feet her Laws obedient laid;  
All Sov'reignty, all Honours are my own,  
Consul, Dictator, I am all Alone.  
But thou, my only Goddess, and my Friend, 960  
Thou, on whom all my secret Pray'rs attend,  
Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious End.  
Let none on Earth, let none beside thee, know  
I sunk thus poorly to the Shades below.  
Dispose, ye Gods! my Carcase as you please, 965  
Deep let it drown beneath these raging Seas;  
I ask no Urn my Ashes to infold,  
Nor Marble Monuments, nor Shrines of Gold;



Let but the World, unknowing of my Doom,  
970 Expect me still, and think I am to come;  
So shall my Name with Terror still be heard,  
And my Return in ev'ry Nation fear'd.

He spoke, and sudden, wond'rous to behold,  
High on a tenth huge Wave his Bark was roll'd;  
975 Nor sunk again, Alternate, as before,  
But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the Shore.  
*Rome*, and his Fortune were at once restor'd,  
And Earth again receiv'd him for her Lord.

Now, thro' the Camp his late Arrival told,  
980 The Warriors croud, their Leader to behold;  
In Tears, around, the murm'ring Legions stand,  
And welcome him, with fond Complaints, to Land.

What means too daring *Cæsar* (thus they cry)  
To tempt the ruthless Seas, and stormy Sky?  
985 What a vile helpless Herd had we been left,  
Of ev'ry Hope at once in thee bereft?  
While on thy Life so many Thousands wait,  
While Nations live Dependant on thy Fate,  
While the whole World on thee, their Head, rely,  
990 'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die.

And could'st thou not one faithful Soldier find,  
One equal to his mighty Master's Mind,  
One that deserv'd not to be left behind?  
While tumbling Billows tost thee on the Main,  
995 We slept at Ease, unknowing of thy Pain.  
Were we the Cause, oh Shame! unworthy we,  
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging Sea?



Is there a Slave whose Head thou hold'st so light,  
To give him up to this tempestuous Night?

While *Cæsar*, whom the subject Earth obeys,  
To Seasons such as these, his sacred self betrays.

1000

Still wo't thou weary out indulgent Heav'n,  
And scatter all the lavish Gods have giv'n?

Dost thou the Care of Providence employ,

Only to save thee when the Seas run high?

1005

Auspicious *Jove* thy Wishes wou'd promote;

Thou ask'st the Safety of a leaky Boat:

He proffers thee the World's supreme Command;

Thy Hopes aspire no farther than to Land,

And cast thy Shipwreck on th' *Hesperian* Strand.

}  
1010

In kind Reproaches thus they waste the Night,

'Till the grey East disclos'd the breaking Light:

Serene the Sun his beamy Face display'd,

While the tir'd Storm, and weary Waves were laid.

Speedy the *Latian* Chiefs unfurl their Sails,

1015

And catch the gently-rising Northern Gales:

In fair Appearance the tall Vessels glide,

The Pilots, and the Wind, conspire to guide,

And waft 'em fitly o'er the smoother Tide:

}  
1020

Decent thy move, like some well-order'd Band,

In rang'd Battalions marching o'er the Land.

Night fell at length, the Winds the Sails forfook,

And a dead Calm the beauteous Order broke.

So when, from *Strymon's* wint'ry Banks, the Cranes,

In feather'd Legions, cut th' *Ætherial* Plains;

1025

To warmer *Nile* they bend their airy Way,

Form'd in long Lines, and rank'd in just Array:

But



But if some rushing Storm the Journey cross,  
The wingy Leaders all are at a loss:  
1030 Now close, now loose, the breaking Squadrons fly,  
And scatter in Confusion o'er the Sky.  
The Day return'd, with *Phæbus Auster* rose,  
And hard upon the straining Canvass blows.  
Scudding afore him swift the Fleet he bore,  
1035 O'er-passing *Lyffus*, to *Nymphæum's* Shore; [moor.]  
There safe from Northern Winds, within the Port they }  
While thus united *Cæsar's* Arms appear,  
And Fortune draws the great Decision near;  
Sad *Pompey's* Soul uneasie Thoughts infest,  
1040 And his *Cornelia* pains his anxious Breast.  
To distant *Lesbos* fain he wou'd remove,  
Far from the War, the Partner of his Love.  
Oh who can speak, what Numbers can reveal  
The Tendernefs, which pious Lovers feel?  
1045 Who can their secret Pangs and Sorrows tell,  
With all the croud of Cares that in their Bosoms dwell?  
See what new Passions now the Hero knows,  
Now first he doubts Success, and fears his Foes;  
*Rome*, and the World he hazards in the Strife,  
1050 And gives up all to Fortune, but his Wife.  
Oft' he prepares to speak, but knows not how,  
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;  
Deferrs the killing News with fond Delay,  
And ling'ring, puts off Fate from Day to Day.  
1055 The fleeting Shades began to leave the Sky,  
And Slumber soft forfook the drooping Eye;

When



When, with fond Arms, the fair *Cornelia* prest  
 Her Lord, reluctant, to her snowy Breast:  
 Wond'ring, she found he shunn'd her just Embrace,  
 And felt warm Tears upon his manly Face. 1060  
 Heart-wounded with the sudden Woe, she griev'd,  
 And scarce the weeping Warrior yet believ'd.  
 When, with a Groan, thus he. My truest Wife,  
 To say how much I love thee more than Life,  
 Poorly expresses what my Heart wou'd show, 1065  
 Since Life, alas! is grown my Burthen now.  
 That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful Doom,  
 That cruel parting Hour at length is come.  
 Fierce, haughty, and collected in his Might,  
 Advancing *Cæsar*, calls me to the Fight. 1070  
 Haste then, my gentle Love, from War retreat;  
 The *Lesbian* Isle attends thy peaceful Seat:  
 Nor seek, oh! seek not to increase my Cares,  
 Seek not to change my Purpose with thy Pray'rs;  
 My self, in vain, the fruitless Suit have try'd, 1075  
 And my own pleading Heart has been deny'd.  
 Think not, thy Distance will increase thy Fear:  
 Ruin, if Ruin comes, will soon be near,  
 Too soon the fatal News shall reach thy Ear.  
 Nor burns thy Heart with just and equal Fires, 1080  
 Nor dost thou love as Virtue's Law requires;  
 If those soft Eyes can ev'n thy Husband bear,  
 Red with the Stains of Blood, and guilty War.  
 When horrid Trumpets sound their dire Alarms,  
 Shall I indulge my Sorrows with thy Charms,  
 And rise to Battle from these tender Arms? 1085



Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,  
And join thy Absence to the publick Woe.  
But thou be hid, be safe from ev'ry Fear,  
While Kings and Nations in Destruction share:  
1090 Shun thou the Crush of my impending Fate,  
Nor let it fall on thee with all its Weight.  
Then if the Gods my Overthrow ordain,  
And the fierce Victor chace me o'er the Plain,  
Thou shalt be left me still, my better Part,  
1095 To sooth my Cares, and heal my broken Heart;  
Thy open Arms I shall be sure to meet,  
And fly with Pleasure to the dear Retreat.  
Stunn'd and astonish'd at the deadly Stroke,  
All Sense, at first, the Matron sad forsook.  
1100 Motion, and Life, and Speech at length returns,  
And thus in Words of heaviest Woe she mourns:  
No, *Pompey*! 'tis not that my Lord is dead,  
'Tis not the Hand of Fate has robb'd my Bed;  
But like some base *Plebeian* I am curs'd,  
1105 And by my cruel Husband stand divorc'd.  
But *Cæsar* bids us part! thy Father comes!  
And we must yield to what that Tyrant dooms!  
Is thy *Cornelia*'s Faith so poorly known,  
That thou should'st think her safer whilst alone?  
1110 Are not our Loves, our Lives, our Fortunes one?  
Canst thou, Inhuman, drive me from thy Side,  
And bid my single Head the coming Storm abide?  
Do I not read thy Purpose in thy Eye?  
Dost thou not hope, and wish, ev'n now to die?

And



And can I then be safe? Yet Death is free, 1115  
That last Relief is not deny'd to me;  
Tho' banish'd by thy harsh Command I go,  
Yet I will join thee in the Realms below.  
Thou bidst me with the Pangs of Absence, strive,  
And, 'till I hear thy certain Loss, survive. 1120  
My vow'd Obedience, what it can, shall bear;  
But, oh! my Heart's a Woman, and I fear.  
If the good Gods, indulgent to my Pray'r,  
Shou'd make the Laws of *Rome*, and thee, their Care;  
In distant Climes I may prolong my Woe, 1125  
And be the last thy Victory to know.  
On some bleak Rock, that frowns upon the Deep,  
A constant Watch thy weeping Wife shall keep;  
There from each Sail Misfortune shall I guess,  
And dread the Bark that brings me thy Success. 1130  
Nor shall those happier Tidings end my Fear,  
The vanquish'd Foe may bring new Danger near;  
Defenceless I may still be made a Prize,  
And *Cæsar* snatch me with him, as he flies:  
With Ease my known Retreat he shall explore, 1135  
While thy great Name distinguishes the Shore:  
Soon shall the *Lesbian* Exile stand reveal'd,  
The Wife of *Pompey* cannot live conceal'd.  
But if th' o'er-ruling Pow'rs thy Cause forsake,  
Grant me this only last Request I make; 1140  
When thou shalt be of Troops, and Friends bereft,  
And wretched Flight is all thy Safety left;  
Oh! follow not the Dictates of thy Heart,  
But chuse a Refuge in some distant Part.

Where-



1145 Where-e'er thy unauspicious Bark shall steer,  
Thy sad *Cornelia's* fatal Shore forbear,  
Since *Cæsar* will be sure to seek thee there.

So saying, with a Groan the Matron fled,  
And, wild with Sorrow, left her holy Bed:

1150 She sees all Ling'ring, all Delays are vain,  
And rushes headlong to possess the Pain;  
Nor will the hurry of her Griefs afford  
One last Embrace from her forsaken Lord.

Uncommon cruel was the Fate, for two,

1155 Whose Loves had lasted long, and been so true,  
To lose the Pleasure of one last Adieu.

In all the woful Days that cross'd their Blifs,  
Sure never Hour was known so sad as this;  
By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to Pain,

1160 They met all after-Sorrows with Disdain,  
And Fortune shot her envious Shafts in vain.

Low on the Ground the fainting Dame is laid;  
Her Train officious hasten to her Aid:

Then gently rearing, with a careful Hand,

1165 Support her, flow-descending o'er the Strand.

There, while with eager Arms she grasp'd the Shore,  
Scarcely the Mourner to the Bark they bore.

Not half this Grief of Heart, these Pangs, she knew,  
When from her native *Italy* she flew:

1170 Lonely, and comfortless, she takes her Flight,  
Sad seems the Day, and long the sleepless Night.

In vain her Maids the downy Couch provide,  
She wants the tender Partner of her Side.



When weary oft' in Heaviness she lies,  
And dozy Slumber steals upon her Eyes; 1175  
Fain, with fond Arms, her Lord she wou'd have prest,  
But weeps to find the Pillow at her Breast.  
Tho' raging in her Veins a Feaver burns,  
Painful she lies, and restless oft' she turns,  
She shuns his sacred Side with awful Fear, 1180  
And wou'd not be convinc'd he is not there.  
But, oh! too soon the Want shall be supply'd,  
The Gods too cruelly for that provide:  
Again, the circling Hours bring back her Lord,  
And *Pompey* shall be fatally restor'd. 1185



T. Cheron inv

F. Kirkall sculp



When weary off in Heavens the lies  
 And dozy slumber lies upon her Eyes;  
 Fain, with fond Arms, her Lord she would have press'd  
 But weeps to find the Pillow at her Breast.  
 Tho' raging in her Veins a Fever burns,  
 Painful she lies, and restless off she turns.  
 She turns his sacred Side with awful Fears,  
 And would not be convinc'd he is not there.  
 But, oh! too soon the Want shall be supply'd,  
 The Gods too cruelly for that provide;  
 Again, the dying Hours bring back her Lord,  
 And Poverty shall be finally restor'd.





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THE  
SIXTH BOOK  
OF  
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

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## The ARGUMENT.

*Cæsar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrachium, after several Marches and Counter-marches, the former with incredible Diligence runs a vast Line, or Work, round the Camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after suffering for want of Provisions, and a very gallant Resistance of Scæva, a Centurion of Cæsar's, at length breaks thro'. After this, Cæsar makes another unsuccessful Attempt upon a Part of Pompey's Army, and then marches away into Theffaly: And Pompey, against the Persuasion and Counsel of his Friends, follows him. After a Description of the ancient Inhabitants, the Boundaries, the Mountains, and Rivers of Theffaly; the Poet takes Occasion from this Country, being famous for Witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the Event of the Civil War from the Sorceress Erictho.*





L. Chéron inv.

E. Kirhall sculp.

# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## BOOK VI.



OW, near encamp'd, each on a neigh-  
b'ring Height,  
The *Latian* Chiefs prepare for sudden  
Fight.

The rival Pair seem hither brought  
by Fate,

As if the Gods wou'd end the dire Debate,  
And here determine of the *Roman* State.

*Cæsar*, intent upon his hostile Son,  
Demands a Conquest here, and here alone;  
Neglects what Laurels Captive Towns might yield,  
And scorns the Harvest of the *Grecian* Field.

Impatient he provokes the fatal Day,  
Ordain'd to give *Rome's* Liberties away,  
And leave the World the greedy Victor's Prey.

K k k

Eager,



Eager, that last, great Chance of War he waits,  
 Where either's Fall determines both their Fates.  
 15 Thrice, on the Hills, all drawn in dread Array,  
 His threat'ning Eagles wide their Wings display;  
 Thrice, but in vain, his hostile Arms he shew'd,  
 His ready Rage, and Thirst of *Latian* Blood.  
 But when he saw, how cautious *Pompey's* Care,  
 20 Safe in his Camp, declin'd the proffer'd War;  
 Thro' woody Patns he bent his secret Way,  
 And meant to make *Dyrrachium's* Tow'rs his Prey.  
 This *Pompey* saw; and swiftly shot before,  
 With speedy Marches on the sandy Shore:  
 25 'Till on *Taulantian Petra's* Top he stay'd,  
 Shelt'ring the City with his timely Aid.  
 This Place, nor Walls, nor Trenches deep can boast,  
 The Works of Labour, and expensive Cost.  
 Vain Prodigality! and Labour vain!  
 30 Lost is the lavish'd Wealth, and lost the fruitless Pain!  
 What Walls, what Tow'rs soe'er they rear sublime,  
 Must yield to Wars, or more destructive Time;  
 While Fences like *Dyrrachium's* Fortrefs, made,  
 Where Nature's Hand the sure Foundation laid,  
 35 And with her Strength the naked Town array'd,  
 Shall stand secure against the Warrior's Rage,  
 Nor fear the ruinous Decays of Age.  
 Guarded, around, by steepy Rocks it lies,  
 And all Access from Land, but one, denies.  
 40 No vent'rous Vessel there in Safety rides,  
 But foaming Surges break, and swelling Tides  
 Roll roaring on, and wash the craggy Sides:

Or



Or when contentious Winds more rudely blow,  
 Then mounting o'er the topmost Cliff they flow,  
 Burst on the lofty Domes, and dash the Town below. } 45

Here *Cæsar's* daring Heart vast Hopes conceives,  
 And high with War's vindictive Pleasures heaves;  
 Much he revolves within his thoughtful Mind,  
 How, in this Camp, the Foe may be confin'd,  
 With ample Lines from Hill to Hill design'd. } 50

Secret and swift he means the Task to try,  
 And runs each Distance over with his Eye.  
 Vast Heaps of Sod and verdant Turf are brought,  
 And Stones in deep laborious Quarries wrought;  
 Each *Grecian* Dwelling round the Work supplies, } 55  
 And sudden Ramparts from their Ruins rise.

With wond'rous Strength the stable Mound they rear,  
 Such as th' impetuous Ram can never fear,  
 Nor hostile Might o'erturn, nor forceful Engine tear. }  
 Thro' Hills, resistless, *Cæsar* plains his Way, } 60

And makes the rough unequal Rocks obey.  
 Here deep, beneath, the gaping Trenches lie,  
 There Forts advance their airy Turrets high.  
 Around vast Tracts of Land the Labours wind,  
 Wide Fields and Forests in the Circle bind, } 65  
 And hold as in a Toil the salvage Kind.

Nor ev'n the Foe too strictly pent remains,  
 At large he forages upon the Plains;  
 The vast Enclosure gives free Leave around,  
 Oft to decamp, and shift the various Ground. } 70

Here, from far Fountains, Streams their Channels trace,  
 And while they wander thro' the tedious Space,  
 Run many a Mile their long extended Race: }

While



While some, quite worn and weary of the Way,  
 75 Sink, and are lost, before they reach the Sea:  
 Ev'n *Cæsar's* self, when thro' the Works he goes,  
 Tires in the midst, and stops to take Repose.  
 Let Fame no more record the Walls of *Troy*,  
 Which Gods alone cou'd build, and Gods destroy;  
 80 Nor let the *Parthian* wonder, to have seen  
 The Labours of the *Babylonian* Queen:  
 Behold this large, this spacious Tract of Ground!  
 Like that, which *Tigris*, or *Orontes* bound;  
 Behold this Land! that Majesty might bring,  
 85 And form a Kingdom for an Eastern King;  
 Behold a *Latian* Chief this Land enclose,  
 Amidst the Tumult of impending Foes:  
 He bad the Walls arise, and as he bad they rose.  
 But ah! vain Pride of Pow'r! ah! fruitless Boast!  
 90 Ev'n these, these mighty Labours are all lost!  
 A Force like this what Barriers cou'd withstand?  
 Seas must have fled, and yielded to the Land;  
 The Lover's Shores united might have stood,  
 Spight of the *Hellepont's* opposing Flood;  
 95 While the *Ægean* and *Ionian* Tide,  
 Might meeting o'er the vanquish'd *Isthmus* ride,  
 And *Argive* Realms from *Corinth's* Walls divide;  
 This Pow'r might change unwilling Nature's Face,  
 Unfix each Order, and remove each Place.  
 100 Here, as if clos'd within a List, the War  
 Does all its valiant Combatants prepare;  
 Here ardent glows the Blood, which Fate ordains  
 To dye the *Libyan* and *Emathian* Plains;

Here



Here the whole Rage of civil Discord join'd,  
Struggles for room, and scorns to be confin'd.

105

Nor yet, while *Cæsar* his first Labours try'd,  
The warlike Toil by *Pompey* was descry'd.

So, in mid *Sicily's* delightful Plain,

Safe from the horrid Sound, the happy Swain

Dreads not loud *Scylla* barking o'er the Main.

} 110

So, Northern *Britains* never hear the Roar  
Of Seas, that break on the far *Cantian* Shore.

Soon as the rising Ramparts hostile Height,

And Tow'rs advancing, struck his anxious Sight,

Sudden from *Petra's* safer Camp he led,

115

And wide his Legions on the Hills dispread;

So, *Cæsar*, forc'd his Numbers to extend,

More feebly might each various Strength defend.

His Camp far o'er the large Enclosure reach'd,

And guarded Lines along the Front were stretch'd;

120

Far as *Rome's* distance from *Aricia's* Groves,

(*Aricia* which the chaste *Diana* loves)

Far as from *Rome* old *Tyber* seeks the Sea,

Did he not wander in his winding way.

While yet no Signals for the Fight prepare,

Unbidden, some the Jav'lin dart from far,

And skirmishing, provoke the ling'ring War.

} 125

But deeper Cares the thoughtful Chiefs distress,

And move, the Soldiers Ardour to repress.

*Pompey*, with secret anxious Thought, beheld,

130

How trampling Hoofs the rising Grass repell'd;

Waste lie the russet Fields, the gen'rous Steed

Seeks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed:



Loathing, from Racks of husky Straw he turns,  
135 And, pining, for the verdant Pasture mourns.  
No more his Limbs their dying Load sustain,  
Aiming a Stride, he falters in the Strain,  
And sinks a Ruin on the with'ring Plain:  
Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prey,  
140 Dissolve his Frame, and melt the Mass away.  
Thence deadly Plagues invade the lazy Air,  
Reek to the Clouds, and hang malignant there.  
From *Nefis*, such, the *Stygian* Vapours rise,  
And with Contagion taint the purer Skies;  
145 Such do *Typhæus*' steamy Caves convey,  
And breath blue Poisons on the golden Day.  
Thence liquid Streams the mingling Plague receive,  
And deadly Potions to the Thirsty give:  
To Man the Mischief spreads, the fell Disease  
150 In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails seize.  
A rugged Scurf, all loathsome to be seen,  
Spreads, like a Bark, upon his filken Skin;  
Malignant Flames his swelling Eye-balls dart,  
And seem with Anguish from their Seats to start;  
155 Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Visage stray,  
And mark, in crimson Streaks, their burning way;  
Low droops his Head, declining from its height,  
And nods, and totters with the fatal Weight.  
With winged haste the swift Destruction flies,  
160 And scarce the Soldier flickens e'er he dies:  
Now falling Crouds at once resign their Breath,  
And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.



Careless their putrid Carcasses are spread;  
 And on the Earth, their dank unwholesom Bed,  
 The Living rest in common with the Dead. } 165  
 Here none the last Funereal Rites receive;  
 To be cast forth the Camp, is all their Friends can give.  
 At length kind Heav'n their Sorrows bad to cease,  
 And staid the Pestilential Foe's increase;  
 Fresh Breezes from the Sea begin to rise, } 170  
 While *Boreas* thro' the lazy Vapour flies,  
 And sweeps, with healthy Wings, the rank polluted Skies. }  
 Arriving Vessels now their Freight unload,  
 And furnish plenteous Harvests from abroad:  
 Now sprightly Strength, now chearful Health returns, } 175  
 And Life's fair Lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.

But *Cæsar*, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high  
 Feels not the Mischief of the fluggish Sky:  
 On Hills sublime he breaths the purer Air,  
 And drinks no Damps, nor pois'nous Vapours, there. } 180  
 Yet Hunger keen, an equal Plague is found,  
 Famine, and meagre Want besiege him round:  
 The Fields, as yet, no hopes of Harvest wear,  
 Nor yellow Stems disclose the bearded Ear.  
 The scatter'd Vulgar search around the Fields, } 185  
 And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yields;  
 Some strip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood,  
 And with the Cattle share their grassy Food.  
 Whate'er the soft'ning Flame can pliant make,  
 Whate'er the Teeth, or lab'ring Jaws can break; } 190  
 What Flesh, what Roots, what Herbs soe'er they get,  
 Tho' new, and strange to human Taste as yet,  
 At once the greedy Soldiers seize, and eat. }

What



What Want, what Pain foe'er they undergo,  
 195 Still they persist in Arms, and close beset the Foe.

At length, impatient longer to be held  
 Within the Bounds of one appointed Field,  
 O'er ev'ry Bar which might his Passage stay,  
*Pompey* resolves to force his warlike Way;  
 200 Wide o'er the World the ranging War to led,  
 And give his loosen'd Legions room to spread.  
 Nor takes he mean Advantage from the Night,  
 Nor steals a Passage, nor declines the Fight;  
 But bravely dares, disdainful of the Foe,  
 205 Thro' the proud Tow'rs and Ramparts Breach to go.  
 Where shining Spears, and crested Helms are seen,  
 Embattell'd thick to guard the Walls within;  
 Where all things Death, where Ruin all afford,  
 There *Pompey* marks a Passage for his Sword.

210 Near to the Camp a woody Thicket lay,  
 Close was the Shade, nor did the Greenfword Way,  
 With smoky Clouds of Dust, the March betray.  
 Hence, sudden they appear in dread Array,  
 Sudden their wide extended Ranks display;  
 215 At once the Foe beholds with wond'ring Eyes,  
 Where on broad Wings *Pompeian* Eagles rise; [prize.  
 At once the Warriors Shouts and Trumpet-sounds fur-  
 Scarce was the Sword's Destruction needful here,  
 So swiftly ran before preventing Fear;

220 Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some  
 Stood, but to meet in Arms a nobler Doom.  
 Where-e'er they stood, now scatter'd lie the Slain,  
 Scarce yet a few for coming Deaths remain,  
 And Clouds of flying Javelins fall in vain.

Here



Here swift consuming Flames the Victors throw, 225  
 And here the Ram impetuous aims a Blow;  
 Aloft, the nodding Turrets feel the Stroke,  
 And the vast Rampart groans beneath the Shock.  
 And now propitious Fortune seem'd to doom  
 Freedom and Peace, to *Pompey*, and to *Rome*; 230  
 High o'er the vanquish'd Works his Eagles tow'r,  
 And vindicate the World from *Cæsar's* Pow'r.

But, (what nor *Cæsar*, nor his Fortune cou'd)  
 What not ten Thousand warlike Hands withstood,  
*Scæva* resists alone; repels the Force, 235  
 And stops the rapid Victor in his Course.

*Scæva!* a Name e'erwhile to Fame unknown,  
 And first distinguish'd on the *Gallick Rhone*;  
 There seen in hardy Deeds of Arms to shine,  
 He reach'd the Honours of the *Latian Vine*. 240

Daring and Bold, and ever prone to Ill,  
 Inur'd to Blood, and active to fulfil  
 The Dictates of a lawless Tyrant's Will;  
 Nor Virtue's Love, nor Reason's Laws he knew,  
 But careless of the Right, for Hire his Sword he drew. 245

Thus Courage by an impious Cause is curst,  
 And he that is the bravest, is the worst.  
 Soon as he saw his Fellows shun the Fight,  
 And seek their Safety in ignoble Flight,  
 Whence does, he said, this Coward's Terror grow, 250  
 This Shame, unknown to *Cæsar's* Arms 'till now?  
 Can you, ye slavish Herd, thus tamely yield?  
 Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody Field?



Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd Heaps on high,  
255 Firm to the last, your brave Companions lie;  
Then blush to think what wretched Lives you save,  
From what Renown you fly, from what a glorious Grave.  
Tho' sacred Fame, tho' Virtue yield to Fear,  
Let Rage, let Indignation keep you here.  
260 We! we the weakest, from the rest are chose,  
To yield a Passage to our scornful Foes!  
Yet, *Pompey*, yet, thou shalt be yet withstood,  
And stain thy Victor's Laurel deep in Blood.  
With Pride, 'tis true, with Joy I shou'd have dy'd,  
265 If haply I had fall'n by *Cæsar*'s Side;  
But Fortune has the noble Death deny'd.  
Then *Pompey*, thou, thou on my Fame shalt wait,  
Do thou be Witness, and applaud my Fate.  
Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,  
270 A thousand Wounds let ev'ry Bosom bear,  
'Till the keen Sword be blunt, be broke the pointed Spear.  
And see, the Clouds of dusty Battel rise!  
Hark how the Shout runs ratt'ling thro' the Skies!  
The distant Legions catch the Sounds from far,  
275 And *Cæsar* listens to the thund'ring War.  
He comes, he comes, yet e'er his Soldier dies,  
Like Light'ning swift the winged Warrior flies:  
Haste then to Death, to Conquest, haste away;  
Well do we fall, for *Cæsar* wins the Day.  
280 He spoke, and strait, as at the Trumpet's Sound,  
Rekindled Warmth in ev'ry Breast was found;  
Recall'd from Flight, the Youth admiring wait,  
To mark their daring Fellow-Soldier's Fate,

To



To see if haply Virtue might prevail,  
And ev'n, beyond their Hopes, do more than greatly fail. 285

High on the tott'ring Wall he rears his Head,  
With slaughter'd Carcasses around him spread;  
With nervous Arms uplifting these he throws,  
These rolls oppressive, on ascending Foes.

Each where Materials for his Fury lie, 290

And all the ready Ruins Arms supply:

Ev'n his fierce Self he seems to aim below,  
Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a Blow.

Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack,

And tumbling, drives the bold Assailants back: 295

Now Heads, now Hands he lops, the Carcass falls,

While the clench'd Fingers gripe the topmost Walls:

Here Stones he heaves; the Mass descending full,  
Crushes the Brain, and shivers the frail Scull.

Here burning pitchy Brands he whirls around; 300

Infix'd, the Flames hiss in the liquid Wound,

Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimson drown'd.]

And now the swelling Heaps of slaughter'd Foes,  
Sublime and equal to the Fortrefs rose;

Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he sprung, 305

And shot himself amidst the hostile Throng.

So daring, fierce with Rage, so void of Fear,

Bounds forth the spotted Pard, and scorns the Hunter's

The closing Ranks the Warrior strait enfold, [Spear.

And, compass'd in their steely Circle, hold. 310

Undaunted still, around the Ring he roams,

Fights here and there, and ev'ry where o'ercomes;

'Till



'Till clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill  
The Dictates of its vengeful Master's Will;  
315 Edgeless it falls, and tho' it pierce no more,  
Still breaks the batter'd Bones, and bruises fore.  
Mean time, on him, the crouding War is bent,  
And Darts from ev'ry Hand, to him, are sent:  
It look'd, as Fortune did in Odds delight,  
320 And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight;  
A wond'rous Match of War she seem'd to make,  
Her Thousands here, and there her One to stake;  
As if on knightly Terms in Lifts they ran,  
And Armies were but equal to the Man.  
325 A thousand Darts upon his Buckler ring,  
A thousand Jav'lins round his Temples sing;  
Hard bearing on his Head, with many a Blow,  
His steely Helm is inward taught to bow.  
The missive Arms, fix'd all around he wears,  
330 And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears,  
Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears.  
Cease, ye *Pompeian* Warriors! cease the Strife,  
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this single Life;  
Your Darts, your idle Jav'lins cast aside,  
335 And other Arms for *Scæva's* Death provide:  
The forceful Ram's resistless Horns prepare,  
With all the pond'rous vast Machines of War;  
Let dreadful Flames, let massy Rocks be thrown,  
With Engines thunder on, and break him down,  
340 And win this *Cæsar's* Soldier, like a Town.  
At length, his Fate disdaining to delay,  
He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away,



Resolves no Part whate'er from Death to hide,  
 But stands unguarded now on ev'ry Side. 345  
 Encumber'd fore with many a painful Wound,  
 Tardy, and stiff he treads the hostile Round;  
 Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Croud survey,  
 Mark where to fix, and single out the Prey.  
 Such, by *Getulian* Hunters compass'd in, 350  
 The vast unweildy Elephant is seen:  
 All cover'd with a steely Show'r from far,  
 Rousing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd War;  
 In vain the distant Troop the Fight renew,  
 And with fresh Rage the stubborn Foe pursue; 355  
 Unconquer'd still the mighty Salvage stands,  
 And scorns the Malice of a thousand Hands.  
 Not all the Wounds a thousand Darts can make,  
 Tho' all find Place, a single Life can take.  
 When lo! addrest with some successful Vow, 360  
 A Shaft, sure flying from a *Cretan* Bow,  
 Beneath the Warrior's Brow was seen to light,  
 And sunk, deep piercing the left Orb of Sight.  
 But he (so Rage inspir'd, and mad Disdain)  
 Remorseless, fell, and senseless of the Pain, 365  
 Tore forth the bearded Arrow from the Wound,  
 With stringy Nerves besmear'd and wrapp'd around,  
 And stamp'd the gory Jelly on the Ground. }  
 So in *Pannonian* Woods, the growling Bear  
 Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spear, 370  
 Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain,  
 And catches at the flying Shaft in vain.



Down from his eyeless Hollow ran the Blood,  
And hideous o'er his mangled Visage flow'd;  
375 Deform'd each awful, each severer Grace,  
And veil'd the manly Terrors of his Face.  
The Victors raise their joyful Voices high,  
And with loud Triumph strike the vaulted Sky:  
Not *Cæsar* thus a general Joy had spread,  
380 Tho' *Cæsar*'s Self like *Scæva* thus had bled.  
Anxious, the wounded Soldier, in his Breast,  
The rising Indignation deep repress,  
And thus, in humble Vein, his haughty Foes address:  
Here let your Rage, ye *Romans*, cease, he said,  
385 And lend your Fellow-Citizen your Aid;  
No more your Darts, nor useless Jav'lins try,  
These, which I bear, will Deaths enow supply,  
Draw forth your Weapons, and behold I die.  
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet  
390 My Doom beneath the mighty *Pompey*'s Feet:  
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in Arms, 'tis true,  
But I renounce that glorious Fate for you.  
Fain wou'd I yet prolong this vital Breath,  
And quit ev'n *Cæsar*, so I fly from Death.  
395 The wretched *Aulus* listen'd to the Wile,  
Intent and greedy of the future Spoil;  
Advancing fondly on, with heedless Ease,  
He thought the Captive and his Arms to seize,  
When, e'er he was aware, his thund'ring Sword  
400 Deep in his Throat, the ready *Scæva* gor'd.  
Warm'd with the Slaughter, with fresh Rage he burns,  
And Vigour with the new Success returns.



So may they fall (he said) by just Deceit,  
 Such be their Fate, such as this Fool has met,  
 Who dares believe that I am vanquish'd yet. } 405

If you would stop the Vengeance of my Sword,  
 From *Cæsar's* Mercy be your Peace implor'd,  
 There let your Leader kneel, and humbly own his Lord. }

Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, Me  
 Base, like your selves, and fond of Life to be! 410

But know, not all the Names which grace your Cause,  
 Your reverend Senate, and your boasted Laws,  
 Not *Pompey's* Self, not all for which you fear,  
 Were e'er to you, like Death to *Scæva*, dear.

Thus while he spoke, a rising Dust betray'd  
*Cæsarian* Legions marching to his Aid. 415

Now *Pompey's* Troops with Prudence seem to yield,  
 And to encreasing Numbers quit the Field;  
 Dissembling Shame, they hide their foul Defeat,  
 Nor vanquish'd by a single Arm, retreat. 420

Then fell the Warrior, for 'till then he stood;  
 His manly Mind supply'd the want of Blood.  
 It seem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew,  
 And Courage to oppose, from Opposition grew.  
 But now, when none were left him to repell, 425  
 Fainting for want of Foes, the Victor fell.

Strait with officious haste his Friends draw near,  
 And raising, joy the noble Load to bear:

To Reverence, and religious Awe inclin'd,  
 Admiring, they adore his mighty Mind, } 430  
 That God within his mangled Breast enshrin'd. }



The wounding Weapons, stain'd with *Scæva's* Blood,  
Like sacred Relicks to the Gods are vow'd:  
Forth are they drawn from ev'ry Part with Care,  
435 And kept to dress the naked God of War.  
Oh! happy Soldier, had thy Worth been try'd,  
In pious Daring, on thy Country's Side!  
Oh! had thy Sword *Iberian* Battles known,  
Or purple with *Cantabrian* Slaughter grown;  
440 How had thy Name in deathless Annals shone!  
But now no *Roman Pæan* shalt thou sing,  
Nor peaceful Triumphs to thy Country bring,  
Nor loudly blest in solemn Pomp shalt move,  
Thro' crouding Streets, to *Capitolian Jove*,  
445 The Laws Defender, and the Peoples Love:  
Oh hapless Victor thou! oh vainly Brave!  
How hast thou fought, to make thy self a Slave!  
Nor *Pompey*, thus repuls'd, the Fight declines,  
Nor rests encompass'd round by *Cæsar's* Lines;  
450 Once more he means to force his warlike Way,  
And, yet retrieve the Fortune of the Day.  
So when fierce Winds with angry Ocean strive,  
Full on the Beach the beating Billows drive;  
Stable awhile the lofty Mounds abide,  
455 Check the proud Surge, and stay the swelling Tide:  
Yet restless still the Waves unwearied roll,  
Work underneath at length, and sap the sinking Mole.  
With Force renew'd the baffled Warrior bends,  
Where to the Shore the jutting Wall extends:  
460 There proves, by Land and Sea, his various Might,  
And wins his Passage by the double Fight.



Wide o'er the Plains diffus'd his Legions range,  
 And their close Camp for freer Fields exchange.  
 So, rais'd by melting Streams of *Alpine* Snow,  
 Beyond his utmost Margin swells the *Po*,  
 And loofely lets the spreading Deluge flow:  
 Where-e'er the weaker Banks oppress retreat,  
 And sink beneath the heapy Waters weight,  
 Forth gushing at the Breach they burst their Way,  
 And wasteful o'er the drowned Country stray:  
 Far distant Fields and Meads they wander o'er,  
 And visit Lands they never knew before;  
 Here, from its Seat the mould'ring Earth is torn,  
 And by the Flood to other Masters born;  
 While gath'ring, there, it heaps the growing Soil,  
 And loads the Peasant with his Neighbour's Spoil.

Soon as, ascending high, a rising Flame,  
 To *Cæsar's* Sight, the Combate's Signal, came,  
 Swift to the Place approaching near, he found  
 The Ruin scatter'd by the Victor, round,  
 And his proud Labours humbled to the Ground.  
 Thence to the hostile Camp his Eyes he turns,  
 Where for their Peace, and Sleep secure, he mourns,  
 With rancorous Despight, and envious Anguish, burns.  
 At length resolv'd (so Rage inspir'd his Breast)  
 He means to break the happy Victor's Rest;  
 Once more to kindle up the fatal Strife,  
 And dash their Joys, with Hazard of his Life.  
 Streight to *Torquatus* fierce he bends his Way,  
 (*Torquatus* near a neighb'ring Castle lay)



But he, by prudent Caution taught to yield,  
Trusts to his Walls, and quits the open Field;  
There, safe within himself, he stands his Ground,  
And lines the guarded Rampart strongly round.  
495 So when the Seamen from afar descry  
The Clouds grow black upon the low'ring Sky,  
Hear the Winds roar, and mark the Seas run high,  
They furl the flutt'ring Sheet with timely Care,  
And wisely for the coming Storm prepare.  
500 But now the Victor, with resistless haste,  
Proud o'er the Ramparts of the Fort had past;  
When swift descending from the rising Grounds,  
*Pompey* with length'ning Files the Foe surrounds.  
As when in *Ætna's* hollow Caves below,  
505 Round the vast Furnace kindling Whirlwinds blow;  
Rous'd in his baleful Bow'r the Giant roars,  
And with a Burst the burning Deluge pours;  
Then pale with Horror shrieks the shudd'ring Swain,  
To see the fiery Ruin spread the Plain.  
510 Nor with less Horror *Cæsar's* Bands behold  
Huge hostile dusty Clouds their Rear infold;  
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to shun,  
Blind with their Fear, full on their Fates they run.  
Well, on that Day, the World Repose had gain'd,  
515 And bold Rebellion's Blood had all been drain'd,  
Had not the pious Chief the Rage of War restrain'd.  
Oh *Rome*! how free, how happy hadst thou been!  
Thy own great Mistress, and the Nations Queen!  
Had *Sylla*, then, thy great Avenger stood,  
520 And dy'd his thirsty Sword in Traitors Blood.

But



But oh! for ever shalt thou now bemoan  
 The two Extremes, by which thou wert undone,  
 The ruthless Father, and too tender Son.  
 With fatal Pity, *Pompey*, hast thou spar'd,  
 And giv'n the blackest Crime the best Reward:  
 How had that one, one happy Day, with-held  
 The Blood of *Utica*, and *Munda's* Field!  
 The *Pharian Nile* had known no Crime more great  
 Than some vile *Ptolomy's* untimely Fate;  
 Nor *Africk*, then, her *Juba* had bemoan'd,  
 Nor *Scipio's* Blood the *Punick* Ghosts aton'd;  
*Cato* had, for his Country's Good, surviv'd,  
 And long in Peace a hoary Patriot liv'd;  
*Rome* had not worn a Tyrant's hated Chain,  
 And Fate had undecreed *Pharsalia's* Plain.

525

530

535

But *Cæsar*, weary of th' unlucky Land,  
 Swift to *Æmathia* leads his shatter'd Band;  
 While *Pompey's* wary Friends, with Caution wise,  
 To quit the baffled Foe's Pursuit advise.

To *Italy* they point his open Way,

540

And bid him make the willing Land his Prey.

Oh! never, (he replies) shall *Pompey* come,

Like *Cæsar*, arm'd, and terrible to *Rome*;

Nor need I from those sacred Walls have fled,

Cou'd I have born our Streets with Slaughter red,

545

And seen the *Forum* pil'd with Heaps of Dead.

Much rather let me pine in *Scythia's* Frost,

Or burn on swarthy *Libya's* sult'ry Coast;

No Clime, no distant Region is too far,

Where I can banish, with me, fatal War.

550



I fled, to bid my Country's Sorrows cease;  
 And shall my Victories invade her Peace?  
 Let her but safe and free from Arms remain,  
 And *Cæsar* still shall think she wears his Chain.

555 He spoke, and Eastward fought the Forest wide,  
 That rising cloaths *Candavia*'s shady Side;  
 Thence to *Æmathia* took his destin'd Way,  
 Reserv'd by Fate for the deciding Day.

Where *Eurus* blows, and wint'ry Suns arise,  
 560 *Theffalia*'s Boundary proud *Offa* lies;  
 But when the God protracts the longer Day,  
*Pelion*'s broad Back receives the dawning Ray.  
 Where thro' the Lion's fi'ry Sign he flies,  
*Othrys* his leafy Groves for Shade supplies.

565 On *Pindus* strikes the fady Western Light,  
 When glitt'ring *Vesper* leads the starry Night.  
 Northward, *Olympus* hides the Lamps, that roll  
 Their paler Fires around the frozen Pole.

The middle Space, a Valley low depress'd,  
 570 Once a wide, lazy, standing Lake possess'd;  
 While growing still the heapy Waters stood,  
 Nor down thro' *Tempe* ran the rushing Flood:  
 But when *Alcides* to the Task apply'd,  
 And cleft a Passage thro' the Mountains wide;

575 Gushing at once the thund'ring Torrent flow'd,  
 While *Nereus* groan'd beneath th' increas'ing Load.  
 Then rose (oh that it still a Lake had lain!)  
 Above the Waves *Pharsalia*'s fatal Plain,  
 Once subject to the great *Achilles*' Reign.



Then *Phylace* was built, whose Warriors boast 580

Their Chief first landed on the *Trojan* Coast;

Then *Peleos* ran her circling Wall around,

And *Dorion*, for the Muses Wrath renown'd;

Then *Trachin* high, and *Melibæa* stood,

Where *Hercules* his fatal Shafts bestow'd; 585

*Larissa* strong arose, and *Argos*, now

A Plain, submitted to the lab'ring Plow.

Here stood the Town, if there be Truth in Fame,

That from *Bæotian Thebes* receiv'd its Name.

Here sad *Agave's* wand'ring Sense return'd, 590

Here for her murder'd Son the Mother mourn'd;

With streaming Tears she wash'd his ghastly Head,

And on the Fun'ral Pile the precious Relick laid.

The gushing Waters various soon divide,

And ev'ry River rules a sep'rate Tide; 595

The narrow *Æas* runs a limpid Flood,

*Evenos* blushes with the *Centaur's* Blood;

That gently mingles with th' *Ionian* Sea,

While This, thro' *Calydonia*, cuts his Way.

Slowly fair *Io's* aged Father falls, 600

And in hoarse Murmurs his lost Daughter calls.

Thick *Achelous* rolls his troubled Waves,

And heavily the Neighbour Isles he laves;

While pure *Amphrysus* winds along the Mead,

Where *Phæbus* once was wont his Flocks to feed: 605

Oft on the Banks he sat a Shepherd Swain,

And watch'd his Charge upon the grassy Plain.

Swift to the Main his Course *Sperchios* bends,

And, founding, to the *Malian* Gulph descends.



610 No breezy Air near calm *Anauros* flies,  
No dewy Mists, nor fleecy Clouds arise.  
Here *Phænix*, *Melas*, and *Asopas* run,  
And strong *Apidanus* drives flow *Enipeus* on.  
A thousand little Brooks, unknown to Fame,  
615 Are mix'd, and lost in *Peneus*' nobler Name:  
Bold *Titaresus* scorns his Rule, alone,  
And, join'd to *Peneus*, still himself is known;  
As o'er the Land, his haughty Waters glide,  
And roll unmingling, a superior Tide.  
620 'Tis said, thro' secret Channels winding forth,  
Deep as from *Styx* he takes his hallow'd Birth;  
Thence, proud to be rever'd by Gods on high,  
He scorns to mingle with a mean Ally.

When rising Grounds uprear'd at length their Heads,  
625 And Rivers shrunk within their oozy Beds;  
*Bebrycians* first are said, with early Care,  
In Furrows deep to sink the shining Share.  
The *Lelegians* next, with equal Toil,  
And *Dolopes*, invade the mellow Soil.  
630 To these the bold *Eolidæ* succeed,  
*Magnetes*, taught to rein the fiery Steed,  
And *Minyæ*, to explore the Deep, decreed.  
Here pregnant by *Ixion*'s bold Embrace,  
The Mother Cloud disclos'd the *Centaur*'s Race:  
635 In *Pelethronian* Caves she brought 'em forth,  
And fill'd the Land with many a monstrous Birth.  
Here dreadful *Monychus* first saw the Light,  
And prov'd on *Pholoe*'s rending Rocks his Might;

Here



Here tallest Trees uprooting *Rhæcus* bore,  
Which baffled Storms had try'd in vain before.

640

Here *Pholus*, of a gentler human Breast,  
Receiv'd the great *Alcides* for his Guest.

Here, with Brute-fury, lustful *Nessus* try'd  
To violate the Heroe's beauteous Bride,  
'Till justly by the fatal Shaft he dy'd.

} 645

This Parent Land the pious Leach confest,  
*Chiron*, of all the double Race the best:

'Midst golden Stars he stands refulgent now,  
And threatens the Scorpion with his bended Bow.

Here Love of Arms and Battle reign'd of Old,  
And form'd the first *Theffalians* fierce and bold:

650

Here, from rude Rocks, at *Neptune's* potent Stroke,  
Omen of War, the neighing Courser broke;

Here, taught by skillful Riders to submit,  
He champ'd indignant on the foamy Bit.

655

From fair *Theffalia's* *Pagasean* Shore,

The first bold Pine the daring Warriors bore,  
And taught the Sons of Earth wide Oceans to explore.

}

Here, when *Itonus* held the Regal Seat,

The stubborn Steel he first subdu'd with Heat,  
And the tough Barrs on sounding Anvils beat:

} 660

In Furnaces he ran the liquid Brass,

And cast in curious Works the molten Mass.

He taught the ruder Artift to refine,

Explor'd the Silver and the Golden Mine,

And stamp'd the costly Mettal into Coin.

} 665

From that old *Æra* Avarice was known,

Then all the deadly Seeds of War were sown;

Wide



Wide o'er the World, by Tale, the Mischief ran,  
670 And those curst Pieces were the Bane of Man.  
Huge *Python*, here, in many a scaly Fold,  
To *Cyrrha's* Cave a Length enormous roll'd:  
Hence, *Pythian* Games the hardy *Greeks* Renown,  
And Laurel Wreaths the joyful Victor crown.  
675 Here proud *Alæus* durst the Gods defie,  
And taught his impious Brood to scale the Sky:  
While Mountains pil'd on Mountains interfere  
With Heav'ns bright Orbs, and stop the circling Sphere.  
To this curst Land, by Fate's appointed Doom,  
680 With one Consent the warring Leaders come;  
Their Camps are fix'd, and now the Vulgar fear,  
To see the terrible Event so near.  
A few, and but a few, with Souls serene,  
Wait the disclosing of the dubious Scene.  
685 But *Sextus*, mix'd among the vulgar Herd,  
Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd:  
A Youth unworthy of the Hero's Race,  
And born to be his nobler Sire's Disgrace.  
A Day shall come, when this inglorious Son  
690 Shall stain the Trophies all by *Pompey* won:  
A Thief, and Spoiler, shall he live confess'd,  
And act those Wrongs his Father's Arms redress'd.  
Vex'd with a Coward's fond Impatience now,  
He pries into that Fate he fears to know;  
695 Nor seeks he, with religious Vows, to move  
The *Delphick* Tripod, or *Dodonian Jove*;  
No priestly Augurs Art employs his Cares,  
Nor *Babylonian* Seers, who read the Stars;

He



He nor by Fibres, Birds, or Light'ning's Fires,  
 Nor any just, tho' secret Rites enquires; 700  
 But horrid Altars, and Infernal Pow'rs,  
 Dire Mysteries of Magick he explores,  
 Such as high Heav'n and gracious *Jove* abhors. }  
 He thinks, 'tis little those above can know,  
 And seeks accurst Assistance from below. 705  
 The Place it self the impious Means supplies,  
 While near *Hemonian* Hags incamp'd he lies:  
 All dreadful Deeds, all monstrous Forms of old,  
 By Fear invented, and by Falshood told,  
 Whate'er transcends Belief, and Reason's View, 710  
 Their Art can furnish, and their Pow'r makes true.

The pregnant Fields a horrid Crop produce,  
 Noxious, and fit for Witchcraft's deadly Use;  
 With baleful Weeds each Mountain's Brow is hung,  
 And list'ning Rocks attend the Charmer's Song. 715  
 There, potent and mysterious Plants arise,  
 Plants that compel the Gods, and awe the Skies;  
 There, Leaves unfolded to *Medea's* View,  
 Such as her native *Colchos* never knew.  
 Soon as the dread *Hæmonian* Voice ascends, 720  
 Thro' the whole vast Expanse, each Pow'r attends;  
 Ev'n all those fullen Deities, who know  
 No Care of Heav'n above, or Earth below,  
 Hear and obey. Th' *Assyrian* then, in vain,  
 And *Memphian* Priests, their local Gods detain; 725  
 From ev'ry Altar loose at once they fly,  
 And with the stronger Foreign Call comply.



The coldest Hearts *Theſſalian* Numbers warm,  
And ruthleſs Boſoms own the potent Charm;  
730 With monſtrous Pow'r they rouse perverſe Deſire,  
And kindle into Luſt the wint'ry Sire:  
Where noxious Cups, and poiſ'nous Philters fail,  
More potent Spells and myſtick Verſe prevail.  
No Draughts ſo ſtrong the Knots of Love prepare,  
735 Cropt from her Younglings by the Parent Mare.  
Oft', fullen Bridegrooms, who unkindly fled  
From blooming Beauty, and the genial Bed,  
Melt as the Thread runs on, and ſighing, feel  
The giddy whirling of the Magick Wheel.  
740 Whene'er the proud Enchantreſs gives Command,  
Eternal Motion ſtops her active Hand;  
No more Heav'n's rapid Circles journey on,  
But univerſal Nature ſtands foredone:  
The lazy God of Day forgets to riſe,  
745 And everlaſting Night pollutes the Skies.  
*Jove* wonders, to behold her ſhake the Pole,  
And, unconfenting, hears his Thunders roll.  
Now, with a Word, ſhe hides the Sun's bright Face,  
And blots the wide *Ætherial* Azure Space:  
750 Loofely, anon, ſhe ſhakes her flowing Hair,  
And ſtrait the ſtormy low'ring Heav'ns are fair:  
At once, ſhe calls the golden Light again,  
The Clouds fly ſwift away, and ſtops the drizly Rain.  
In ſtilleſt Calms, ſhe bids the Waves run high,  
755 And ſmooths the Deep, tho' *Boreas* ſhakes the Sky;  
When Winds are huſh'd, her potent Breath prevails,  
Waſts on the Bark, and fills the flagging Sails.

Streams



Streams have run back at Murmurs of her Tongue,  
And Torrents from the Rock suspended hung.  
No more the *Nile* his wonted Seasons knows, 760  
And in a Line the strait *Mæander* flows.  
*Arar* has rush'd with headlong Waters down,  
And driv'n unwillingly the sluggish *Rhone*.  
Huge Mountains have been levell'd with the Plain,  
And far from Heav'n has tall *Olympus* lain. 765  
*Riphaean* Chrystal has been known to melt,  
And *Scythian* Snows a sudden Summer felt.  
No longer prest by *Cynthia's* moister Beam,  
Alternate *Tethys* heaves her swelling Stream;  
By Charms forbid, her Tides revolve no more, 770  
But shun the Margin of the guarded Shore.  
The pond'rous Earth, by Magick Numbers strook,  
Down to her inmost Centre deep has shook;  
Then rending with a Yawn, at once made way,  
To join the upper, and the nether Day; 775  
While wond'ring Eyes, the dreadful Cleft between,  
Another starry Firmament have seen.  
Each deadly Kind, by Nature form'd to kill,  
Fear the dire Hags, and execute their Will.  
Lions, to them, their nobler Rage submit, 780  
And fawning Tygers couch beneath their Feet;  
For them, the Snake foregoes her wint'ry Hold,  
And on the hoary Frost untwines her Fold:  
The pois'nous Race they strike with stronger Death,  
And blasted Vipers die by human Breath. 785  
What Law the heav'nly Natures thus constrains,  
And binds ev'n Godheads in resistless Chains?

What



What wond'rous Pow'r do Charms and Herbs imply,  
And force 'em thus to follow, and to fly?  
790 What is it can command 'em to obey?  
Do's Choice incline, or awful Terror sway?  
Do secret Rites their Deities atone,  
Or Mysttick Piety to Man unknown?  
Do strong Inchantments all Immortals brave?  
795 Or is there one determin'd God their Slave?  
One, whose Command obedient Nature awes,  
Who, subject still himself to Magick Laws,  
Acts only as a Servile second Cause?  
Magick the starry Lamps from Heav'n can tear,  
800 And shoot 'em gleaming thro' the dusky Air;  
Can blot fair *Cynthia's* Countenance serene,  
And poison with foul Spells the Silver Queen:  
Now pale the ghastly Goddess shrinks with Dread,  
And now black smoky Fires involve her Head;  
805 As when, Earth's envious interposing Shade,  
Cuts off her beamy Brother from her Aid:  
Held by the charming Song, she strives in vain,  
And labours with the long-pursuing Pain;  
'Till down, and downward still, compell'd to come,  
810 On hallow'd Herbs she sheds her fatal Foam.  
But these, as Arts too gentle, and too good,  
Nor yet with Death, or Guilt enough embrew'd,  
With haughty Scorn the fierce *Erichon* view'd.  
New Mischief she, new Monsters durst explore,  
815 And dealt in Horrors never known before.  
From Towns, and Hospitable Roofs she flies,  
And ev'ry Dwelling of Mankind defies;  
Thro'



Thro' unfrequented Defarts lonely roams,  
Drives out the Dead, and dwells within their Tombs.  
Spight of all Laws, which Heav'n, or Nature know, 820  
The Rule of Gods above, and Man below;  
Grateful to Hell the living Hag descends,  
And sits in black Assemblies of the Fiends.  
Dark matted Elf-locks dangling on her Brow,  
Filthy, and foul, a loathsome Burthen grow: 825  
Ghastly, and frightful-pale her Face is seen,  
Unknown to chearful Day, and Skies serene:  
But when the Stars are veil'd, when Storms arise,  
And the blue forky Flame at Midnight flies,  
Then, forth from Graves, she takes her wicked Way, 830  
And thwarts the glancing Light'nings as they play.  
Where-e'er she breaths, blue Poisons round her spread,  
The with'ring Grass avows her fatal Tread,  
And drooping *Ceres* hangs her blasted Head. }  
Nor holy Rites, nor suppliant Pray'r she knows, 835  
Nor seeks the Gods with Sacrifice, or Vows:  
Whate'er she offers is the Spoil of Urns,  
And Fun'ral Fire upon her Altars burns;  
Nor need she send a second Voice on high,  
Scar'd at the first, the trembling Gods comply. 840  
Oft' in the Grave the Living has she laid,  
And bid reviving Bodies leave the Dead;  
Oft' at the Fun'ral Pile she seeks her Prey,  
And bears the smoking Ashes warm away;  
Snatches some burning Bone, or flaming Brand, 845  
And tears the Torch from the sad Father's Hand;



Seizes the Shroud's loose Fragments as they fly,  
And picks the Coal where clammy Juices fry.  
But when the Dead in Marble Tombs are plac'd,  
850 Where the moist Carcase by Degrees shall waste,  
There, greedily on ev'ry Part she flies,  
Strips the dry Nails, and digs the goary Eyes.  
Her Teeth from Gibbets gnaw the strangling Noose,  
And from the Cross dead Murderers unlose:  
855 Her Charms the Use of Sun-dry'd Marrow find,  
And husky Entrails wither'd in the Wind;  
Oft' drops the ropy Gore upon her Tongue,  
With cordy Sinews oft' her Jaws are strung,  
And thus suspended oft' the filthy Hag has hung.  
860 Where-e'er the Battle bleeds, and Slaughter lies,  
Thither, preventing Birds and Beasts, she hies;  
Nor then content to seize the ready Prey,  
From their fell Jaws she tears their Food away:  
She marks the hungry Wolf's pernicious Tooth,  
865 And joys to rend the Morfel from his Mouth.  
Nor ever yet Remorse cou'd stop her Hand,  
When human Gore her cursed Rites demand.  
Whether some tender Infant, yet unborn,  
From the lamenting Mother's Side is torn;  
870 Whether her Purpose asks some bolder Shade,  
And by her Knife, the Ghost she wants, is made;  
Or whether, curious in the choice of Blood,  
She catches the first gushing of the Flood;  
All Mischief is of use, and ev'ry Murder good.  
875 When blooming Youths in early Manhood die,  
She stands a terrible Attendant by;



The downy Growth from off their Cheeks she tears,  
Or cuts left-handed some selected Hairs.

Oft' when in Death her gasping Kindred lay,  
Some pious Office wou'd she feign to pay; 880  
And while close hov'ring o'er the Bed she hung,  
Bit the pale Lips, and cropt the quiv'ring Tongue;  
Then, in hoarse Murmurs, ere the Ghost cou'd go,  
Mutter'd some Message to the Shades below.

A Fame like this around the Region spread, 885  
To prove her Pow'r, the younger *Pompey* led.  
Now half her fable Course the Night had run,  
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy Sun;  
When the vile Youth in Silence cross'd the Plain,  
Attended by his wonted worthless Train. 890

Thro' Ruins waste and old, long wand'ring round,  
Lonely upon a Rock, the Hag they found.  
There, as it chanc'd, in sullen Mood she sat,  
Pond'ring upon the War's approaching Fate:  
At that same Hour, she ran new Numbers o'er, 895  
And Spells, unheard by Hell it self before;  
Fearful, least wav'ring Destiny might change,  
And bid the War in distant Regions range,  
She charm'd *Pharsalia's* Field with early Care,  
To keep the Warriors and the Slaughter there. 900  
So may her impious Arts in Triumph reign,  
And riot in the Plenty of the Slain:

So, many a Royal Ghost she may command,  
Mangle dead Hero's with a ruthless Hand,  
And rob of many an Urn *Hesperia's* mourning Land. } 905  
Already she enjoys the dreadful Field,  
And thinks what Spoils the rival Chiefs shall yield;

With



With what fell Rage each Coarse she shall invade,  
And fly rapacious on the prostrate Dead.

To her a lowly Suppliant, thus begun  
910 The noble *Pompey's* much unworthy Son.

Hail! mighty Mistress of *Hæmonian* Arts,  
To whom stern Fate her dark Decrees imparts;  
At thy Approving, bids her Purpose stand,  
Or alters it at thy rever'd Command.

915 From thee, my humbler awful Hopes presume  
To learn my Father's, and my Country's Doom:  
Nor think this Grace to one Unworthy done,  
When thou shalt know me for great *Pompey's* Son;  
With him, all Fortunes am I born to share,

920 His Ruin's Partner, or his Empire's Heir.  
Let not blind Chance for ever wav'ring stand,  
And awe us with her unresolving Hand:  
I own my Mind unequal to the Weight,  
Nor can I bear the Pangs of doubtful Fate:

925 Let it be certain what we have to fear,  
And then---no matter---Let the Time draw near.  
Oh let thy Charms this Truth from Heav'n compel,  
Or force the dreadful *Stygian* Gods to tell.

Call Death, all pale and meagre, from below,  
930 And from her self her fatal Purpose know;  
Constrain'd by thee, the Phantom shall declare  
Whom she decrees to strike, and whom to spare.

Nor ever can thy Skill divine foresee,  
Thro' the blind Maze of long Futurity,  
935 Events more worthy of thy Arts, and thee.

Pleas'd that her magick Fame diffusely flies,  
Thus, with a horrid Smile, the Hag replies.



Hadst thou, oh noble Youth, my Aid implor'd,  
For any less Decision of the Sword;  
The Gods, unwilling, shou'd my Pow'r confess, 940  
And crown thy Wishes with a full Success.  
Hadst thou desir'd some single Friend to save,  
Long had my Charms with-held him from the Grave;  
Or wou'd thy Hate some Foe this instant doom,  
He dies, tho' Heav'n decrees him Years to come. 945  
But when Effects are to their Causes chain'd,  
From Everlasting, mightily, ordain'd;  
When all things labour for one certain End,  
And on one Action center and depend:  
Then far behind, we own, our Arts are cast, 950  
And Magick is by Fortune's Pow'r surpass'd.  
Howe'er, if, yet, thy Soul can be content,  
Only to know that undisclos'd Event;  
My potent Charms o'er Nature shall prevail,  
And from a thousand Mouths extort the Tale: 955  
This Truth the Fields, the Floods, the Rocks shall tell,  
The Thunder of high Heav'n, or Groans of Hell.  
Tho', still, more kindly Oracles remain,  
Among the recent Deaths of yonder Plain. 960  
Of these a Corse our mystick Rites shall raise,  
As yet unshrunk by *Titan's* parching Blaze;  
So shall no Maim the vocal Pipes confound,  
But the sad Shade shall breathe, distinct in human Sound.  
While yet she spoke, a double Darkness spread, 965  
Black Clouds and murky Fogs involve her Head,  
While o'er th' unbury'd Heaps her Footsteps tread.  
Wolves howl'd, and fled where-e'er she took her Way,  
And hungry Vulturs left the mangled Prey;



The Savage Race, abash'd, before her yield,  
970 And while she culls her Prophet, quit the Field.  
To various Carcasses by turns she lies,  
And, griping with her gory Fingers, tries;  
'Till one of perfect Organs can be found,  
And fibrous Lungs uninjur'd by a Wound.  
975 Of all the fitting Shadows of the Slain,  
Fate doubts which Ghost shall turn to Life again:  
At her strong Bidding (such is her Command)  
Armies at once had left the *Stygian* Strand;  
Hell's Multitudes had waited on her Charms,  
980 And Legions of the Dead had ris'n to Arms.  
Among the dreadful Carnage strew'd around,  
One, for her Purpose fit, at length she found;  
In his pale Jaws a rusty Hook she hung,  
And dragg'd the wretched lifeless Load along:  
985 Anon, beneath a craggy Cliff she stay'd,  
And in a dreary Delve her Burthen laid;  
There evermore the wicked Witch delights  
To do her Deeds accurs'd, and practise hellish Rites.  
Low as the Realms where *Stygian Jove* is crown'd,  
990 Subsides the gloomy Vale within the Ground;  
A downward Grove, that never knew to rise,  
Or shoot its leafy Honours to the Skies,  
From hanging Rocks declines its drooping Head,  
And covers in the Cave with dreadful Shade;  
995 Within, Dismay, and Fear, and Darkness dwell,  
And Filth obscene besmears the baleful Cell.  
There, lasting Night no beamy dawning knows,  
No Light but such as magick Flames disclose;

Heavy,



Heavy, as in *Tænarian* Caverns, there  
 In dull Stagnation sleeps the lazy Air. 1000  
 There meet the Boundaries of Life and Death,  
 The Borders of our World, and that beneath;  
 Thither the Rulers of th' Infernal Court  
 Permit their airy Vassals to resort;  
 Thence with like Ease the Sorcerers cou'd tell, 1005  
 As if descending down, the Deeds of Hell.  
 And now she for the solemn Task prepares,  
 A Mantle patch'd with various Shreds she wears,  
 And binds, with twining Snakes, her wilder Hairs. }  
 All pale, for dread, the dastard Youth she spy'd, 1010  
 Heartless his Mates stood quiv'ring by his Side.  
 Be bold! (she cries) dismiss this abject Fear;  
 Living, and Human, shall the Form appear, }  
 And breath no Sounds but what ev'n you may hear. }  
 How had your vile, your coward Souls been quell'd, 1015  
 Had you the livid *Stygian* Lakes beheld;  
 Heard the loud Floods of rolling Sulphur roar,  
 And burst in Thunder on the burning Shore?  
 Had you survey'd yon' Prison-house of Woe,  
 And Giants bound in Adamant below? 1020  
 Seen the vast Dog with curling Vipers swell,  
 Heard screaming Furies, at my coming, Yell,  
 Double their Rage, and add new Pains to Hell? }  
 This said; She runs the mangled Carcass o'er,  
 And wipes from ev'ry Wound the crusty Gore; 1025  
 Now with hot Blood the frozen Breast she warms,  
 And with strong Lunar Dews confirms her Charms.  
 Anon, she mingles ev'ry monstrous Birth,  
 Which Nature, wayward and perverse, brings forth.



1030 Nor Entrails of the spotted *Lynx* she lacks,  
 Nor bony Joints from fell *Hyæna*'s Backs;  
 Nor Deer's hot Marrow rich with snaky Food;  
 Nor Foam of raging Dogs that fly the Flood.  
 Her Store the tardy *Remora* supplies,  
 1035 With Stones from Eagles warm, and Dragons Eyes;  
 Snakes that on Pinions cut their airy way,  
 And nimbly o'er *Arabian* Deserts prey;  
 The Viper bred in *Erythæan* Streams,  
 To guard in costly Shells the growing Gems;  
 1040 The Slough by *Libya*'s horned Serpent cast,  
 With Ashes, by the dying *Phoenix* plac'd  
 On od'rous Altars in the fragrant East.  
 To these she joins dire Drugs without a Name,  
 A thousand Poisons never known to Fame;  
 1045 Herbs o'er whose Leaves the Hag her Spells had fung,  
 And wet with curst Spittle as they sprung;  
 With ev'ry other Mischief most abhorr'd,  
 Which Hell, or worse *Erichon*, cou'd afford.

At length, in Murmurs hoarse her Voice was heard,  
 1050 Her Voice, beyond all Plants, all Magick fear'd,  
 And by the lowest *Stygian* Gods rever'd.  
 Her gabling Tongue a mutt'ring Tone confounds,  
 Discordant, and unlike to human Sounds:  
 It seem'd, of Dogs the Bark, of Wolves the Howl,  
 1055 The doleful skreeching of the Midnight Owl;  
 The Hiss of Snakes, the hungry Lion's Roar,  
 The Bound of Billows beating on the Shore;  
 The Groan of Winds amongst the leafy Wood,  
 And Burst of Thunder from the rending Cloud:

'Twas



'Twas these, all these in one. At length she breaks 1060  
Thus into Magick Verse, and thus the Gods bespeaks.

Ye Furies! and thou black accursed Hell!  
Ye Woes! in which the Damn'd for ever dwell;  
*Chaos*, the World, and Form's eternal Foe!  
And thou sole Arbiter of All below, 1065

*Pluto*! whom ruthless Fates a God ordain,  
And doom to Immortality of Pain;  
Ye fair *Elysian* Mansions of the Blest,  
Where no *Thessalian* Charmer hopes to rest;  
*Styx*! and *Persephone*, compell'd to fly 1070

Thy fruitful Mother, and the chearful Sky!  
Third *Hecate*! by whom my Whispers breathe  
My secret Purpose, to the Shades beneath;  
Thou greedy Dog, who at th' infernal Gate,  
In everlasting Hunger, still dost wait! 1075

And thou old *Charon*, horrible and hoar!  
For ever lab'ring back from Shore to Shore;  
Who murm'ring dost in Weariness complain,  
That I so oft demand thy Dead again;  
Hear, all ye Pow'rs! If e'er your Hell rejoice, 1080  
In the lov'd Horrors of this impious Voice;

If still with human Flesh I have been fed,  
If pregnant Mothers have, to please you, bled;  
If from the Womb these ruthless Hands have torn  
Infants, mature, and struggling to be born; 1085

Hear and obey! Nor do I ask a Ghost,  
Long since receiv'd upon your *Stygian* Coast;  
But one that, new to Death, for Entrance waits,  
And loiters yet before your gloomy Gates.



1090 Let the pale Shade these Herbs, these Numbers hear,  
And in his well-known warlike Form appear.  
Here let him stand, before his Leader's Son,  
And say what dire Events are drawing on:  
If Blood be your Delight, let this be done.

1095 Foaming she spoke: Then rear'd her hateful Head,  
And hard at hand beheld th' attending Shade.  
Too well the trembling Sprite the Carcass knew,  
And fear'd to enter into Life anew;

Fain from those mangled Limbs it wou'd have run,  
1100 And, loathing, strove that House of Pain to shun.

Ah! Wretch! to whom the cruel Fates deny

That Privilege of human Kind, to die!

Wroth was the Hag at lingring Death's Delay,

And wonder'd Hell could dare to disobey;

1105 With curling Snakes the senseless Trunk she beats,

And Curfes dire, at ev'ry Lash, repeats;

With Magick Numbers cleaves the groaning Ground,

And, thus, barks downwards to th' Abyss profound:

Ye Fiends Hell-born, ye Sisters of Despair!

1110 Thus? is it thus my Will becomes your Care?

Still sleep those Whips within your idle Hands,

Nor drive the loit'ring Ghost this Voice demands?

But mark me well! my Charms, in Fate's despight,

Shall drag you forth, ye *Stygian* Dogs, to Light;

1115 Thro' Vaults, and Tombs, where now secure you roam,

My Vengeance shall pursue, and chace you Home.

And thou, oh! *Hecate*, that dar'st to rise,

Various and alter'd to immortal Eyes,

No more shalt veil thy Horrors in disguise;

Still



Still in thy Form accursed shalt thou dwell, 1120  
Nor change the Face that Nature made for Hell.  
Each Mystery beneath I will display,  
And *Stygian* Loves shall stand confess'd to Day.  
Thee, *Proserpine*! thy fatal Feast I'll show,  
What Leagues detain thee in the Realms below, 1125  
And why thy once fond Mother loaths thee now.  
At my Command Earth's Barrier shall remove,  
And piercing *Titan* vex infernal *Jove*;  
Full on his Throne the blazing Beams shall beat,  
And Light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy Seat. 1130  
Yet, am I yet, ye fullen Fiends, obey'd?  
Or must I call your Master to my Aid?  
At whose dread Name the trembling Furies quake,  
Hell stands abash'd, and Earth's Foundations shake?  
Who views the *Gorgons* with intrepid Eyes, 1135  
And your unviolable Flood defies?

She said; and, at the Word, the frozen Blood  
Slowly began to roll its creeping Flood;  
Thro' the known Channels stole the purple Tide,  
And Warmth, and Motion thro' the Members glide; 1140  
The Nerves are stretch'd, the turgid Muscles swell,  
And the Heart moves within its secret Cell;  
The Haggard Eyes their stupid Lights disclose,  
And heavy by degrees the Corpse arose.  
Doubtful and faint th' uncertain Life appears, 1145  
And Death, all-o'er, the livid Visage wears;  
Pale, stiff, and mute, the ghastly Figure stands,  
Nor knows to speak, but at her dread Commands.

When



When thus the Hag. Speak what I wish to know,  
1150 And endless Rest attends thy Shade below;  
Reveal the Truth, and, to reward thy Pain,  
No Charms shall drag thee back to Life again;  
Such hallow'd Wood shall feed thy Fun'ral Fire,  
Such Numbers to thy last Repose conspire,  
1155 No Sister of our Art thy Ghost shall wrong,  
Or force thee listen to her potent Song.  
Since the dark Gods in mystick Tripods dwell,  
Since doubtful Truths ambiguous Prophets tell;  
While each Event aright and plain is read,  
1160 To ev'ry bold Inquirer of the Dead:  
Do thou unfold what End these Wars shall wait,  
Persons, and Things, and Time, and Place relate,  
And be the just Interpreter of Fate.

She spoke, and, as she spoke, a Spell she made,  
1165 That gave new Prescience to th' unknowing Shade.

When thus the Spectre, weeping all for Woe;  
Seek not from me the *Parcæ's* Will to know.  
I saw not what their dreadful Looms ordain,  
Too soon recall'd to hated Life again;  
1170 Recall'd, e'er yet my waiting Ghost had pass'd  
The silent Stream, that wafts us all to Rest.  
All I cou'd learn, was from the loose Report  
Of wand'ring Shades, that to the Banks resort.  
Uproar, and Discord, never known 'till now,  
1175 Distract the peaceful Realms of Death below;  
From blissful Plains of sweet *Elysium* some,  
Others from doleful Dens, and Torments come;

While



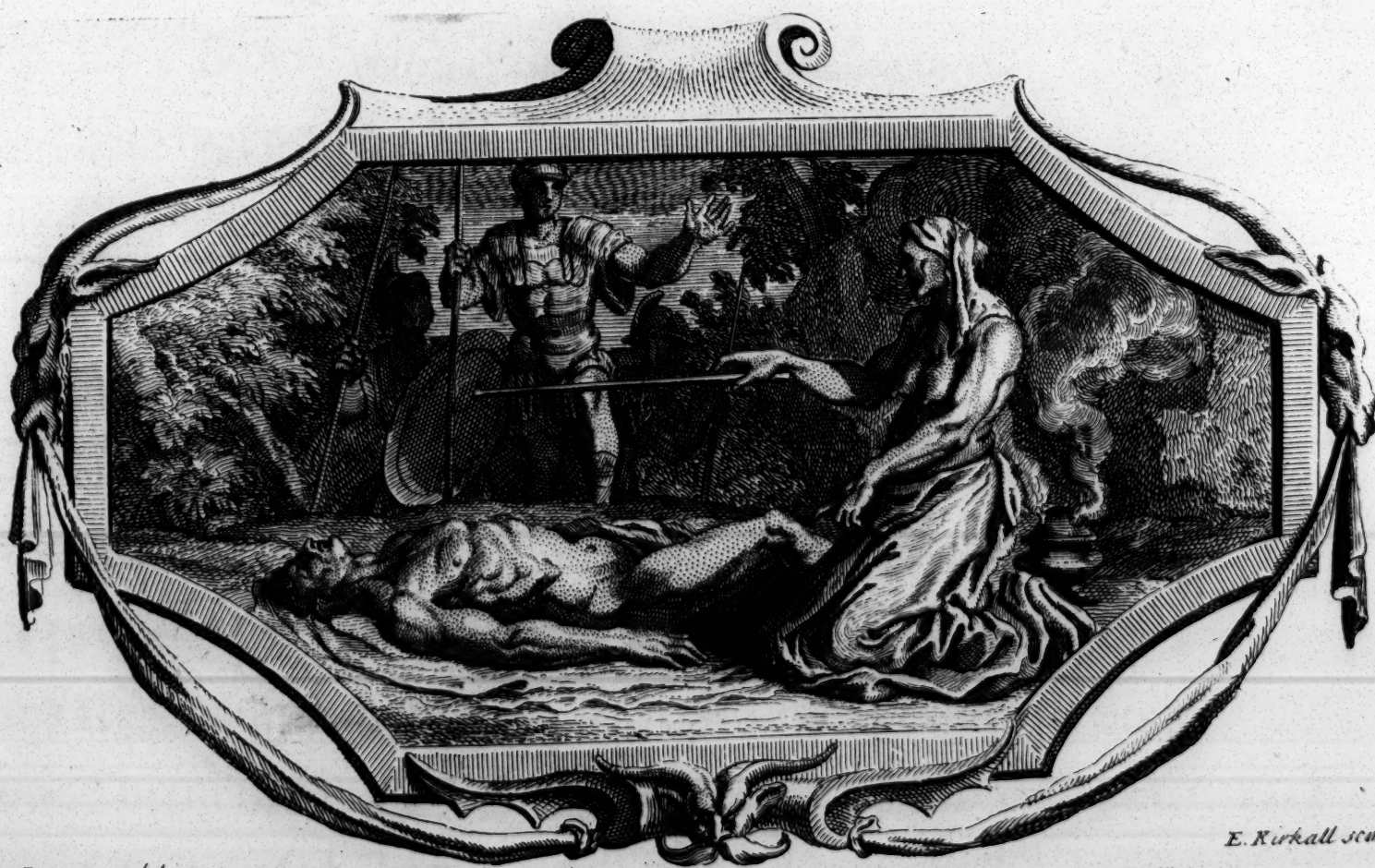
While in the face of ev'ry various Shade,  
 The Woes of *Rome* too plainly might be read.  
 In Tears lamenting, Ghosts of Patriots stood, 1180  
 And mourn'd their Country in a falling Flood;  
 Sad were the *Decii*, and the *Curii* seen,  
 And heavy was the great *Camillus*' Mien:  
 On Fortune loud indignant *Sylla* rail'd,  
 And *Scipio* his unhappy Race bewail'd; 1185  
 The Cenfor sad foresaw his *Cato*'s Doom,  
 Resolv'd to die for Liberty, and *Rome*.  
 Of all the Shades that haunt the happy Field,  
 Thee only, *Brutus*! smiling I beheld;  
 Thee, thou first Consul, haughty *Tarquin*'s Dread, 1190  
 From whose just Wrath the conscious Tyrant fled,  
 When Freedom first uprear'd her infant Head.  
 Meanwhile the Damn'd exult amidst their Pains,  
 And *Catiline* audacious breaks his Chains.  
 There the *Cethegan* naked Race I view'd, 1195  
 The *Marii* fierce, with human Gore embrew'd,  
 The *Gracchi*, fond of Mischief-making Laws,  
 And *Drusi*, popular in Faction's Cause,  
 All clap'd their Hands in horrible Applause. 1200  
 The Crash of brazen Fetters rung around,  
 And Hell's wide Caverns trembled with the Sound.  
 No more the Bounds of Fate their Guilt constrain,  
 But proudly they demand th' *Elysian* Plain.  
 Thus they, while dreadful *Dis*, with busie Cares,  
 New Torments for the Conquerors prepares; 1205  
 New Chains of Adamant he forms below,  
 And opens all his deep Reserves of Woe:



Sharp are the Pains for Tyrants kept in Store,  
And Flames yet ten times hotter than before.  
1210 But thou, oh noble Youth! in Peace depart,  
And sooth, with better Hopes, thy doubtful Heart:  
Sweet is the Rest, and blissful is the Place,  
That wait thy Sire, and his illustrious Race.  
Nor fondly seek to lengthen out thy Date,  
1215 Nor envy the surviving Victor's Fate;  
The Hour draws near when all alike must yield,  
And Death shall mix the Fame of ev'ry Field.  
Haste then, with Glory, to your destin'd End,  
And proudly from your humbler Urns descend;  
1220 Bold in superior Virtue shall you come,  
And trample on the Demigods of *Rome*.  
Ah! what shall it import the mighty Dead,  
Or by the *Nile*, or *Tyber* to be laid?  
'Tis only for a Grave your Wars are made.  
1225 Seek not to know what for thy self remains,  
That shall be told in fair *Sicilia's* Plains;  
Prophetick there, thy Father's Shade shall rise,  
In awful Vision to thy wond'ring Eyes:  
He shall thy Fate reveal; tho' doubting yet,  
1230 Where he may best advise thee to retreat.  
In vain to various Climates shall you run,  
In vain pursuing Fortune strive to shun,  
In *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia*, still undone.  
Wide as your Triumphs shall your Ruins lie,  
1235 And all in distant Regions shall you die.  
Ah wretched Race! to whom the World can yield  
No safer Refuge, than *Emathia's* Field.



He said, and with a silent, mournful Look,  
A last Dismission from the Hag bespoke.  
Nor can the Sprite, discharg'd by Death's cold Hand, 1240  
Again be subject to the same Command;  
But Charms and Magick Herbs must lend their Aid,  
And render back to Rest the troubled Shade.  
A Pile of hallow'd Wood *Erichtho* builds,  
The Soul with Joy its mangled Carcass yields; 1245  
She bids the kindling Flames ascend on high,  
And leaves the weary Wretch at length to die.  
Then, while the secret Dark their Footsteps hides,  
Homeward the Youth, all pale for fear, she guides;  
And, for the Light began to streak the East, 1250  
With potent Spells the Dawning she repress'd;  
Commanded Night's obedient Queen to stay,  
And, 'till they reach'd the Camp, with-held the rising Day.



L. Cheron del.

E. Kirkall sculp.



The said, and with a silent mournful look  
A last Distinction from the Hag bespoke.  
Nor can the spirit, discharg'd by Death's cold Hand  
Again be subject to the same Command:  
But Charms and Magick Hells must lend their Aid,  
And render back to Hell the troubled Shade.  
A Pile of hallow'd Wood & hallow'd build  
The Soul with Joy its mangled Carcass yields  
The bid the binding Plumes descend, & then  
And leave the wry Witch at length to die.  
Then while the Sun Dark their Eclipse hides  
Homes, & all the all-time for the end  
And for the light began to break the Fall  
With power in spell the Dæmoning the spirit  
Commanded Night's obedient Queen to fix  
And all new-moon the Cup with hold the





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THE  
SEVENTH BOOK  
OF  
*LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.*

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## The ARGUMENT.

*In the Seventh Book is told, first, Pompey's Dream the Night before the Battle of Pharsalia; after that, the impatient Desire of his Army to engage, which is reinforc'd by Tully. Pompey, tho' against his own Opinion and Inclination, agrees to a Battle. Then follows the Speech of each General to his Army, and the Battle it self: The Flight of Pompey; Cæsar's Behaviour after his Victory; and an Invective against him, and the very Country of Thessaly, for being the Scene (according to this and other Authors) of so many Misfortunes to the People of Rome.*





# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## BOOK VII.



LATE, and unwilling, from his wat'ry  
 Bed,  
 Uprear'd the mournful Sun his cloudy  
 Head;  
 He sicken'd to behold *Emathia's* Plain,  
 And wou'd have fought the backward  
 East again:

Full oft' he turn'd him from the destin'd Race, 5  
 And wish'd some dark Eclipse might veil his radiant Face.

*Pompey*, meanwhile, in pleasing Visions past  
 The Night, of all his happy Nights the last.  
 It seem'd, as if, in all his former State,  
 In his own Theater secure he fate: 10

About his Side unnumber'd *Romans* croud,  
 And, joyful, shout his much-lov'd Name aloud;

The



The echoing Benches seem to ring around,  
And his charm'd Ears devour the pleasing Sound.  
15 Such both himself, and such the People seem,  
In the false Prospect of the feigning Dream;  
As when in early Manhood's beardless Bloom,  
He stood the darling Hope and Joy of *Rome*.  
When fierce *Sertorius* by his Arms suppress'd,  
20 And *Spain* subdu'd, the Conqueror confess'd;  
When rais'd with Honours never known before,  
The Consuls Purple, yet a Youth, he wore:  
When the pleas'd Senate sat with new Delight,  
To view the Triumph of a *Roman* Knight.  
25 Perhaps, when our good Days no longer last,  
The Mind runs backward, and enjoys the past:  
Perhaps, the riddling Visions of the Night  
With Contrarieties delude our Sight;  
And when fair Scenes of Pleasure they disclose,  
30 Pain they foretell, and sure ensuing Woes.  
Or was it not, that, since the Fates ordain  
*Pompey* shou'd never see his *Rome* again,  
One last good Office yet they meant to do,  
And gave him in a Dream this parting View?  
35 Oh may no Trumpet bid the Leader wake!  
Long, let him long the blissful Slumber take!  
Too soon the Morrow's sleepless Night will come,  
Full fraught with Slaughter, Misery, and *Rome*;  
With Horror, and Dismay, those Shades shall rise,  
40 And the lost Battle live before his Eyes.  
How blest his Fellow-Citizens had been,  
Tho' but in Dreams, their *Pompey* to have seen?

Oh!



Oh! that the Gods, in pity, would allow,  
 Such long-try'd Friends their Destiny to know;  
 So each, to each, might their sad Thoughts convey, 45  
 And make the most of their last mournful Day.

But now, unconscious of the Ruin nigh,  
 Within his native Land he thinks to die:  
 While her fond Hopes with Confidence presume, 50  
 Nothing so terrible from Fate can come,  
 As to be rob'd of her lov'd *Pompey's* Tomb.  
 Had the sad City Fate's Decree foreknown,  
 What Floods, fast falling, shou'd her Loss bemoan;  
 Then shou'd the lusty Youth, and Fathers hoar,  
 With mingling Tears, their Chief renown'd deplore; 55  
 Maids, Matrons, Wives, and Babes, a helpless Train,  
 As once for god-like *Brutus*, shou'd complain;  
 Their Tresses shou'd they tear, their Bosomes beat,  
 And cry loud-wailing in the doleful Street.

Nor shalt thou, *Rome*, thy gushing Sorrows keep, 60  
 Tho' aw'd by *Cæsar*, and forbid to weep;  
 Tho', while he tells thee of thy *Pompey* dead,  
 He shakes his threat'ning Fauchion o'er thy Head.  
 Lamenting Crouds the Conqueror shall meet,  
 And with a peal of Groans his Triumph greet; 65  
 In sad Procession sighing shall they go,  
 And stain his Lawrels with the Streams of Woe.

But now, the fainting Stars at length gave way,  
 And hid their vanquish'd Fires in beamy Day;  
 When round the Leader's Tent the Legions croud, 70  
 And, urg'd by Fate, demand the Fight aloud.

Y y y

Wretches!



Wretches! that long their little Life to waste,  
And hurry on those Hours that fly too fast!  
Too soon, for thousands, shall the Day be done,  
75 Whose Eyes no more shall see the setting Sun.  
Tumultuous Speech, th' impulsive Rage confess,  
And *Rome's* bad Genius rose in ev'ry Breast.  
With vile Disgrace they blot their Leader's Name,  
Pronounce ev'n *Pompey* fearful, flow, and tame,  
80 And cry, He sinks beneath his Father's Fame.  
Some charge him with Ambition's guilty Views,  
And think 'tis Pow'r, and Empire, he pursues;  
That, fearing Peace, he practises Delay,  
And wou'd, for ever, make the World obey.  
85 While Eastern Kings of ling'ring Wars complain,  
And wish to view their native Realms again.  
Thus when the Gods are pleas'd to plague Mankind,  
Our own rash Hands are to the Task assign'd;  
By them ordain'd the Tools of Fate to be,  
90 We blindly act the Mischiefs they decree;  
We call the Battle, we the Sword prepare,  
And *Rome's* Destruction is the *Roman* Pray'r.  
The gen'ral Voice, united, *Tully* takes,  
And for the rest the sweet Perswader speaks;  
95 *Tully*, for happy Eloquence renown'd,  
With ev'ry *Roman* Grace of Language crown'd;  
Beneath whose Rule and Government rever'd,  
Fierce *Catiline* the peaceful Axes fear'd:  
But now, detain'd amidst an armed Throng,  
100 Where lost his Arts, and useless was his Tongue,  
The Orator had born the Camp too long.

He



He to the vulgar Side his Pleading draws,  
And thus enforces much their feeble Cause.

For all, that Fortune for thy Arms has done,  
For all thy Fame acquir'd, thy Battles won;  
This only Boon her suppliant Vows implore,  
That thou wou'dst deign to use her Aid once more:

105

In this, O *Pompey*! Kings and Chiefs unite,  
And, to chastise proud *Cæsar*, ask the Fight.  
Shall he, one Man against the World combin'd,  
Protract Destruction, and embroil Mankind?

110

What will the vanquish'd Nations murm'ring say,  
Where once thy Conquests cut their winged Way;  
When they behold thy Virtue lazy now,  
And see thee move thus languishing and flow?

115

Where are those Fires that warm'd thee to be Great?  
That stable Soul, and Confidence in Fate?

Canst thou the Gods ungratefully mistrust?  
Or think the Senate's sacred Cause unjust?

Scarce are th' impatient Ensigns yet with-held:

120

Why art thou, thus, to Victory compell'd?

Dost thou *Rome*'s Chief, and in her Cause, appear?

'Tis hers to chuse the Field, and she appoints it here.

Why is this Ardor of the World withstood,

The injur'd World, that thirsts for *Cæsar*'s Blood?

125

See! where the Troops with Indignation stand,

Each Javelin trembling in an eager Hand,

And wait, unwillingly, the last Command.

Resolve the Senate then, and let 'em know,

Are they thy Servants, or their Servant thou?

130

Sore



Sore figh'd the list'ning Chief, who well cou'd read  
Some dire Delusion by the Gods decreed;  
He saw the Fates malignantly inclin'd,  
To thwart his Purpose, and perplex his Mind.

135 Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,  
Since my impatient Friends and Country need  
My Hand to fight, and not my Head to lead;  
*Pompey* no longer shall your Fate delay,  
But let pernicious Fortune take her Way,

140 And waste the World on one devoted Day.  
But oh! be witness thou my native *Rome*,  
With what a sad fore-boding Heart I come;  
To thy hard Fate unwillingly I yield,  
While thy rash Sons compel me to the Field.

145 How easily had *Cæsar* been subdu'd,  
And the blest Victory been free from Blood!  
But the fond *Romans* cheap Renown disdain,  
They wish for Deaths to purple o'er the Plain,  
And reeking Gore their guilty Swords to stain.

150 Driv'n by my Fleets, behold, the flying Foe,  
At once the Empire of the Deep forego;  
Here by Necessity they seem to stand,  
Coop'd up within a Corner of the Land.  
By Famine to the last Extreame compell'd,

155 They snatch green Harvests from th' unripen'd Field;  
And wish we may this only Grace afford,  
To let 'em die like Soldiers, by the Sword:  
'Tis true, it seems an Earnest of Success,  
That thus our bolder Youth for Action press:

But



But let 'em try their inmost Hearts with Care, 160  
And judge betwixt true Valour, and rash Fear;  
Let 'em be sure this Eagerness is right,  
And certain Fortitude demands the Fight.  
In War, in Dangers oft' it has been known,  
That Fear has driv'n the headlong Coward on. 165  
Give me the Man, whose cooler Soul can wait,  
With Patience, for the proper Hour of Fate.  
See what a prosp'rous Face our Fortunes bear!  
Why shou'd we trust 'em to the Chance of War?  
Why must we risque the World's uncertain Doom, 170  
And rather chuse to fight, than overcome?  
Thou Goddess Chance! who to my careful Hand,  
Hast giv'n this wearisome supreme Command;  
If I have, to the Task of Empire just,  
Enlarg'd the Bounds committed to my Trust; 175  
Be kind, and to thy self the Rule resume,  
And, in the Fight, defend the Cause of *Rome*:  
To thy own Crowns, the Wreath of Conquest join;  
Nor let the Glory, nor the Crime be mine.  
But see! thy Hopes, unhappy *Pompey*! fail: 180  
We fight; and *Cæsar*'s stronger Vows prevail.  
Oh what a Scene of Guilt this Day shall show!  
What Crouds shall fall, what Nations be laid low!  
Red shall *Enipeus* run with *Roman* Blood,  
And to the Margin swell his foamy Flood. 185  
Oh! if our Cause my Aid no longer need,  
Oh! may my Bosome be the first to bleed:  
Me let the thrilling Jay'lin foremost strike,  
Since Death and Victory are now alike.

Z z z

To



190 To Day, with Ruin shall my Name be join'd,  
Or stand the common Curse of all Mankind;  
By ev'ry Woe the Vanquish'd shall be known,  
And ev'ry Infamy the Victor crown.

He spoke; and, yielding to th' impetuous Croud,  
195 The Battle to his frantick Bands allow'd.  
So, when long vex'd by stormy *Corvus*' Blast,  
The weary Pilot quits the Helm at last;  
He leaves his Vessel to the Winds to guide,  
And drive unsteady with the tumbling Tide.

200 Loud thro' the Camp the rising Murmurs found,  
And one tumultuous Hurry runs around;  
Sudden their busie Hearts began to beat,  
And each pale Visage wore the Marks of Fate.  
Anxious, they see the dreadful Day is come,

205 That must decide the Destiny of *Rome*.  
This single vast Concern employs the Host,  
And private Fears are in the publick lost.  
Shou'd Earth be rent, shou'd Darkness quench the Sun,  
Shou'd swelling Seas above the Mountains run,

210 Shou'd universal Nature's End draw near,  
Who cou'd have leisure for himself to fear?  
With such Consent his Safety each forgot,  
And *Rome*, and *Pompey*, took up ev'ry Thought.

And now the Warriors all, with busie Care,  
215 Whet the dull Sword, and point the blunted Spear;  
With tougher Nerves they string the bended Bow,  
And in full Quivers steely Shafts bestow;  
The Horseman sees his Furniture made fit,  
Sharpens the Spur, and burnishes the Bit;



Fixes the Rein to check, or urge his Speed, 220  
And animates to Fight the snorting Steed.  
Such once the busie Gods Employments were,  
If mortal Men to Gods we may compare,  
When Earths bold Sons began their impious War.  
The *Lemnian* Pow'r, with many a Stroke, restor'd 225  
Blue *Neptune's* Trident, and stern *Mars's* Sword;  
In terrible Array the blue-ey'd Maid,  
The Horrors of her *Gorgon* Shield display'd;  
*Phæbas* his once victorious Shafts renew'd,  
Disus'd, and rusty with the *Python's* Blood; 230  
While, with unweary'd Toil, the *Cyclops* strove  
To forge new Thunders for Imperial *Jove*.

Nor wanted then dire Omens, to declare  
What curst Events *Theffalia's* Plains prepare.  
Black Storms oppos'd against the Warriors lay, 235  
And Light'nings thwarted their forbidden Way;  
Full in their Eyes the dazling Flashes broke,  
And with Amaze their troubled Senses stroke:  
Tall fiery Columns in the Skies were seen,  
With wat'ry *Typhons* interwove between. 240  
Glancing along the Bands swift Meteors shoot,  
And from the Helm the plummy Honours cut;  
Sudden the Flame dissolves the Jav'lin's Head,  
And liquid runs the shining steely Blade.  
Strange to behold! their Weapons disappear, 245  
While sulph'rous Odour taints the smoking Air.  
The Standard, as unwilling to be born,  
With Pain from the tenacious Earth is torn:



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With Pain from the tenacious Earth is torn:



Anon, black Swarms hang clust'ring on its height,  
250 And press the Bearer with unwonted Weight.  
Big Drops of Grief each sweating Marble wears,  
And *Parian* Gods, and Heroes stand in Tears.  
No more th' auspicious Victim tamely dies,  
But furious from the hallow'd Fane he flies;  
255 Breaks off the Rites with Prodigies profane,  
And bell'wing seeks *Emathia's* fatal Plain.

But who, O *Cæsar*! who were then thy Gods?  
Whom didst thou summon from their dark Abodes?  
The Furies listen'd to thy grateful Vows,  
260 And dreadful to the Day the Pow'rs of Hell arose.

Did then the Monsters, Fame records, appear?  
Or were they only Fantoms form'd by Fear?  
Some saw the moving Mountains meet like Foes,  
And rending Earth new-gaping Caves disclose:  
265 Others beheld a sanguine Torrent take  
Its purple Course, thro' fair *Bæbeis'* Lake;  
Heard each returning Night, portentous, yield  
Loud Shouts of Battle on *Pharsalia's* Field.  
While others thought they saw the Light decay,  
270 And sudden Shades oppress the fainting Day;  
Fancy'd wild Horrors in each other's Face,  
And saw the Ghosts of all their bury'd Race;  
Beheld 'em rise and glare with pale Affright,  
And stalk around 'em, in the new-made Night.

275 Whate'er the Cause, the Croud, by Fate decreed,  
To make their Brothers, Sons, and Fathers bleed,  
Consenting, to the Prodigies agreed;

And



And while they thirst impatient for that Blood,  
Bless these nefarious Omens all as good.

But wherefore shou'd we wonder, to behold 280  
That Death's Approach by Madness was foretold?  
Wild are the wand'ring Thoughts which last survive;  
And these had not another Day to live.

These shook for what they saw; while distant Climes,  
Unknowing, trembled for *Emathia's* Crimes. 285

Where *Tyrian Gades* sees the setting Sun,  
And where *Araxes'* rapid Waters run,  
From the bright Orient to the glowing West,  
In ev'ry Nation, ev'ry *Roman* Breast  
The Terrors of that dreadful Day confest. 290

Where *Aponus* first springs in smoaky Steam,  
And full *Timavus* rolls his nobler Stream;  
Upon a Hill that Day, if Fame be true,  
A learned Augur sat the Skies to view:

'Tis come, the great Event is come (he cry'd) 295  
Our impious Chiefs their wicked War decide.

Whether the Seer observ'd *Jove's* forked Flame,  
And mark'd the Firmament's discordant Frame;  
Or whether, in that Gloom of sudden Night,  
The struggling Sun declar'd the dreadful Fight: 300

From the first Birth of Morning in the Skies,  
Sure never Day like this was known to rise;  
In the blue Vault, as in a Volume spread,  
Plain might the *Latian* Destiny be read.

Oh *Rome!* oh People, by the Gods assign'd 305  
To be the worthy Masters of Mankind!



On thee, the Heav'ns with all their Signals wait,  
 And suff'ring Nature labours with thy Fate.  
 When thy great Names to latest Times convey'd,  
 310 By Fame, or by my Verse Immortal made,  
 In free-born Nations justly shall prevail,  
 And rouse their Passions with this noblest Tale;  
 How shall they fear for thy approaching Doom,  
 As if each past Event were yet to come!  
 315 How shall their Bosomes swell with vast Concern,  
 And long the doubtful Chance of War to learn!  
 Ev'n then the fav'ring World with thee shall join,  
 And ev'ry honest Heart to *Pompey's* Cause incline.  
 Descending, now, the Bands in just Array,  
 320 From burnish'd Arms reflect the beamy Day;  
 In an ill Hour they spread the fatal Field,  
 And with portentous Blaze the neighb'ring Mountains  
 On the Left Wing, bold *Lentulus*, their Head, [gild.  
 The First and Fourth selected Legions led;  
 325 Luckless *Domitius*, vainly brave in War,  
 Drew forth the Right with unauspicious Care.  
 In the mid Battle daring *Scipio* fought,  
 With Eight full Legions from *Cilicia* brought.  
 Submissive here to *Pompey's* high Command,  
 330 The Warrior undistinguish'd took his Stand,  
 Reserv'd to be the Chief on *Libya's* burning Sand.  
 Near the low Marshes and *Enipeus'* Flood,  
 The *Pontick* Horse, and *Cappadocian* stood.  
 While Kings and Tetrarchs proud, a purple Train,  
 335 Liegemen and Vassals to the *Latian* Reign,  
 Possess'd the rising Grounds and drier Plain.

Here



Here Troops of black *Numidians* scour the Field,  
And bold *Iberians* narrow Bucklers wield;  
Here twang the *Syrian*, and the *Cretan* Bow,  
And the fierce *Gauls* provoke their well-known Foe.

340

Go, *Pompey*, lead to Death th' unnumber'd Host,  
Let the whole human Race at once be lost;  
Let Nations, upon Nations, heap the Plain,  
And Tyranny want Subjects for its Reign.

*Cæsar*, as Chance ordain'd, that Morn decreed  
The spoiling Bands of Forragers to lead;

345

When with a sudden, but a glad Surprise,  
The Foe descending strook his wond'ring Eyes.  
Eager, and burning for unbounded Sway,  
Long had he born the tedious War's Delay;  
Long had he struggled with protracting Time,  
That fav'd his Country, and deferr'd his Crime:

350

At length he sees the wish'd-for Day is come,  
To end the Strife for Liberty, and *Rome*;  
Fate's dark mysterious Threat'nings to explain,  
And ease th' Impatience of Ambition's Pain.

355

But when he saw the vast Event so nigh,  
Unusual Horror damp'd his impious Joy;  
For one cold Moment sunk his Heart suppress'd,  
And Doubt hung heavy on his anxious Breast.

360

Tho' his past Fortunes promise now Success,  
Yet *Pompey*, from his own, expects no less.

His changing Thoughts revolve with various Cheer,  
While these forbid to Hope, and those to Fear.

At length his wonted Confidence returns,

365

With his first Fires his daring Bosome burns;

As



As if secure of Victory, he stands,  
And fearless thus bespeaks the list'ning Bands.

Ye Warriors! who have made your *Cæsar* great;  
370 On whom the World, on whom my Fortunes wait,  
To Day, the Gods, whate'er you wish, afford,  
And Fate attends on the deciding Sword.

By your firm Aid alone your Leader stands,  
And trusts his All to your long-faithful Hands.

375 This Day shall make our promis'd Glories good,  
The Hopes of *Rubicon's* distinguish'd Flood.  
For this blest Morn we trusted long to Fate,  
Deferr'd our Fame, and bad the Triumph wait.

This Day, my gallant Friends, this happy Day,  
380 Shall the long Labours of your Arms repay;  
Shall give you back to ev'ry Joy of Life,  
To the lov'd Offspring, and the tender Wife;  
Shall find my Vet'ran out a safe Retreat,  
And lodge his Age within a peaceful Seat.

385 The long Dispute of Guilt shall now be clear'd,  
And Conquest shall the juster Cause reward.

Have you, for me, with Sword and Fire laid waste  
Your Country's bleeding Bosome, as you pass?  
Let the same Swords as boldly strike to Day,  
390 And the last Wounds shall wipe the first away.

Whatever Faction's partial Notions are,  
No Hand is wholly innocent in War.

Yours is the Cause to which my Vows are join'd,  
I seek to make you free, and Masters of Mankind.  
395 I have no Hopes, no Wishes of my own,  
But well cou'd hide me in a private Gown:



At my Expence of Fame exalt your Pow'rs,  
Let me be nothing, so the World be yours.  
Nor think the Task too bloody shall be found,  
With easie Glory shall our Arms be crown'd: 400  
Yon Host come learn'd in Academick Rules,  
A Band of Disputants from *Grecian* Schools.  
To these, luxurious Eastern Crouds are join'd,  
Of many a Tongue, and many a diff'ring Kind:  
Their own first Shouts shall fill each Soul with Fears, 405  
And their own Trumpets shock their tender Ears.  
Unjustly this, a Civil War, we call,  
Where none but Foes of *Rome*, Barbarians, fall.  
On then my Friends! and end it at a Blow;  
Lay these soft lazy worthless Nations low. 410  
Shew *Pompey*, that subdu'd 'em, with what Ease  
Your Valour gains such Victories as these:  
Shew him, if Justice still the Palm conferrs,  
One Triumph was too much for all his Wars.  
From distant *Tigris* shall *Armenians* come, 415  
To judge between the Citizens of *Rome*?  
Will fierce Barbarian Aliens waste their Blood,  
To make the Cause of *Latian Pompey* good?  
Believe me, No. To them we're all the same,  
They hate alike the whole *Ausonian* Name; 420  
But most those haughty Masters whom they know,  
Who taught their servile vanquish'd Necks to bow.  
Meanwhile, as, round, my joyful Eyes are roll'd,  
None but my try'd Companions I behold;  
For Years in *Gaul* we made our hard Abode, 425  
And many a March in Partnership have trod.



Is there a Soldier to your Chief unknown?  
A Sword, to whom I trust not, like my own?  
Cou'd I not mark each Jav'lin in the Sky,  
430 And say from whom the fatal Weapons fly?  
Ev'n now I view auspicious Furies rise,  
And Rage redoubled flashes in your Eyes.  
With Joy those Omens of Success I read,  
And see the certain Victory decreed ;  
435 I see the purple Deluge float the Plain,  
Huge Piles of Carnage, Nations of the Slain ;  
Dead Chiefs, with mangled Monarchs, I survey,  
And the pale Senate crowns the glorious Day.  
But, oh! forgive my tedious lavish Tongue,  
440 Your eager Virtue I with-hold too long ;  
My Soul exults with Hopes too fierce to bear,  
I feel good Fortune and the Gods draw near.  
All we can ask, with full Consent they yield,  
And nothing bars us but this narrow Field.  
445 The Battle o'er, what Boon can I deny?  
The Treasures of the World before you lie.  
Oh *Thessaly*! what Stars, what Pow'rs Divine,  
To thy distinguish'd Land this great Event assign?  
Between Extreams, to Day, our Fortune lies,  
450 The vilest Punishment, and noblest Prize.  
Consider well the Captive's lost Estate,  
Chains, Racks, and Crosses for the vanquish'd wait.  
My Limbs are each allotted to its Place,  
And my pale Head the *Rostrum's* Height shall grace:  
455 But that's a Thought unworthy *Cæsar's* Care,  
More for my Friends than for my self I fear.



On my good Sword securely I rely,  
And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.  
But, oh! for you, my anxious Soul foresees,  
*Pompey* shall copy *Sylla's* curst Decrees; 460  
The *Martian* Field shall blush with Gore again,  
And Massacres once more the peaceful *Septa* stain.  
Hear, oh! ye Gods, who in *Rome's* Strugglings share,  
Who leave your Heav'n, to make our Earth your Care;  
Hear, and let him, the happy Victor, live, 465  
Who shall with Mercy use the Pow'r you give;  
Whose Rage for Slaughter with the War shall cease,  
And spare his vanquish'd Enemies in Peace.  
Nor is *Dyrrachium's* fatal Field forgot,  
Nor what was then our brave Companions Lot; 470  
When by Advantage of the straiter Ground,  
Successful *Pompey* compass'd us around;  
When quite disarm'd your useless Valour stood,  
'Till his fell Sword was satiated with Blood.  
But gentler Hands, but nobler Hearts you bear, 475  
And, oh! remember 'tis your Leader's Pray'r,  
Whatever *Roman* flies before you, spare.  
But while oppos'd, and menacing they stand,  
Let no Regard with-hold the lifted Hand:  
Let Friendship, Kindred, all Remorse give place, 480  
And mangling Wounds deform the reverend Face:  
Still let Resistance be repaid with Blood,  
And hostile Force, by hostile Force subdu'd;  
Stranger, or Friend, whatever be the Name,  
Your Merit still, to *Cæsar*, is the same. 485  
Fill then the Trenches, break the Ramparts round,  
And let our Works lie level with the Ground;



So shall no Obstacles our March delay,  
Nor stop, one Moment, our victorious Way.  
490 Nor spare your Camp; this Night we mean to lie,  
In that from whence the vanquish'd Foe shall fly.

Scarce had he spoke, when sudden at the Word,  
They seize the Lance, and draw the shining Sword:  
At once the turfy Fences all lye waste,  
495 And thro' the Breach the crouding Legions haste;  
Regardless all of Order, and Array  
They stand, and trust to Fate alone the Day.  
Had each propos'd an Empire to be won,  
Had each once known a *Pompey* for his Son;  
500 Had *Cæsar*'s Soul inform'd each private Breast,  
A fiercer Fury cou'd not be express'd.

With sad Prefages, *Pompey*, now, beheld  
His Foes advancing o'er the neighb'ring Field:  
He saw the Gods had fix'd the Day of Fate,  
505 And felt his Heart hang heavy with new Weight.  
Dire is the Omen when the Valiant fear,  
Which yet he strove to hide, with well-dissembled Cheer.  
High on his Warrior Steed, the Chief o'er-ran  
The wide Array, and thus at length began.

510 The Time to ease your groaning Country's Pain,  
Which long your eager Valour sought in vain;  
The great deciding Hour at length is come,  
To end the Strivings of distracted *Rome*:  
For this one last Effort exert your Pow'r,  
515 Strike home to Day, and all your Toils are o'er.  
If the dear Pledges of connubial Love,  
Your Household-gods, and *Rome*, your Souls can move;

Hither



Hither by Fate they seem together brought,  
And for that Prize, to Day, the Battle shall be fought.  
Let none the fav'ring Gods Assistance fear; 520  
They always make the juster Cause their Care.  
The flying Dart to *Cæsar* shall they guide,  
And point the Sword at his devoted Side:  
Our injur'd Laws shall be on him made good,  
And Liberty establish'd in his Blood. 525  
Cou'd Heav'n, in Violence of Wrath, ordain  
The World to groan beneath a Tyrant's Reign,  
It had not spar'd your *Pompey's* Head so long,  
Nor lengthen'd out my Age to see the Wrong.  
All we can wish for, to secure Success, 530  
With large Advantage, here, our Arms possess:  
See, in the Ranks of ev'ry common Band,  
Where *Rome's* illustrious Names for Soldiers stand.  
Cou'd the great Dead revisit Life again,  
For us, once more, the *Decii* wou'd be slain; 535  
The *Curii*, and *Camilli*, might we boast,  
Proud to be mingled in this noblest Host.  
If Men, if Multitudes can make us strong,  
Behold what Tribes unnumber'd march along!  
Where-e'er the *Zodiack* turns its radiant Round, 540  
Where-ever Earth, or People, can be found;  
To us the Nations issue forth in Swarms,  
And in *Rome's* Cause all human Nature arms.  
What then remains, but that our Wings enclose,  
Within their ample Fold, our shrinking Foes? 545  
Thousands, and Thousands, useless may we spare;  
Yon' Handful will not half employ our War.

C c c c

Think,



Think, from the Summit of the *Roman* Wall,  
You hear our loud-lamenting Matrons call;  
550 Think with what Tears, what lifted Hands they sue,  
And place their last, their only Hopes in you.  
Imagine kneeling Age before you spread,  
Each hoary Reverend Majestick Head;  
Imagine, *Rome* her self your Aid implor'd,  
555 To save her from a proud imperious Lord.  
Think how the present Age, how that to come,  
What Multitudes from you expect their Doom:  
On your Success dependant all rely;  
These to be born in Freedom, those to Die.  
560 Think (if there be a Thought can move you more,  
A Pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)  
Think you behold (were such a Posture meet)  
Ev'n me, your *Pompey*, prostrate at your Feet.  
My self, my Wife, my Sons, a suppliant Band,  
565 From you our Lives, and Liberties demand;  
Or Conquer you, or I to Exile born,  
My last dishonourable Years shall mourn,  
Your long Reproach, and my proud Father's Scorn.  
From Bonds, from Infamy, your Gen'ral save,  
570 Nor let this hoary Head descend to Earth a Slave.  
Thus while he spoke, the faithful Legions round,  
With Indignation caught the mournful Sound;  
Falsly, they think, his Fears those Dangers view,  
But vow to die, e'er *Cæsar* proves 'em true.  
575 What diff'ring Thoughts the various Hosts incite,  
And urge their deadly Ardor for the Fight!  
Those bold Ambition kindles into Rage.  
And these their Fears for Liberty engage.

How



How shall this Day the peopled Earth deface,  
Prevent Mankind, and rob the growing Race! 580  
Tho' all the Years to come shou'd roll in Peace,  
And future Ages bring their whole Increase;  
Tho' Nature all her genial Pow'rs employ,  
All sha'not yield what these curs'd Hands destroy.  
Soon shall the Greatness of the *Roman* Name, 585  
To unbelieving Ears, be told by Fame;  
Low shall the mighty *Latian* Tow'rs be laid,  
And Ruins crown our *Alban* Mountain's Head;  
While yearly Magistrates, in turns compell'd  
To lodge by Night upon th' uncover'd Field, 590  
Shall at old doting *Numa's* Laws repine,  
Who cou'd to such bleak Wilds his *Latine* Rites assign.  
Ev'n now behold! where waste *Hesperia* lies,  
Where empty Cities shock our mournful Eyes;  
Untouch'd by Time, our Infamy they stand, 595  
The Marks of civil Discord's murd'rous Hand.  
How is the Stock of Humankind brought low!  
Walls want Inhabitants, and Hands the Plow.  
Our Fathers fertile Fields by Slaves are till'd,  
And *Rome* with Dregs of foreign Lands is fill'd: 600  
Such were the Heaps, the Millions of the Slain,  
As 'twere the Purpose of *Emathia's* Plain,  
That none for future Mischiefs shou'd remain.  
Well may our Annals less Misfortunes yield,  
Mark *Allia's* Flood, and *Cannæ's* fatal Field; 605  
But let *Pharsalia's* Day be still forgot,  
Be ras'd at once from ev'ry *Roman* Thought.  
'Twas there, that Fortune, in her Pride, display'd  
The Greatness her own mighty Hands had made;



- 610 Forth in Array the Pow'rs of *Rome* she drew,  
And set her Subject Nations all to view;  
As if she meant to shew the haughty Queen,  
Ev'n by her Ruins, what her Height had been.  
Oh countless Loss! that well might have supply'd  
615 The Desolation of all Deaths beside.  
Tho' Famine with blue Pestilence conspire,  
And dreadful Earthquakes with destroying Fire;  
*Pharsalia's* Blood the gaping Wounds had join'd,  
And built again the Ruins of Mankind.  
620 Immortal Gods! with what resistless Force,  
Our growing Empire ran its rapid Course!  
Still ev'ry Year with new Success was crown'd,  
And conqu'ring Chiefs enlarg'd the *Latian* Bound;  
'Till *Rome* stood Mistress of the World confess'd,  
625 From the grey Orient, to the ruddy West;  
From Pole, to Pole, her wide Dominions run,  
Where-e'er the Stars, or brighter *Phæbus* shone;  
As Heav'n, and Earth, were made for her alone.  
But now, behold, How Fortune tears away,  
630 The Gift of Ages in one fatal Day!  
One Day shakes off the vanquish'd *Indians* Chain,  
And turns the wand'ring *Dææ* loose again:  
No longer shall the Victor Consul now,  
Trace out *Sarmatian* Cities with the Plow:  
635 Exulting *Parthia* shall her Slaughters boast,  
Nor feel the Vengeance due to *Crassus'* Ghost.  
While Liberty, long weary'd by our Crimes,  
Forfakes us for some better barb'rous Climes;  
Beyond the *Rhine*, and *Tanais* she flies,  
640 To snowy Mountains, and to frozen Skies;

While



While *Rome*, who long purfu'd that chiefest Good,  
 O'er Fields of Slaughter, and thro' Seas of Blood,  
 In Slavery, her abject State shall mourn,  
 Nor dare to hope the Goddess will return.

Why were we ever Free? Oh why has Heav'n 645

A short-liv'd transitory Blessing giv'n?

Of thee, first *Brutus*, justly we complain!

Why didst thou break thy groaning Country's Chain,  
 And end the proud Lascivious Tyrant's Reign? }

Why did thy Patriot Hand on *Rome* bestow, 650

Laws, and her Consuls righteous Rule to know?

In Servitude more happy had we been,

Since *Romulus* first wall'd his *Refuge* in,

Ev'n since the twice fix Vulturs bad him build,

To this curst Period of *Pharfalia*'s Field. 655

*Medes* and *Arabians* of the slavish East,

Beneath eternal Bondage may be blest;

While, of a diff'ring Mold and Nature, We,

From Sire to Son, accustom'd to be free,

Feel Indignation rising in our Blood, 660

And blush to wear the Chains that make them proud.

Can there be Gods, who rule yon' azure Sky?

Can they behold *Emathia* from on high,

And yet forbear to bid their Lightnings fly? }

Is it the Bus'ness of a thundring *Jove*, 665

To rive the Rocks, and blast the guiltless Grove?

While *Cassius* holds the Ballance in his stead,

And wreaks due Vengeance on the Tyrant's Head.

The Sun ran back from *Atreus*' monstrous Feast,

And his fair Beams in murky Clouds suppress'd; 670

D d d d

Why



Why shines he now? why lends his golden Light,  
 To these worse Parricides, this more accursed Sight?  
 But Chance guides all; the Gods their Task forego,  
 And Providence no longer reigns below.  
 675 Yet are they Just, and some Revenge afford,  
 While their own Heav'ns are humbled by the Sword,  
 And the proud Victors, like themselves, ador'd:  
 With Rays adorn'd, with Thunders arm'd they stand,  
 And Incense, Pray'rs, and Sacrifice demand;  
 680 While trembling, slavish, superstitious *Rome*,  
 Swears by a mortal Wretch, that moulders in a Tomb.  
 Now either Host the middle Plain had pass'd,  
 And Front to Front in threatening Ranks were plac'd;  
 Then ev'ry well known Feature stood to view,  
 685 Brothers their Brothers, Sons their Fathers knew.  
 Then first they feel the Curse of Civil Hate,  
 Mark where their Mischiefs are assign'd by Fate,  
 And see from whom themselves Destruction wait.  
 Stupid awhile, and at a Gaze they stood,  
 690 While creeping Horror froze the lazy Blood:  
 Some small Remains of Piety withstand,  
 And stop the Javelin in the lifted Hand;  
 Remorse for one short Moment step'd between,  
 And motionless, as Statues, all were seen.  
 695 And oh! what savage Fury could engage,  
 While lingring *Cæsar* yet suspends his Rage?  
 For him, ye Gods! for *Crastinus*, whose Spear,  
 With impious Eagerness, began the War,  
 Some more than common Punishment prepare;  
 700 Beyond the Grave long lasting Plagues ordain,  
 Surviving Sense, and never-ceasing Pain.



Strait, at the fatal Signal, all around  
A thousand Fifes, a thousand Clarions found;  
Beyond where Clouds, or glancing Lightnings fly,  
The piercing Clangors strike the vaulted Sky. 705  
The joining Battels shout, and the loud Peal  
Bounds from the Hill, and thunders down the Vale;  
Old *Pelion's* Caves the doubling Roar return,  
And *Oeta's* Rocks, and groaning *Pindus* mourn;  
From Pole to Pole the Tumult spreads afar, 710  
And the World trembles at the distant War.

Now flit the thrilling Darts thro' liquid Air,  
And various Vows from various Masters bear:  
Some seek the noblest *Roman* Hearts to wound,  
And some to err upon the guiltless Ground; 715  
While Chance decrees the Blood that shall be spilt,  
And blindly scatters Innocence and Guilt.  
But random Shafts too scanty Death afford,  
A Civil War is bus'ness for the Sword:  
Where Face to Face the Parricides may meet, 720  
Know whom they kill, and make the Crime compleat.

Firm in the Front, with joining Bucklers clos'd,  
Stood the *Pompeian* Infantry dispos'd;  
So crouded was the Space, it scarce affords  
The Pow'r to toss their Piles, or wield their Swords. 725  
Forward, thus thick embattled tho' they stand,  
With headlong Wrath rush furious *Cæsar's* Band;  
In vain the lifted Shield their Rage retards,  
Or plaited Mail devoted Bosomes guards;  
Thro' Shields, thro' Mail, the wounding Weapons go, 730  
And to the Heart drive home each deadly Blow;

Oh



Oh Rage ill match'd! Oh much unequal War,  
Which those wage proudly, and these tamely bear!  
These, by cold, stupid Piety disarm'd;  
735 Those, by hot Blood, and smoking Slaughter warm'd.  
Nor in Suspense uncertain Fortune hung,  
But yields, o'er-master'd by a Pow'r too strong,  
And born by Fate's impetuous Stream along.

From *Pompey's* ample Wings, at length, the Horse  
740 Wide o'er the Plain extending take their Course;  
Wheeling around the hostile Line they wind,  
While lightly arm'd the Shot succeed behind.  
In various Ways, the various Bands engage,  
And hurl upon the Foe the missile Rage;  
745 There fiery Darts, and rocky Fragments fly,  
And heating Bullets whistle thro' the Sky:  
Of feather'd Shafts, a Cloud thick shading goes,  
From *Arab, Mede, and Ituræan* Bows:  
But driv'n by random Aim they seldom wound;  
750 At first they hide the Heav'n, then strew the Ground;  
While *Roman* Hands unerring Mischief send,  
And certain Deaths on ev'ry Pile attend.

But *Cæsar*, timely careful, to support  
His wav'ring Front against the first Effort,  
755 Had plac'd his Bodies of Reserve behind,  
And the strong Rear with chosen Cohorts lin'd.  
There, as the careless Foe the Fight pursue,  
A sudden Band and stable forth he drew;  
When soon, Oh Shame! the loose Barbarians yield,  
760 Scatt'ring their broken Squadrons o'er the Field:  
And shew, too late, that Slaves attempt in vain,  
The sacred Cause of Freedom to maintain.



The fiery Steeds, impatient of a Wound,  
Hurl their neglected Riders to the Ground;  
Or on their Friends with Rage ungovern'd turn, 765  
And trampling o'er the helpless Foot are born.  
Hence foul Confusion, and Dismay succeed,  
The Victors murder, and the Vanquish'd bleed:  
Their weary Hands the tir'd Destroyers ply,  
Scarce can These kill, so fast as Those can die. 770  
Oh that *Emathia's* ruthless guilty Plain  
Had been contented with this only Stain;  
With these rude Bones had strewn her Verdure o'er,  
And dy'd her Springs with none but *Asian* Gore!  
But if so keen her Thirst for *Roman* Blood, 775  
Let none but *Romans* make the Slaughter good!  
Let not a *Mede* nor *Cappadocian* fall,  
No bold *Iberian*, nor rebellious *Gaul*:  
Let these alone survive for Times to come,  
And be the future Citizens of *Rome*. 780  
But Fear, on all alike, her Pow'rs employ'd,  
Did *Cæsar's* Bus'ness, and like Fate destroy'd.

Prevailing still, the Victors held their Course,  
'Till *Pompey's* main Reserve oppos'd their Force;  
There, in his Strength, the Chief unshaken stood, 785  
Repell'd the Foe, and made the Combat good;  
There in Suspense th' uncertain Battel hung,  
And *Cæsar's* fav'ring Goddesses doubted long;  
There no proud Monarchs led their Vassals on,  
Nor Eastern Bands in gorgeous Purple shon; 790  
There the last Force of Laws and Freedom lay,  
And *Roman* Patriots struggled for the Day.



What Parricides the guilty Scene affords!  
Sires, Sons and Brothers rush on mutual Swords!

795 There ev'ry sacred Bond of Nature bleeds;  
There met the War's worst Rage, and *Cæsar's* blackest Deeds.

But oh! my Muse, the mournful Theme forbear,  
And stay thy lamentable Numbers here;  
Let not my Verse, to future Times, convey,

800 What *Rome* committed on this dreadful Day;  
In Shades and Silence hide her Crimes from Fame,  
And spare thy miserable Country's Shame.

But *Cæsar's* Rage shall with Oblivion strive,  
And for eternal Infamy survive.

805 From Rank to Rank, unwear'd, still he flies,  
And with new Fires their fainting Wrath supplies.  
His greedy Eyes each sign of Guilt explore,  
And mark whose Sword is deepest dy'd in Gore;  
Observe where Pity and Remorse prevail,

810 What Arm strikes faintly, and what Cheek turns pale.  
Or, while he rides the slaughter'd Heaps around,  
And views some Foe expiring on the Ground,  
His cruel Hands the gushing Blood restrain,  
And strive to keep the parting Soul in pain:

815 As when *Bellona* drives the World to War,  
Or *Mars* comes thund'ring in his *Thracian* Car;  
Rage horrible darts from his *Gorgon* Shield,  
And gloomy Terror broods upon the Field;  
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful Gods impart,

820 And urge the vengeful Warrior's heaving Heart:  
The Many shout, Arms clash, the Wounded cry,  
And one promiscuous Peal groans upwards to the Sky.



Nor furious *Cæsar*, on *Emathia*'s Plains,  
Less terribly the mortal Strife sustains;  
Each Hand unarm'd he fills with Means of Death, 825  
And cooling Wrath rekindles at his Breath:  
Now with his Voice, his Gesture now, he strives,  
Now with his Lance the lagging Soldier drives:  
The Weak he strengthens, and confirms the Strong,  
And hurries War's impetuous Stream along. 830  
Strike home, he cries, and let your Swords erase  
Each well-known Feature of the kindred Face:  
Nor waste your Fury on the vulgar Band;  
See! where the hoary doating Senate stand;  
There Laws and Right at once you may confound, 835  
And Liberty shall bleed at ev'ry Wound.

The curs'd Destroyer spoke; and, at the Word,  
The Purple Nobles funk beneath the Sword:  
The dying Patriots groan upon the Ground,  
Illustrious Names, for Love of Laws renown'd. 840  
The great *Metelli* and *Torquati* bleed,  
Chiefs worthy, if the State had so decreed,  
And *Pompey* were not there, Mankind to lead.

Say thou! thy sinking Country's only Prop,  
Glory of *Rome*, and Liberty's last Hope; 845  
What helm, oh *Brutus*! cou'd, amidst the Croud,  
Thy sacred undistinguish'd Visage shroud?  
Where fought thy Arm that Day? But Ah! forbear!  
Nor rush unwary on the pointed Spear;  
Seek not to hasten on untimely Fate, 850  
But patient for thy own *Emathia* wait:  
Nor hunt fierce *Cæsar* on this bloody Plain,  
To Day, thy Steel pursues his Life in vain.



Somewhat is wanting to the Tyrant yet,  
855 To make the Measure of his Crimes compleat;  
As yet he has not ev'ry Law defy'd,  
Nor reach'd the utmost Heights of daring Pride.  
E'erlong, thou shalt behold him *Rome's* proud Lord,  
And ripen'd by Ambition for thy Sword:  
860 Then, thy griev'd Country Vengeance shall demand,  
And ask the Victim at thy Righteous Hand.  
Among huge Heaps of the *Patrician* Slain,  
And *Latian* Chiefs, who strew'd that purple Plain,  
Recording Story has distinguish'd well,  
865 How, brave, unfortunate *Domitius* fell.  
In ev'ry Loss of *Pompey* still he shar'd,  
And dy'd in Liberty, the best Reward;  
Tho' vanquish'd oft by *Cæsar*, ne'er enslav'd,  
Ev'n to the last, the Tyrant's Pow'r he brav'd:  
870 Mark'd o'er with many a glorious streaming Wound,  
In Pleasure sunk the Warrior to the Ground;  
No longer forc'd on vilest Terms to live,  
For Chance to doom, and *Cæsar* to forgive.  
Him, as he pass'd insulting o'er the Field,  
875 Roll'd in his Blood, the Victor proud beheld:  
And can, he cry'd, the fierce *Domitius* fall,  
Forfake his *Pompey*, and expecting *Gaul*?  
Must the War lose that still successful Sword,  
And my neglected Province want a Lord?  
880 He spoke; when lifting slow his closing Eyes,  
Fearless the dying *Roman* thus replies:  
Since Wickedness stands unrewarded yet,  
Nor *Cæsar's* Arms their wish'd Success have met;

[Free



Free and rejoycing to the Shades I go,  
And leave my Chief still equal to his Foe; 885  
And if my Hopes divine thy Doom aright,  
Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd Head e'er Night.  
Dire Punishments the righteous Gods decree,  
For injur'd *Rome*, for *Pompey*, and for me;  
In Hell's dark Realms thy Tortures I shall know, 890  
And hear thy Ghost lamenting loud below.

He said; and soon the leaden Sleep prevail'd,  
And everlasting Night his Eyelids seal'd.

But oh! what Grief the Ruin can deplore!  
What Verse can run the various Slaughter o'er! 895  
For lesser Woes our Sorrows may we keep;  
No Tears suffice, a dying World to weep.  
In diff'ring Groups, ten thousand Deaths arise,  
And Horrors manifold the Soul surprize.  
Here the whole Man is open'd at a Wound, 900  
And gushing Bowels pour upon the Ground:  
Another thro' the gaping Jaws is gor'd,  
And in his inmost Throat receives the Sword:  
At once, a single Blow a third extends;  
The fourth a living Trunk dismember'd stands. 905  
Some in their Breasts erect the Javelin bear,  
Some cling to Earth with the transfixing Spear.  
Here, like a Fountain, springs a Purple Flood,  
Spouts on the Foe, and stains his Arms with Blood.  
There horrid Brethren, on their Brethren prey; 910  
One starts, and hurls a well-known Head away.  
While some detested Son, with impious Ire,  
Lops by the Shoulders close his hoary Sire:



Ev'n his rude Fellows damn the curst Deed,  
915 And Bastard-born the Murderer aread.  
No private House its Loss lamented then,  
But count the Slain by Nations, not by Men.  
Here *Grecian* Streams, and *Asiatick* run,  
And *Roman* Torrents drive the Deluge on.  
920 More than the World at once was giv'n away,  
And late Posterity was lost that Day:  
A Race of future Slaves receiv'd their Doom,  
And Children yet unborn were overcome.  
How shall our miserable Sons complain,  
925 That they are born beneath a Tyrant's Reign?  
Did our base Hands, with Justice shall they say,  
The sacred Cause of Liberty betray?  
Why have our Fathers giv'n us up a Prey?  
Their Age, to ours, the Curse of Bondage leaves;  
930 Themselves were Cowards, and begot us Slaves.  
'Tis just; and Fortune, that impos'd a Lord,  
One Struggle for their Freedom might afford;  
Might leave their Hands their proper Cause to fight,  
And let them keep, or lose themselves, their Right.  
935 But *Pompey*, now, the Fate of *Rome* descry'd,  
And saw the changing Gods forsake her Side.  
Hard to believe, tho' from a rising Ground  
He view'd the universal Ruin round,  
In Crimson Streams he saw Destruction run,  
940 And in the Fall of Thousands felt his own.  
Nor wish'd he, like most Wretches in Despair,  
The World one common Misery might share:

But



But with a gen'rous, great, exalted Mind,  
Besought the Gods to pity poor Mankind,  
To let him die, and leave the rest behind: } 945

This Hope came smiling to his anxious Breast,  
For this his earnest Vows were thus address'd.

Spare Man, ye Gods! oh let the Nations live!

Let me be wretched, but let *Rome* survive.

Or if this Head suffices not alone, 950

My Wife, my Sons, your Anger shall atone:

If Blood the yet unfated War demand,

Behold my Pledges left in Fortune's Hand!

Ye cruel Pow'rs, who urge me with your Hate,

At length behold me crush'd beneath the Weight: 955

Give then your long-pursuing Vengeance o'er,

And spare the World, since I can lose no more.

So saying, the tumultuous Field he cross'd,

And warn'd from Battle his despairing Host.

Gladly the Pains of Death he had explor'd, 960

And fall'n undaunted on his pointed Sword;

Had he not fear'd th' Example might succeed,

And faithful Nations by his Side wou'd bleed.

Or did his swelling Soul disdain to die,

While his insulting Father stood so nigh? 965

Fly where he will, the Gods shall still pursue,

Nor his pale Head shall scape the Victor's View.

Or else, perhaps, and Fate the Thought approv'd,

For her dear sake he fled, whom best he lov'd:

Malicious Fortune to his Wish agreed, 970

And gave him in *Cornelia's* Sight to bleed.

Born by his winged Steed at length away,

He quits the Purple Plain, and yields the Day.



Fearless of Danger, still secure and great,  
975 His daring Soul supports his lost Estate;  
Nor groans his Breast, nor swell his Eyes with Tears,  
But still the same majestick Form he wears.  
An awful Grief sat decent in his Face,  
Such as became his Loss, and *Rome's* Disgrace:  
980 His Mind, unbroken, keeps her constant Frame;  
In Greatness and Misfortune still the same;  
While Fortune, who his Triumphs once beheld,  
Unchanging sees him leave *Pharsalia's* Field.  
Now, disentangled from unwieldly Pow'r,  
985 O *Pompey*! run thy former Honours o'er:  
At leisure now review the glorious Scene,  
And call to Mind how Mighty thou hast been.  
From anxious Toils of Empire turn thy Care,  
And from thy Thoughts exclude the murd'rous War;  
990 Let the just Gods bear Witness on thy Side,  
Thy Cause no more shall by the Sword be try'd.  
Whether sad *Africk* shall her Loss bemoan,  
Or *Munda's* Plains beneath their Burthen groan,  
The guilty Bloodshed shall be all their own.  
995 No more, the much-lov'd *Pompey's* Name shall charm  
The peaceful World, with one Consent, to arm;  
Nor for thy sake, nor aw'd by thy Command,  
But for themselves, the fighting Senate stand:  
The War but one Distinction shall afford,  
1000 And Liberty, or *Cæsar*, be the Word.  
Nor oh! do thou thy vanquish'd Lot deplore,  
But fly with Pleasure from those Seas of Gore:  
Look back upon the Horror, guiltless thou,  
And pity *Cæsar*, for whose sake they flow.

With



With what a Heart, what Triumph shall he come, 1005  
 A Victor, red with *Roman* Blood, to *Rome*?  
 Tho' Misery thy Banishment attends,  
 Tho' thou shalt die, by thy false *Pharian* Friends;  
 Yet trust securely to the Choice of Heav'n,  
 And know thy Loss was for a Blessing giv'n: 1010  
 Tho' Flight may seem the Warrior's Shame and Curse;  
 To Conquer, in a Cause like this, is worse.  
 And oh! Let ev'ry Mark of Grief be spar'd,  
 May no Tear fall, no Groan, no Sigh be heard;  
 Still let Mankind their *Pompey's* Fate adore, 1015  
 And reverence thy Fall, ev'n as thy Height of Pow'r.  
 Mean while survey th' attending World around,  
 Cities by thee possess'd, and Monarchs crown'd:  
 On *Afric*, or on *Asia* cast thy Eye,  
 And mark the Land where thou shalt chuse to die. 1020  
*Larissa* first the constant Chief beheld,  
 Still great, tho' flying from the fatal Field:  
 With loud Acclaim her Crowds his Coming greet,  
 And, fighting, pour their Presents at his Feet.  
 She crowns her Altars, and proclaims a Feast; 1025  
 Wou'd put on Joy, to cheer her noble Guest;  
 But weeps, and begs to share his Woes at least.  
 So was he lov'd ev'n in his lost Estate,  
 Such Faith, such Friendship on his Ruins wait;  
 With ease *Pharsalia's* Loss might be supply'd, 1030  
 While eager Nations hasten to his Side:  
 As if Misfortune meant to bless him more,  
 Than all his long Prosperity before.



In vain, he cries, you bring the Vanquish'd Aid;  
1035 Henceforth, to *Cæsar*, be your Homage paid,  
*Cæsar*, who triumphs o'er yon Heaps of Dead.  
With that, his Courser urging on to Flight,  
He vanish'd from the mournful City's Sight.  
With Cries, and loud Laments, they fill the Air,  
1040 And curse the cruel Gods, in fierceness of Despair.  
Now in huge Lakes *Hesperian* Crimson stood,  
And *Cæsar*'s self grew fatiated with Blood.  
The great Patricians fall'n, his Pity spar'd  
The worthless, unresisting, vulgar Herd.  
1045 Then, while his glowing Fortune yet was warm,  
And scatt'ring Terror spread the wild Alarm,  
Strait to the hostile Camp his Way he bent,  
Careful to seize the hasty Flyer's Tent,  
The leisure of a Night, and Thinking to prevent.  
1050 Nor reck'd he much the weary Soldiers Toil,  
But led 'em prone, and greedy to the Spoil.  
Behold, he cries, our Victory compleat,  
The glorious Recompence attends ye yet:  
Much have you done to Day, for *Cæsar*'s sake;  
1055 'Tis mine to shew the Prey, 'tis yours to take.  
'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquish'd Foe has left;  
'Tis what your Valour gain'd, and not my Gift.  
Treasures immense yon wealthy Tents enfold,  
The Gems of *Asia*, and *Hesperian* Gold;  
1060 For you the once great *Pompey*'s Store attends,  
With regal Spoils of his Barbarian Friends:  
Haste then, prevent the Foe, and seize that Good,  
For which you paid so well with *Roman* Blood.

He



He said; and with the Rage of Rapine stung,  
The Multitude tumultuous rush along. 1065  
On Swords and Spears, on Sires and Sons they tread,  
And all remorseless spurn the gory Dead.  
What Trench can intercept, what Fort withstand  
The brutal Soldier's rude rapacious Hand;  
When eager to his Crime's Reward he flies, 1070  
And bath'd in Blood, demands the horrid Prize?

There, Wealth collected from the World around,  
The destin'd Recompence of War, they found.  
But Oh! not golden *Arimaspus*' Store,  
Nor all that *Tagus*, or rich *Iber* pour, 1075  
Can fill the greedy Victors' griping Hands:  
*Rome*, and the Capitol, their Pride demands;  
All other Spoils they scorn, as worthless Prey,  
And count their wicked Labours rob'd of Pay.  
Here, in Patrician Tents, Plebeians rest, 1080  
And regal Couches are by Ruffians press'd:  
There, impious Parricides the Bed invade,  
And sleep, where late their slaughter'd Sires were laid.  
Meanwhile the Battle stands in Dreams renew'd,  
And *Stygian* Horrors o'er their Slumbers brood. 1085  
Astonishment and Dread their Souls infest,  
And Guilt sits painful on each heaving Breast.  
Arms, Blood, and Death work in the lab'ring Brain;  
They sigh, they start, they strive, and fight it o'er again.  
Ascending Fiends infect the Air around, 1090  
And Hell breaths baleful thro' the groaning Ground:  
Hence dire Affright distracts the Warriors Souls,  
Vengeance Divine their daring Hearts controuls,  
Snakes hiss, and Livid Flame tormenting rolls.

Each,



1095 Each, as his Hands in Guilt have been embrew'd,  
 By some pale Spectre flies all Night purfu'd.  
 In various Forms the Ghosts unnumber'd groan,  
 The Brother, Friend, the Father, and the Son:  
 To ev'ry Wretch his proper Phantom fell,  
 1100 While *Cæsar* sleeps the gen'ral Care of Hell.  
 Such were his Pangs, as mad *Orestes* felt,  
 E're yet the *Scythian* Altar purg'd his Guilt.  
 Such Horrors *Pentheus*, such *Agave* knew;  
 He when his Rage first came, and She when hers withdrew.  
 1105 Present and future Swords his Bosom bears,  
 And feels the Blow that *Brutus* now defers.  
 Vengeance, in all her Pomp of Pain, attends;  
 To Wheels she binds him, and with Vulturs rends,  
 With Racks of Conscience, and with Whips of Fiends.  
 1110 But soon the visionary Horrors pass,  
 And his first Rage with Day resumes its Place:  
 Again his Eyes rejoyce, to view the Slain,  
 And run unwear'd o'er the dreadful Plain.  
 He bids his Train prepare his impious Board,  
 1115 And feasts amidst the Heaps of Death abhorr'd.  
 There each pale Face at leisure he may know,  
 And still behold the purple Current flow.  
 He views the woful wide Horizon round,  
 Then joys that Earth is no where to be found,  
 1120 And owns, those Gods he serves his utmost Wish have  
 crown'd.  
 Still greedy to possess the curs'd Delight,  
 To glut his Soul, and gratifie his Sight,  
 The last Funereal Honours he denies,  
 And poisons with the Stench *Emathia's* Skies.



Not thus the sworn inveterate Foe of *Rome*, 1125  
 Refus'd the vanquish'd Consul's Bones a Tomb:  
 His Piety the Country round beheld,  
 And bright with Fires shone *Cannæ's* fatal Field.  
 But *Cæsar's* Rage from fiercer Motives rose;  
 These were his Countrymen, his worst of Foes. 1130

But, oh! relent, forget thy Hatred past,  
 And give the wandring Shades to rest at last.  
 Nor seek we single Honours for the Dead,  
 At once let Nations on the Pile be laid:  
 To feed the Flame, let heapy Forests rise, 1135  
 Far be it seen to fret the ruddy Skies,  
 And grieve despairing *Pompey* where he flies.

Know too, proud Conqueror, thy Wrath, in vain,  
 Strews with unbury'd Carcasses the Plain.  
 What is it to thy Malice, if they burn, 1140  
 Rot in the Field, or moulder in the Urn?  
 The Forms of Matter all, dissolving, dye,  
 And lost in Nature's blending Bosome lye.  
 Tho' now thy Cruelty denies a Grave,  
 These and the World, one common Lot shall have; 1145  
 One last appointed Flame, by Fate's Decree,  
 Shall waste yon Azure Heav'ns, this Earth, and Sea;  
 Shall knead the Dead up in one mingled Mass,  
 Where Stars and they shall undistinguish'd pass.  
 And tho' thou scorn their Fellowship, yet know, 1150  
 High as thy own can soar, these Souls shall go;  
 Or find, perhaps, a better Place below.  
 Death is beyond thy Goddess Fortune's Pow'r,  
 And Parent Earth receives whate'er she bore.

H h h h

Nor



1155 Nor will we mourn those *Romans* Fate, who lye  
Beneath the glorious Cov'ring of the Sky;  
That starry Arch for ever round 'em turns,  
A nobler Shelter far than Tombs or Urns.

But wherefore parts the loathing Victor hence?

1160 Does Slaughter strike too strongly on thy Sense?  
Yet stay, yet breathe the thick infectious Steam,  
Yet quaff with Joy the Blood-polluted Stream.  
But see, they fly! the daring Warriors yield!  
And the dead Heaps drive *Cæsar* from the Field!

1165 Now to the Prey, gaunt Wolves, a howling Train,  
Speed hungry from the far *Bistonian* Plain;  
From *Pholoe* the tawny Lion comes,  
And growling Bears forsake their darksome Homes:  
With these, lean Dogs in Herds obscene repair,

1170 And ev'ry Kind that snuffs the tainted Air.  
For Food, the Cranes their wonted Flight delay,  
That erst to warmer *Nile* had wing'd their Way:  
With them the feather'd Race convene from far,  
Who gather to the Prey, and wait on War.

1175 Ne'er were such Flocks of Vulturs seen to fly,  
And hide with spreading Plumes the crowded Sky:  
Gorging on Limbs in ev'ry Tree they fate,  
And drop'd raw Morfels down, and gory Fat:

Oft' their tir'd Talons, loos'ning as they fled,  
1180 Rain'd horrid Offals on the Victor's Head.

But while the Slain supply'd too full a Feast,  
The Plenty bred Satiety at last;  
The rav'nous Feeders riot at their Ease,  
And single out what Dainties best may please.



Part born away, the rest neglected lye, 1185  
For Noon-day Suns, and parching Winds to dry;  
'Till length of Time shall wear 'em quite away,  
And mix 'em with *Emathia's* common Clay.

Oh fatal *Theffaly*! Oh Land abhorr'd!  
How have thy Fields the Hate of Heav'n incurr'd; 1190  
That thus the Gods to thee Destruction doom,  
And load thee with the Curse of falling *Rome*!  
Still to new Crimes, new Horrors dost thou haste,  
When yet thy former Mischiefs scarce were past.  
What rolling Years, what Ages, can repay 1195  
The Multitudes, thy Wars have swept away!  
Tho' Tombs and Urns their num'rous Store should spread,  
And long Antiquity yield all her Dead;  
Thy guilty Plains more slaughter'd *Romans* hold,  
Than all those Tombs, and all those Urns infold. 1200  
Hence bloody Spots shall stain thy grassy Green,  
And crimson Drops on bladed Corn be seen:  
Each Plowshare some dead Patriot shall molest,  
Disturb his Bones, and rob his Ghost of Rest.  
Oh! had the Guilt of War been all thy own, 1205  
Were Civil Rage confin'd to thee alone;  
No Mariner his lab'ring Bark shou'd moor,  
In Hopes of Safety, on thy dreadful Shore;  
No Swain thy Spectre-haunted Plain shou'd know,  
Nor turn thy Blood-stain'd Fallow with his Plow: 1210  
No Shepherd e'er should drive his Flock to feed,  
Where *Romans* slain enrich the verdant Mead:  
All Desolate shou'd lye thy Land, and waste,  
As in some scorch'd or frozen Region plac'd.

But



1215 But the great Gods forbid our partial Hate  
 On *Thessaly's* distinguish'd Land to wait;  
 New Blood, and other Slaughters they decree,  
 And others shall be Guilty too, like thee.  
*Munda* and *Mutina* shall boast their Slain,  
 1220 *Pachynus'* Waters share the purple Stain,  
 And *Actium* justify *Pharsalia's* Plain.



L. Cheron del.

E. Kirkall Sculp.

THE



THE  
EIGHTH BOOK  
OF  
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

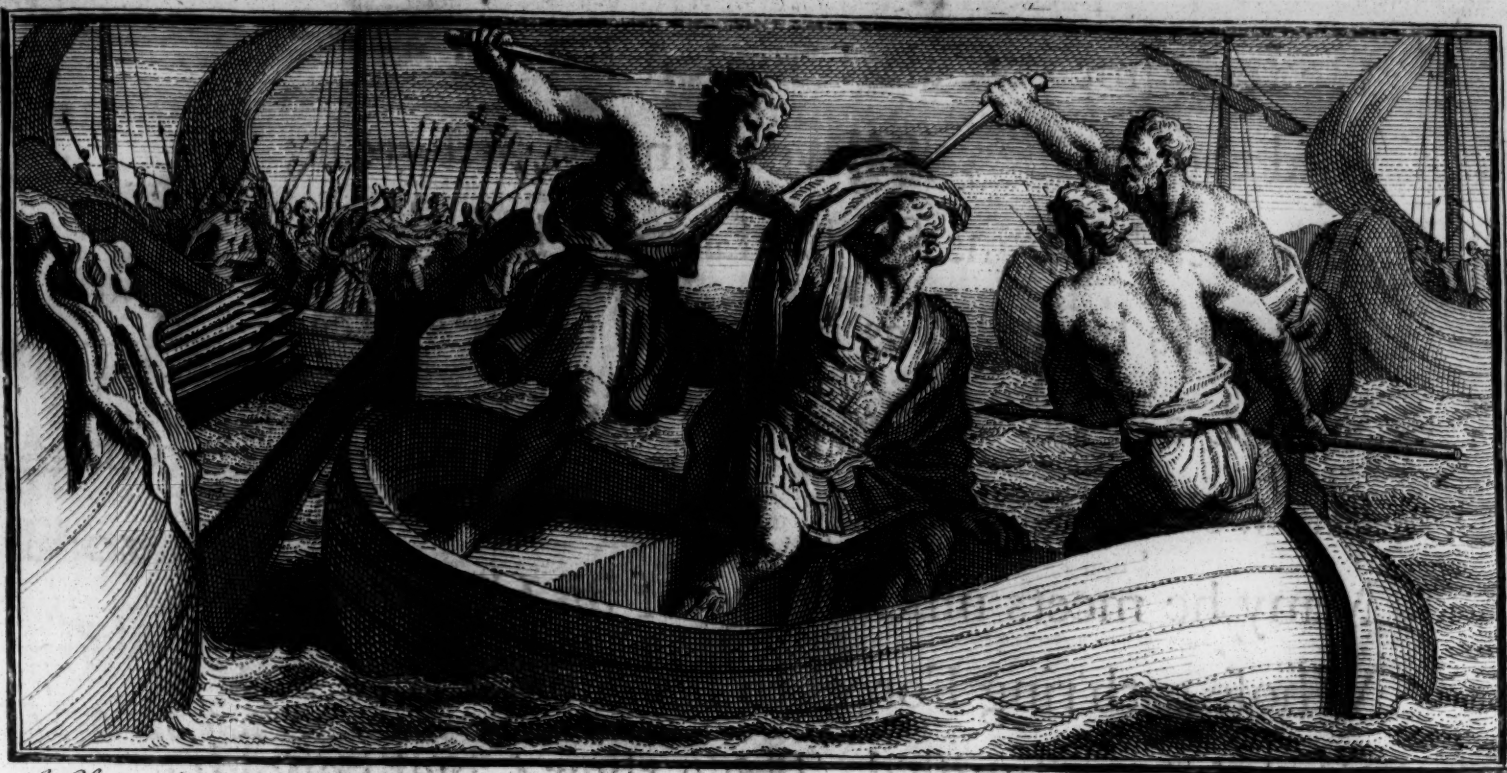
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## The ARGUMENT.

*From Pharfalia, Pompey flies, first to Larissa, and after to the Sea-shore; where he embarks upon a small Vessel for Lesbos. There, after a melancholy Meeting with Cornelia, and his Refusal of the Mitylenians Invitations, he embarks with his Wife for the Coast of Asia. In the Way thither he is join'd by his Son Sextus, and several Persons of Distinction, who had fled likewise from the late Battle; and among the rest by Deiotarus, King of Gallo-Græcia. To him he recommends the Solliciting of Supplies from the King of Parthia, and the rest of his Allies in Asia. After coasting Cilicia for some time, he comes at length to a little Town call'd Syedra or Syedræ, where great Part of the Senate meet him. With these, he deliberates upon the present Circumstances of the Commonwealth, and proposes either Mauritania, Ægypt, or Parthia, as the proper Places where he may hope to be receiv'd, and from whose Kings he may expect Assistance. In his own Opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long Oration, opposes very warmly; and in Consideration of young Ptolomy's personal Obligations to Pompey prefers Egypt. This Advice is generally approv'd and follow'd, and Pompey sets Sail accordingly for Ægypt. Upon his Arrival on that Coast, the King calls a Council, where at the Instigation of Pothinus, a villainous Minister, it is resolv'd to take his Life; and the Execution of this Order is committed to the Care of Achilles, formerly the King's Governor, and then General of the Army. He, with Septimius, a Renegado Roman Soldier, who had formerly serv'd under Pompey, upon some frivolous Pretences, persuades him to quit his Ship, and come into their Boat; where, as they make towards the Shore, he treacherously Murders him, in the Sight of his Wife, his Son, and the rest of his Fleet. His Head is cut off, and his Body throw'n into the Sea. The Head is fix'd upon a Spear, and carry'd to Ptolomy; who, after he has seen it, commands it to be Embalm'd. In the succeeding Night, one Cordus, who had been a Follower of Pompey, finds the Trunk floating near the Shore, brings it to Land with some difficulty; and with a few Planks that remain'd from a Shipwrack'd Vessel, burns it. The melancholy Description of this mean Funeral, with the Poet's Invective against the Gods, and Fortune, for their unworthy Treatment of so great a Man, concludes this Book.*





L. Cheron inv.

G. V. Gucht Sculp.

# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## BOOK VIII.



OW thro' the Vale, by great *Alcides*  
made,

And the sweet Maze of *Tempe's* plea-  
sing Shade,

Chearless, the flying Chief renew'd  
his Speed,

And urg'd, with gory Spurs, his faint-  
ing Steed.

Fall'n from the former Greatness of his Mind,

He turns where doubtful Paths obscurely wind.

The Fellows of his Flight increase his Dread,

While hard behind the trampling Horsemen tread:

He starts at ev'ry rustling of the Trees,

And fears the Whispers of each murm'ring Breeze.

10

He



He feels not yet, alas! his lost Estate;  
And tho' he flies, believes himself still great;  
Imagines Millions for his Life are bid,  
And rates his own, as he wou'd *Cæsar's* Head.  
15 Where-e'er his Fear explores untrodden Ways,  
His well-known Visage still his Flight betrays.  
Many he meets unknowing of his Chance,  
Whose gath'ring Forces to his Aid advance.  
With Gaze astonish'd, These their Chief behold,  
20 And scarce believe what by himself is told.  
In vain, to Covert, from the World he flies,  
Fortune still grieves him with pursuing Eyes:  
Still aggravates, still urges his Disgrace,  
And galls him with the Thoughts of what he was.  
25 His youthful Triumph sadly now returns,  
His *Pontick* and *Piratick* Wars he mourns,  
While stung with secret Shame, and anxious Care he burns.  
Thus Age to Sorrows oft' the Great betrays,  
When Loss of Empire comes with Length of Days.  
30 Life and Enjoyment still one End should have,  
Least early Misery prevent the Grave.  
The Good, that lasts not, was in vain bestow'd,  
And Ease once past, becomes the present Load:  
Then let the Wise, in Fortune's kindest Hour,  
35 Still keep one safe Retreat within his Pow'r;  
Let Death be near, to guard him from Surprise,  
And free him, when the fickle Goddess flies.  
Now to those Shores the hapless *Pompey* came,  
Where hoary *Peneus* rolls his ancient Stream:  
40 Red with *Emathian* Slaughter ran his Flood,  
And dy'd the Ocean deep in *Roman* Blood.

There



There a poor Bark, whose Keel perhaps might glide  
Safe down some River's smooth descending Tide,  
Receiv'd the mighty Master of the Main,  
Whose spreading Navies hide the liquid Plain. 45  
In This he braves the Winds and stormy Sea,  
And to the *Lesbian* Isle directs his Way.

There the kind Partner of his ev'ry Care,  
His faithful, lov'd *Cornelia*, languish'd there:  
At that sad Distance more unhappy far, 50  
Than in the 'midst of Danger, Death and War.  
There on her Heart, ev'n all the live-long Day,  
Fore-boding Thought a weary Burthen lay:  
Sad Visions haunt her Slumbers with Affright,  
And *Theffaly* returns with ev'ry Night. 55

Soon as the ruddy Morning paints the Skies,  
Swift to the Shore the pensive Mourner flies;  
There, lonely sitting on the Cliff's bleak Brow,  
Her Sight she fixes on the Seas below;  
Attentive marks the wide Horizon's Bound, 60  
And kens each Sail that rises in the Round:  
Thick beats her Heart, as ev'ry Prow draws near,  
And dreads the Fortunes of her Lord to hear.

At length, behold! the fatal Bark is come!  
See! the swoln Canvas lab'ring with her Doom. 65  
Preventing Fame, Misfortune lends him Wings,  
And *Pompey's* self his own sad Story brings.  
Now bid thy Eyes, thou lost *Cornelia*, flow,  
And change thy Fears to certain Sorrows, now.  
Swift glides the woful Vessel on to Land; 70  
Forth flies the headlong Matron to the Strand.

K k k k

There



There soon she found what worst the Gods cou'd do,  
 There soon her Dear much-alter'd Lord she knew;  
 Tho' fearful all, and ghastly was his Hue.  
 75 Rude, o'er his Face, his hoary Locks were grown,  
 And Dust was cast upon his *Roman* Gown.

She saw, and fainting, sunk in sudden Night;  
 Grief stop'd her Breath, and shut out loathsome Light:  
 The loos'ning Nerves no more their Force exert,  
 80 And Motion ceas'd within the freezing Heart;  
 Death kindly seem'd her Wishes to obey,  
 And, stretch'd upon the Beach, a Coarse she lay.

But now the Mariners the Vessel moor,  
 And *Pompey*, landing, views the lonely Shore.  
 85 The faithful Maids their loud lamentings ceas'd,  
 And rev'rendly their ruder Grief suppress'd,  
 Strait, while with duteous Care they kneel around,  
 And raise their wretched Mistress from the Ground,  
 Her Lord infolds her with a strict Embrace,  
 90 And joins his Cheek close to her lifeless Face:  
 At the known Touch, her failing Sense returns,  
 And vital Warmth in kindling Blushes burns.  
 At length, from Virtue thus he seeks Relief,  
 And kindly chides her Violence of Grief.

95 Canst thou then sink, thou Daughter of the Great,  
 Sprung from the noblest Guardians of our State;  
 Canst thou thus yield to the first Shock of Fate?  
 Whatever deathless monuments of Praise  
 Thy Sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raise.  
 100 On Man alone Life's ruder Tryals wait,  
 The Fields of Battle, and the Cares of State;

While



While the Wife's Virtue then is only try'd,  
When faithless Fortune quits her Husband's Side.  
Arm then thy Soul, the glorious Task to prove,  
And learn, thy miserable Lord to love. 105  
Behold me of my Pow'r and Pomp bereft,  
By all my Kings, and by *Rome's* Fathers left:  
Oh make that Loss thy Glory; and be thou  
The only Follower of *Pompey* now.  
This Grief becomes thee not, while I survive; 110  
War wounds not thee, since I am still alive:  
These Tears a dying Husband shou'd deplore,  
And only fall, when *Pompey* is no more.  
'Tis true, my former Greatness all is lost;  
Who weep for that, no Love for me can boast, 115  
But mourn the Loss of what they valu'd most.

Mov'd at her Lord's Reproof, the Matron rose;  
Yet still complaining, thus avow'd her Woes.

Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,  
A fatal Bride, to *Cæsar's* hated Bed? 120  
To thee unlucky, and a Curse, I came,  
Unblest by yellow *Hymen's* holy Flame:  
My bleeding *Crassus*, and his Sire, stood by,  
And fell *Erynnis* shook her Torch on high.  
My Fate on thee the *Parthian* Vengeance draws, 125  
And urges Heav'n to hate the juster Cause.  
Ah! my once greatest Lord! ah! cruel Hour!  
Is thy victorious Head in Fortune's Pow'r?  
Since Miseries my baneful Love pursue,  
Why did I wed thee, only to undoe? 130  
But see, to Death my willing Neck I bow;  
Atone the angry Gods by one kind Blow.



Long since, for thee, my Life I wou'd have giv'n;  
 Yet, let me, yet, prevent the Wrath of Heav'n.  
 135 Kill me, and scatter me upon the Sea,  
 So shall propitious Tides thy Fleets convey,  
 Thy Kings be faithful, and the World obey.  
 And thou, where-e'er thy fullen Phantome flies,  
 Oh! *Julia*! let thy Rival's Blood suffice;  
 140 Let me the Rage of jealous Vengeance bear,  
 But him, thy Lord, thy once lov'd *Pompey*, spare.

She said, and sunk within his Arms again;  
 In Streams of Sorrow melt the mournful Train:  
 Ev'n his, the Warrior's Eyes, were forc'd to yield,  
 145 That saw, without a Tear, *Pharsalia's* Field.

Now to the Strand the *Mitylenians* press'd,  
 And humbly thus bespoke their noble Guest.

If, to succeeding Times, our Isle shall boast  
 The Pledge of *Pompey* left upon her Coast,  
 150 Disdain not, if thy Presence now we claim,  
 And fain wou'd consecrate our Walls to Fame.  
 Make thou this Place in future Story great,  
 Where pious *Romans* may direct their Feet,  
 To view with Adoration thy Retreat.  
 155 This may we plead, in Favour of the Town;  
 That while Mankind the prosp'rous Victor own,  
 Already, *Cæsar's* Foes avow'd, are we,  
 Nor add new Guilt, by Duty paid to thee.  
 Some Safety too our ambient Seas secure;  
 160 *Cæsar* wants Ships, and we defie his Pow'r.  
 Here may *Rome's* scatter'd Fathers well unite,  
 And arm against a second happier Fight.

Our



Our *Lesbian* Youth with ready Courage stands,  
To man thy Navies, or recruit thy Bands.

For Gold, whate'er to Sacred Use is lent,

165

Take it, and the rapacious Foe prevent.

This only Mark of Friendship we intreat,

Seek not to shun us in thy low Estate;

But let our *Lesbos*, in thy Ruin, prove,

As in thy Greatness, worthy of thy Love.

170

Much was the Leader mov'd, and joy'd to find  
Faith had not quite abandon'd Humankind.

To me (he cry'd,) for ever were you dear;

Witness the Pledge committed to your Care:

Here in Security I plac'd my Home,

175

My Household-Gods, my Heart, my Wife, my *Rome*.

I know what Ransome might your Pardon buy,

And yet I trust you, yet to you I fly.

But, oh! too long my Woes you singly bear;

I leave you, not for Lands which I prefer,

} 180

But that the World the common Load may share.

*Lesbos!* for ever sacred be thy Name!

May late Posterity thy Truth proclaim!

Whether thy fair Example spread around,

Or whether, singly, faithful thou art found:

185

For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my Mind,

To try the doubtful World, and prove Mankind.

Oh! grant, good Heav'n! if there be one alone,

One gracious Pow'r so lost a Cause to own,

Grant, like the *Lesbians*, I my Friends may find;

190

Such who, tho' *Cæsar* threaten, dare be kind:

Who, with the same just hospitable Heart,

May leave me free to enter, or depart.



He ceas'd; and to the Ship his Part'ner bore,  
195 While loud Complainings fill the sounding Shore.  
It seem'd as if the Nation with her pass'd,  
And Banishment had laid their Island waste.  
Their second Sorrows they to *Pompey* give,  
For her, as for their Citizen, they grieve.  
200 Ev'n tho' glad Victory had call'd her thence,  
And her Lord's bidding been the just Pretence;  
The *Lesbian* Matrons had in Tears been drown'd,  
And brought her Weeping to their wat'ry Bound.  
So was she lov'd, so winning was her Grace,  
205 Such lowly Sweetness dwelt upon her Face;  
In such Humility her Life she led,  
Ev'n while her Lord was *Rome's* commanding Head,  
As if his Fortune were already fled.

Half hid in Seas descending *Phæbus* lay,  
210 And upwards half, half downwards shot the Day;  
When wakeful Cares revolve in *Pompey's* Soul,  
And run the wide World o'er, from Pole to Pole.  
Each Realm, each City in his Mind are weigh'd,  
Where he may fly, from whence depend on Aid.  
215 Weary'd at length beneath that Load of Woes,  
And those sad Scenes his future Views disclose,  
In Conversation for relief he sought,  
And exercis'd on various Themes his Thought.  
Now sits he by the careful Pilot's Side,  
220 And asks what Rules their watry Journey guide;  
What Lights of Heav'n his Art attends to most,  
Bound for the *Libyan* or the *Syrian* Coast.  
To him, intent upon the rolling Skies,  
The Heav'n-instructed Shipman thus replies.



Of all yon Multitude of golden Stars, 225  
 Which the wide rounding Sphere incessant bears,  
 The cautious Mariner relies on none,  
 But keeps him to the constant Pole alone.

When o'er the Yard the *lesser Bear* aspires,  
 And from the Topmast gleam its paly Fires, 230  
 Then *Bosphorus* near neighb'ring we explore,  
 And hear loud Billows beat the *Scythian* Shore:

But when *Calisto's* shining Son descends,  
 And the low *Cynosure* tow'rd's Ocean bends,  
 For *Syria* strait we know the Vessel bears, 235  
 Where first *Canopus'* Southern Sign appears.

If still upon the Left those Stars thou keep,  
 And passing *Pharos*, plow the foamy Deep,  
 Then right a'head thy luckless Bark shall reach  
 The *Libyan* Shoals, and *Syrt's* unfaithful Beach. 240

But say, for lo! on thee attends my Hand,  
 What Course do'st thou assign? what Seas, what Land?  
 Speak, and the Helm shall turn at thy Command. }

To him the Chief, by Doubts uncertain tost;  
 Oh fly the *Latian* and *Thessalian* Coast: 245  
 Those only Lands avoid. For all beside,  
 Yield to the driving Winds, and rolling Tide;  
 Let Fortune, where she please, a Port provide. }

'Till *Lesbos* did my dearest Pledge restore,  
 That Thought determin'd me to seek that Shore: 250  
 All Ports, all Regions, but those fatal two,  
 Are equal to unhappy *Pompey* now.

Scarce had he spoke, when strait the Master veer'd,  
 And right for *Chios*, and for *Asia* steer'd:



255 The working Waves the Course inverted feel,  
And dash and foam beneath the winding Keel.  
With Art like this, on rapid Chariots born,  
Around the Column skillful Racers turn:  
The nether Wheels bear nicely on the Goal,

260 The farther, wide, in distant Circles roll.

Now Day's bright Beams the various Earth disclose,  
And o'er the fading Stars the Sun arose;  
When *Pompey* gath'ring to his Side beheld  
The scatter'd Relicks of *Pharsalia's* Field.

265 First from the *Lesbian* Isle his Son drew near,  
And soon a Troop of faithful Chiefs appear.

Nor Purple Princes, yet, disdain to wait  
On vanquish'd *Pompey's* humbler low Estate:

Proud Monarchs, who in Eastern Kingdoms reign,

270 Mix in the great Illustrious Exile's Train:

From these, apart, *Deiotarus* he draws,

The long-approv'd Companion of his Cause:

Thou best (he cries) of all my Royal Friends!

Since with our Loss *Rome's* Pow'r and Empire ends;

275 What yet remains, but that we call from far

The Eastern Nations, to support the War?

*Euphrates* has not own'd proud *Cæsar's* Side,

And *Tigris* rolls a yet unconquer'd Tide.

Let it not grieve thee, then, to seek for Aid

280 From the wild *Scythian*, and remotest *Mede*.

To *Parthia's* Monarch my Distress declare,

And at his Throne speak this my humble Pray'r:

If Faith in ancient Leagues is to be found,

Leagues by our Altars and your *Magi* bound,

Now



Now string the *Getick* and *Armenian* Bow, 285  
And in full Quivers feather'd Shafts bestow.  
If when o'er *Caspian* Hills my Troops I led,  
'Gainst *Alans*, in eternal Warfare bred,  
I fought not once to make your *Parthians* yield,  
But left 'em free to range the *Persian* Field. 290  
Beyond th' *Affyrian* Bounds my Eagles flew,  
And conquer'd Realms, that *Cyrus* never knew;  
Even to the utmost East I urg'd my Way;  
And, ere the *Persian*, saw the rising Day:  
Yet while beneath my Yoak the Nations bend, 295  
I fought the *Parthian*, only as my Friend.  
Yet more; When *Carræ* blush'd with *Crassus*' Blood,  
And *Latium* her severest Vengeance vow'd;  
When War with *Parthia* was the common Cry,  
Who stop'd the Fury of that Rage, but I? 300  
If this be true, thro' *Zeugma* take your Way,  
Nor let *Euphrates*' Stream the March delay;  
In Gratitude, to my Assistance come;  
Fight *Pompey*'s Cause, and conquer willing *Rome*.  
He said; the Monarch chearfully obey'd, 305  
And strait aside his Royal Robes he laid;  
Then bid his Slaves their humbler Vestments bring:  
And in that servile Veil conceals the King.  
Thus Majesty gives its proud Trappings o'er,  
And humbly seeks for Safety from the Poor: 310  
The Poor! who no Disguises need, nor wear;  
Unblest with Greatness, and unvex'd with Fear.  
His Princely Friend now safe convey'd to Land,  
The Chief o'erpass'd the fam'd *Ephesian* Strand,



- 315 *Icaria's* Rocks, with *Colophon's* smooth Deep,  
And foamy Cliffs which rugged *Samos* keep.  
From *Coan* Shores soft breathes the Western Wind,  
And *Rhodes* and *Gnidos* soon are left behind.  
Then crossing o'er *Telmessos'* ample Bay,  
320 Right to *Pamphilia's* Coast he cuts his Way.  
Suspicious of the Land, he keeps the Main,  
'Till poor *Phaselis*, first, receives his wand'ring Train.  
There, free from Fears, with Ease he may command  
Her Citizens, scarce equal to his Band.  
325 Nor ling'ring there, his swelling Sails are spread,  
'Till he discerns proud *Taurus'* rising Head:  
A mighty Mass he stands, while down his Side  
Descending *Dipsas* rolls his headlong Tide.  
In a flight Bark he runs securely o'er  
330 The Pirates once-infested dreadful Shore.  
Ah! when he set the watry Empire free,  
And swept the fierce *Cilician* from the Sca,  
Cou'd the successful Warrior have forethought  
'Twas for his future Safety, then, he fought!  
335 At length the gath'ring Fathers of the State,  
In full Assembly, on their Leader wait:  
Within *Syedra's* Walls their Senate meets,  
Whom, fighting, thus th' illustrious Exile greets.  
My Friends! who with me fought, who with me fled,  
340 And now are to me in my Country's stead;  
Tho' quite defenceless and unarm'd we stand,  
On this *Cilician*, naked, foreign, Strand;  
Tho' ev'ry Mark of Fortune's Wrath we bear,  
And seem to seek for Counsel in Despair;



Preserve your Souls undaunted, free and great, 345  
And know I am not fall'n intirely, yet.  
Spite of the Ruins of *Emathia's* Plain,  
Yet can I rear my drooping Head again.  
From *Africk's* Dust abandon'd *Marius* rose,  
To seize the *Fasces*, and insult his Foes. 350  
My Loss is lighter, less is my Disgrace;  
Shall I despair to reach my former Place?  
Still on the *Grecian* Seas my Navies ride,  
And many a valiant Leader owns my Side.  
All that *Pharsalia's* luckless Field cou'd do, 355  
Was to disperse my Forces, not subdue.  
Still safe beneath my former Fame I stand,  
Dear to the World, and lov'd in ev'ry Land.  
'Tis yours to Counsel and Determine, whom  
We shall apply to, in the Cause of *Rome*; 360  
What faithful Friend may best Assistance bring;  
The *Libyan*, *Parthian*, or *Egyptian* King.  
For me, what Course my Thoughts incline to take,  
Here freely, and at large, I mean to speak.  
What most dislike me in the *Pharian* Prince, 365  
Are his raw Years, and yet unpractis'd Sense:  
Virtue, in Youth, no stable footing finds,  
And Constancy is built on manly Minds.  
Nor, with less Danger, may our Trust explore  
The Faith uncertain, of the crafty *Moor*: 370  
From *Carthaginian* Blood he draws his Race,  
Still mindful of the vanquish'd Town's Disgrace;  
From thence *Numidian* Mischiefs he derives,  
And *Hannibal* in his false Heart survives:

With



375 With Pride he saw submissive *Varus* bow,  
And joys to hear the *Roman* Pow'r lyes low.  
To Warlike *Parthia* therefore let us turn,  
Where Stars unknown in distant Azure burn;  
Where *Caspian* Hills to part the World arise,  
380 And Night and Day succeed in other Skies;  
Where rich *Affyrian* Plains *Euphrates* laves,  
And Seas discolour'd roll their ruddy Waves.  
Ambition, there, delights in Arms to reign,  
There rushing Squadrons thunder o'er the Plain;  
385 There young and old the Bow promiscuous bend,  
And fatal Shafts with Aim unerring send.  
They first the *Macedonian* Phalanx broke,  
And Hand to Hand repell'd the *Grecian* Stroke;  
They drove the *Mede* and *Bactrian* from the Field,  
390 And taught aspiring *Babylon* to yield;  
Fearless against the *Roman* Pile they stood,  
And triumph'd in our vanquish'd *Crassus*' Blood.  
Nor trust they to the Points of piercing Darts,  
But furnish Death with new improving Arts;  
395 In mortal Juices dipt their Arrows fly,  
And if they taste the Blood, the Wounded die.  
Too well their Pow'rs, and fav'ring Gods we know,  
And with our Fate much rather wou'd allow  
Some other Aid, against the common Foe.  
400 With un auspicious Succour shall they come,  
Nurs'd in the Hate and Rivalship of *Rome*.  
With these, the neighb'ring Nations round shall arm,  
And the whole East rouse at the dire Alarm.  
Shou'd the Barbarian Race their Aid deny,  
405 Yet wou'd I chuse in that strange Land to die:

There



There let our shipwreck'd poor Remains be thrown,  
Our Loss forgotten, and our Names unknown:  
Securely there Ill-Fortune wou'd I brave,  
Nor meanly sue to Kings, whose Crowns I gave:  
From *Cæsar* free, enjoy my latest Hour,  
And scorn his Anger's and his Mercy's Pow'r.  
Still, when my Thoughts my former Days restore,  
With Joy, methinks, I run those Regions o'er:  
There, much the better Parts of Life I prov'd,  
Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd;  
Wide o'er *Mæotis* spread my happy Name,  
And *Tanais* ran conscious of my Fame;  
My vanquish'd Enemies my Conquests mourn'd,  
And cover'd still with Laurels, I return'd.  
Approve then, *Rome*, my present Cares for thee;  
Thine is the Gain, whate'er th' Event shall be.  
What greater Boon can'st thou from Heav'n demand,  
Than, in thy Cause, to arm the *Parthian's* Hand?  
Barbarians thus shall wage thy Civil War,  
And those that hate thee, in thy Ruin share.  
When *Cæsar* and *Phraates* Battle join,  
They must revenge, or *Crassus'* Wrongs, or mine.

The Leader ceas'd; and strait a murm'ring Sound  
Ran thro' the disapproving Fathers round.

With these, in high Preheminence, there fate  
Distinguish'd *Lentulus*, the Consul late:

None with more gen'rous Indignation stung,  
Or nobler Grief, beheld his Country's Wrong.

Sudden he rose, rever'd, and thus began,

In words that well became the Subject, and the Man.

N n n n

Can



Can then *Pharsalia's* Ruins thus control  
The former Greatness of thy *Roman* Soul?  
Must the whole World, our Laws and Country, yield  
To one unlucky Day, one ill-fought Field?  
440 Hast thou no Hopes of Succour, no Retreat,  
But mean Prostration at the *Parthian's* Feet?  
Art thou grown weary of our Earth and Sky,  
That thus thou seek'st a Fugitive to fly;  
New Stars to view, new Regions to explore,  
445 To learn new Manners, and new Gods adore?  
Wo't thou before *Chaldean* Altars bend,  
Worship their Fires, and on their Kings depend?  
Why didst thou draw the World to Arms around,  
Why cheat Mankind with Liberty's sweet Sound,  
450 Why on *Emathia's* Plain fierce *Cæsar* brave,  
When thou canst yield thy self a Tyrant's Slave?  
Shall *Parthia*, who with Terror shook from far,  
To hear thee nam'd, to head the *Roman* War,  
Who saw thee lead proud Monarchs in thy Chain,  
455 From wild *Hyrkania* and the *Indian* Main;  
Shall she, that very *Parthia*, see thee now,  
A poor, dejected, humble Suppliant bow?  
Then haughtily with *Rome* her Greatness mate,  
And scorn thy Country, for thy groveling Fate?  
460 Thy Tongue, in Eastern Languages untaught,  
Shall want the Words that shou'd explain thy Thought:  
Tears, then, unmanly, must thy Suit declare;  
And suppliant Hands, uplifted, speak thy Pray'r.  
Shall *Parthia* (shall it to our Shame be known)  
465 Revenge *Rome's* Wrongs, e'er *Rome* revenge her own?

Our



Our War no interfering Kings demands,  
 Nor shall be trusted to Barbarian Hands:  
 Among our selves our Bonds we will deplore,  
 And *Rome* shall serve the Rebel Son the bore.  
 Why wou'dst thou bid our Foes transgress their Bound, 470  
 And teach their Feet to tread *Hesperian* Ground?  
 With Ensigns, torn from *Crassus*, shall they come,  
 And, with his ravish'd Honours, threaten *Rome*;  
 His Fate those Blood-stain'd Eagles shall recall,  
 And hover dreadful o'er their Native Wall. 475  
 Canst thou believe the Monarch, who with-held  
 His only Forces from *Emathia's* Field,  
 Will bring his Succours to thy waining State,  
 And bravely now defie the Victor's Hate?  
 No Eastern Courage forms a Thought so great. 480  
 In cold laborious Climes the wintry North  
 Brings her undaunted hardy Warriors forth,  
 In Body and in Mind untaught to yield,  
 Stubborn of Soul, and steady in the Field;  
 While *Asia's* softer Climate, form'd to please, 485  
 Dissolves her Sons in Indolence and Ease.  
 Here filken Robes invest unmanly Limbs,  
 And in long Trains the flowing Purple streams.  
 Where no rude Hills *Sarmatia's* Wilds restrain,  
 Or rushing *Tigris* cuts the level Plain, 490  
 Swifter than Winds along the Champian born,  
 At Liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,  
 And distant still, the vain Pursuer scorn.  
 Not with like Ease they force their warlike Way,  
 Where rough unequal Grounds their Speed delay. 495

When-



Whene'er the thicker Shades of Night arise,  
Unaim'd the Shaft, and unavailing, flies.  
Nor are they form'd with Constancy to meet  
Those Toils, that make the panting Soldier sweat:  
500 To climb the Heights, to stem the rapid Flood,  
To make the dusty Noon-day Battle good,  
Horrid with Wounds, and crufted o'er in Blood.  
Nor War's Machines they know, nor have the Skill  
To shake the Rampire, or the Trench to fill:  
505 Each Fence that can their winged Shafts endure,  
Stands, like a Fort impregnable, secure.  
Light are their Skirmishes, their War is Flight,  
And still to wheel their wav'ring Troops delight.  
To taint their coward Darts is all their Care,  
510 And then to trust 'em to the flitting Air.  
Whene'er their Bows have spent the feather'd Store,  
The mighty Bus'ness of their War is o'er:  
No manly Strokes they try, nor Hand to Hand  
With cleaving Swords in sturdy Combate stand.  
515 With Swords the Valiant still their Foes invade;  
These call in Drugs and Poison to their Aid.  
Are these the Pow'rs to whom thou bidst us fly?  
Is this the Land in which thy Bones wou'd lye?  
Shall these Barbarian Hands for thee provide  
520 The Grave, to thy unhappy Friend deny'd?  
But be it so! that Death shall bring thee Peace,  
That here thy Sorrows, and thy Toils shall cease.  
Death is what Man shou'd wish. But oh! what Fate  
Shall on thy Wife, thy sad Survivor, wait!  
525 For her, where Lust with lawless Empire reigns,  
Somewhat more terrible than Death remains.



Have we not heard, with what abhorr'd Desires  
The *Parthian Venus* feeds her guilty Fires?  
How their wild Monarch, like the Bestial Race,  
Spreads the Pollution of his lewd Embrace? 530  
Unaw'd by Rev'rence of Connubial Rites,  
In Multitudes, luxurious, he delights:  
When gorg'd with Feasting, and inflam'd with Wine,  
No Joys can sate him, and no Laws confine;  
Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain, 535  
From Sisters and from Mothers to abstain.  
The *Greek* and *Roman*, with a trembling Ear,  
Th' unwilling Crime of *Oedipus* may hear;  
While *Parthian* Kings like Deeds, with Glory, own,  
And boast incestuous Titles to the Throne. 540  
If Crimes like these they can securely brave,  
What Laws, what Pow'r shall thy *Cornelia* save?  
Think, how the helpless Matron may be led,  
The thousandth Harlot, to the Royal Bed.  
Tho' when the Tyrant clasps his noble Slave, 545  
And hears to whom her plighted Hand she gave,  
Her Beauties oft in Scorn he shall prefer,  
And chuse t' insult the *Roman* Name in her.  
These are the Pow'rs to whom thou wou'dst submit,  
And *Rome's* Revenge and *Crassus'* quite forget. 550  
Thy Cause, preferr'd to his, becomes thy Shame,  
And blots, in common, thine and *Cæsar's* Name.  
With how much greater Glory might you join,  
To drive the *Daci*, or to free the *Rhine*?  
How well your conqu'ring Legions might you lead, 555  
'Gainst the fierce *Bactrian*, and the haughty *Mede*?

O o o o

Level



Level proud *Babylon's* aspiring Domes,  
 And with their Spoils enrich our slaughter'd Leaders Tombs?  
 No longer, Fortune! let our Friendship last,  
 560 Our Peace, ill-omen'd, with the Barb'rous East;  
 If Civil Strife with *Cæsar's* Conquest end,  
 To *Asia* let his prosp'rous Arms extend:  
 Eternal Wars there let the Victor wage,  
 And on proud *Parthia* pour the *Roman* Rage.  
 565 There I, there all, his Victories may bless,  
 And *Rome* her self make Vows for his Success.  
 When-e'er thou pass the cold *Araxes* o'er,  
 An aged Shade shall greet thee on the Shore,  
 Transfix'd with Arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar.  
 570 And art thou (shall he cry, complaining) come  
 In Peace and Friendship, to these Foes of *Rome*?  
 Thou! from whose Hand we hop'd Revenge in vain,  
 Poor naked Ghosts, a thin unbury'd Train,  
 That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary Plain?  
 575 On ev'ry Side new Objects shall disclose  
 Some mournful Monument of *Roman* Woes;  
 On ev'ry Wall fresh Marks thou shalt descry,  
 Where pale *Hesperian* Heads were fix'd on high:  
 Each River, as he rolls his Purple Tide,  
 580 Shall own his Waves in *Latian* Slaughter dy'd.  
 If Sights like these thou canst with Patience bear,  
 What are the Horrors which thy Soul wou'd fear?  
 Ev'n *Cæsar's* self with Joy may be beheld,  
 Enthron'd on Slaughter in *Emathia's* Field.  
 585 Say then, we grant, thy Cautions were not vain,  
 Of *Punick* Frauds and *Juba's* faithless Reign;

Abound-



Abounding *Egypt* shall receive thee yet,  
 And yield, unquestion'd, a secure Retreat.  
 By Nature strengthen'd with a dang'rous Strand,  
 Her *Syrts* and untry'd Channels guard the Land. 590  
 Rich in the Fatness of her plenteous Soil,  
 She plants her only Confidence in *Nile*.  
 Her Monarch, bred beneath thy Guardian Cares,  
 His Crown, the Largest of thy Bounty, wears:  
 Nor let unjust Suspicions brand his Truth; 595  
 Candor and Innocence still dwell with Youth:  
 Trust not a Pow'r accusom'd to be great,  
 And vers'd in wicked Policies of State:  
 Old Kings, long harden'd in the regal Trade,  
 By Int'rest and by Craft alone are sway'd, 600  
 And violate with Ease the Leagues they made:  
 While new ones still make Conscience of the Trust,  
 True to their Friends, and to their Subjects just.

He spoke; the listning Fathers all were mov'd,  
 And with concurring Votes the Thought approv'd. 605  
 So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd,  
 When *Pompey's* Suffrage, and his Counsel fail'd.

And now *Cilicia's* Coast the Fleet forsake,  
 And o'er the watry Plain for *Cyprus* make.  
*Cyprus*, to Love's Ambrosial Goddess dear, 610  
 For ever grateful smook the Altars there:  
 Indulgent still she hears the *Paphian* Vows,  
 And loves the Fav'rite Seas from when she rose.  
 So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,  
 When her fond Tales the Birth of Gods proclaim, 615  
 Unborn, and from Eternity the same.

The



The craggy Clifts of *Cyprus* quickly paſt,  
The Chief runs Southward o'er the Ocean vaſt.  
Nor views he, thro' the murky Veil of Night,  
620 The *Cafian* Mountains far diſtinguiſh'd Height,  
The high-hung Lantern, or the beamy Light.  
Hap'ly at length the lab'ring Canvaſs bore  
Full on the fartheſt Bounds of *Ægypt*'s Shore,  
Where near *Pelufium* parting *Nile* deſcends,  
625 And in her utmoſt Eaſtern Channel ends.  
'Twas now the Time, when equal *Jove* on high  
Had hung the golden Ballance of the Sky:  
But ah! not long ſuch juſt Proportions laſt,  
The righteous Season ſoon was chang'd and paſs'd;  
630 And Spring's Encroachment, on the ſhort'ning Shade,  
Was fully to the wintry Nights repaid:  
When to the Chief from Shore they made Report,  
That, near high *Cafum*, lay the *Pharian* Court.  
This known, he thither turns his ready Sail,  
635 The Light yet laſting with the fav'ring Gale.  
The Fleet arriv'd, the News flies ſwiftly round,  
And their new Guests the troubled Court confound.  
The Time was ſhort; howe'er the Council met,  
Vile Miniſters, a monſtrous Motley Set.  
640 Of theſe, the Chief in Honour, and the Beſt,  
Was old *Achoræus*, the *Memphian* Prieſt:  
In *Iſis* and *Oſiris* he believ'd,  
And rev'rend Tales, from Sire to Son receiv'd;  
Could mark the Swell of *Nile*'s increaſing Tide,  
645 And many an *Apis* in his Time had dy'd;  
Yet was his Age with gentleſt Manners fraught,  
Humbly he ſpoke, and modeſtly he taught.

There



With good Intent the pious Seer arose,  
And told how much their State to *Pompey* owes:  
What large Amends their Monarch ought to make, 650  
Both for his own, and for his Father's Sake.

But Fate had plac'd a subtler Speaker there,  
A Tongue more fitted for a Tyrant's Ear,  
*Pothinus*, deep in Arts of Mischief read, }  
Who thus, with false Persuasion, blindly lead } 655  
The easie King, to doom his Guardian dead. }

To strictest Justice many Ills belong,  
And Honesty is often in the Wrong:  
Chiefly when stubborn Rules her Zealots push,  
To favour those whom Fortune means to crush. 660

But thou, oh Royal *Ptolomy*! be wise;  
Change with the Gods, and fly whom Fortune flies.  
Not Earth, from yon' high Heav'ns which we admire,  
Not from the watry Element the Fire,  
Are sever'd by Distinctions half so wide, 665  
As Int'rest and Integrity divide.

The mighty Pow'r of Kings no more prevails,  
When Justice comes with her deciding Scales.  
Freedom for all Things, and a lawless Sword,  
Alone support an Arbitrary Lord. 670

He that is cruel must be bold in Ills,  
And find his Safety from the Blood he spills.  
For Piety, and Virtue's starving Rules,  
To mean Retirements let 'em lead their Fools:  
There, may they still ingloriously be good; 675  
None can be safe in Courts, who blush at Blood.



Nor let this Fugitive despise thy Years,  
Or think a Name, like his, can cause thy Fears:  
Exert thy self, and let him feel thy Pow'r,  
680 And know, that we dare drive him from our Shore.  
But if thou wish to lay thy Greatness down,  
To some more just Succession yield thy Crown;  
Thy Rival Sister willingly shall reign,  
And save our *Ægypt* from a Foreign Chain.  
685 As now, at first, in Neutral Peace we lay,  
Nor wou'd be *Pompey's* Friends, nor *Cæsar's* Prey.  
Vanquish'd, where-e'er his Fortune has been try'd,  
And driv'n, with Scorn, from all the World beside,  
By *Cæsar* chas'd, and left by his Allies,  
690 To us a baffl'd Vagabond he flies.  
The poor remaining Senate loath his Sight,  
And ruin'd Monarchs curse his fatal Flight:  
While thousand Fantomes from th' unbury'd Slain,  
Who feed the Vultures of *Emathia's* Plain,  
695 Disastrous still pursue him in the Rear,  
And urge his Soul with Horror and Despair.  
To us for Refuge now he seeks to run,  
And wou'd once more with *Ægypt* be undone.  
Rouse then, oh! *Ptolomy*, repress the Wrong;  
700 He thinks we have enjoy'd our Peace too long:  
And therefore kindly comes, that we may share  
The Crimes of Slaughter, and the Woes of War.  
His Friendship shewn to thee Suspicious draws,  
And makes us seem too guilty of his Cause:  
705 Thy Crown bestow'd, the Victor may impute;  
The Senate gave it, but at *Pompey's* Suit.

Nor,



Nor, *Pompey*! thou thy self shalt think it hard,  
 If from thy Aid, by Fate, we are debarr'd.  
 We follow where the Gods, constraining, lead;  
 We strike at thine, but wish 'twere *Cæsar*'s Head. 710  
 Our Weakness this, this Fate's Compulsion call;  
 We only yield to him who Conquers all.  
 Then doubt not if thy Blood we mean to spill;  
 Pow'r awes us; if we can, we must, and will.  
 What Hopes thy fond mistaking Soul betray'd, 715  
 To put thy Trust in *Ægypt*'s feeble Aid?  
 Our slothful Nation, long disus'd to Toil,  
 With Pain suffice to till their slimy Soil,  
 Our idle Force due Modesty shou'd teach,  
 Nor dare to aim beyond its humble Reach. 720  
 Shall we resist where *Rome* was forc'd to yield,  
 And make us Parties to *Pharsalia*'s Field?  
 We mix'd not in the fatal Strife before;  
 And shall we, when the World has giv'n it o'er?  
 Now! when we know th'avenging Victor's Pow'r? 725  
 Nor do we turn, unpit'ing, from Distress;  
 We fly not *Pompey*'s Woes, but seek Success.  
 The Prudent on the Prosp'rous still attends,  
 And none, but Fools, chuse Wretches for their Friends.  
 He said; the vile Assembly all assent, 730  
 And the Boy-king his glad Concurrence lent.  
 Fond of the Royalty his Slaves bestow'd,  
 And by new Pow'r of Wickedness made proud.  
 Where *Casium* high o'er-looks the shoaly Strand,  
 A Bark with armed Ruffians strait is mann'd, 735  
 And the Task trusted to *Achillas*' Hand.



Can then *Ægyptian* Souls thus proudly dare!  
Is *Rome*, ye Gods! thus fall'n by Civil War!  
Can you to *Nile* transfer the *Roman* Guilt,  
740 And let such Blood by Cowards Hands be spilt?  
Some kindred Murtherer at least afford,  
And let him fall by *Cæsar*'s worthy Sword.  
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardless Boy!  
Dar'st thou thy Hand in such a Deed employ?  
745 Does not thy trembling Heart, with Horror, dread  
*Jove*'s Thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty Head?  
Had not his Arms with Triumphs oft been crown'd,  
And ev'n the vanquish'd World his Conquest own'd;  
Had not the rev'rend Senate call'd him Head,  
750 And *Cæsar* giv'n fair *Julia* to his Bed,  
He was a *Roman* still: A Name shou'd be  
For ever sacred to a King, like thee.  
Ah Fool! thus blindly by thy self undone,  
Thou seek'st his Ruin, who upheld thy Throne:  
755 He only cou'd thy feeble Pow'r maintain,  
Who gave thee first o'er *Ægypt*'s Realm to reign.  
The Seamen, now, advancing near to Shore,  
Strike the wide Sail, and ply the plunging Oar;  
When the false Miscreants the Navy meet,  
760 And with dissembled Chear the *Roman* greet.  
They feign their hospitable Land address'd,  
With ready Friendship, to receive her Guest;  
Excusing much an inconvenient Shore,  
Where Shoals lye thick, and meeting Currents roar:  
765 From his tall Ship, unequal to the Place,  
They beg him to their lighter Bark to pass.

Had



Had not the Gods, unchangeably, decreed  
Devoted *Pompey* in that Hour to bleed,  
A thousand Signs the Danger near foretell;  
Seen by his sad presaging Friends too well.  
Had their low Fawning justly been design'd,  
If Truth cou'd lodge in an *Ægyptian* Mind,  
Their King himself with all his Fleet had come;  
To lead, in Pomp, his Benefactor home.  
But thus Fate will'd; and *Pompey* chose to bear  
A certain Death, before uncertain Fear.

770

775

While, now, aboard the hostile Boat he goes;  
To follow him the frantick Matron vows,  
And claims her Partnership in all his Woes.  
But oh! forbear (he cries) my Love, forbear;  
Thou and my Son remain in Safety here.  
Let this old Head the Danger first explore,  
And prove the Faith of yon' suspected Shore.  
He spoke; but she, unmov'd at his Commands,  
Thus loud exclaiming, stretch'd her eager Hands:  
Whither, Inhuman! whither art thou gone?  
Still must I weep our common Grievs alone?  
Joy still, with thee, forsakes my boding Heart;  
And fatal is the Hour whene'er we part.  
Why did thy Vessel to my *Lesbos* turn?  
Why was I from the faithful Island born?  
Must I all Lands, all Shores, alike, forbear,  
And only on the Seas thy Sorrows share?  
Thus, to the Winds, loud plain'd her fruitless Tongue,  
While eager from the Deck on high she hung:

780

785

790

795



Trembling with wild Astonishment and Fear,  
She dares not, while her parting Lord they bear,  
Turn her Eyes from him once, or fix 'em there.  
On him his anxious Navy all are bent,  
800 And wait, sollicitous, the dire Event.  
No Danger aim'd against his Life they doubt;  
Care for his Glory only, fills their Thought:  
They wish he may not stain his Name renown'd,  
By mean Submission to the Boy he crown'd.  
805 Just as he enter'd o'er the Vessel's Side,  
Hail General! the curs'd *Septimius* cry'd,  
A *Roman* once in gen'rous Warfare bred,  
And oft' in Arms by mighty *Pompey* led;  
But now (what vile Dishonour must it bring)  
810 The Ruffian Slave of an *Ægyptian* King.  
Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to Blood,  
And ruthless as the Savage of the Wood.  
Oh Fortune! who but wou'd have call'd thee kind,  
And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,  
815 When thy o'er-ruling Providence with-held  
This Hand of Mischief from *Pharsalia's* Field?  
But, thus, thou scatter'st thy destroying Swords,  
And ev'ry Land thy Victims thus affords.  
Shall *Pompey* at a Tyrant's Bidding bleed!  
820 Can *Roman* Hands be to the Task decreed!  
Ev'n *Cæsar*, and his Gods, abhor the Deed.  
Say you! who with the Stain of Murder brand  
Immortal *Brutus's* avenging Hand,  
What monstrous Title, yet to Speech unknown,  
825 To latest Times shall mark *Septimius* down!

Now



Now in the Boat defenceless *Pompey* fate,  
Surrounded and abandon'd to his Fate.  
Nor long they hold him, in their Pow'r, aboard,  
Ere ev'ry Villain drew his ruthless Sword:  
The Chief perceiv'd their Purpose soon, and spread 830  
His *Roman* Gown, with Patience, o'er his Head:  
And when the curs'd *Achillas* pierc'd his Breast,  
His rising Indignation close repress'd.  
No Sighs, no Groans, his Dignity profan'd,  
Nor Tears his still unfully'd Glory stain'd: 835  
Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his Seat,  
And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.  
Meanwhile, within his equal parting Soul,  
These latest pleasing Thoughts revolving roll.  
In this my strongest Tryal, and my last, 840  
As in some Theatre I here am plac'd:  
The Faith of *Ægypt*, and my Fate, shall be  
A Theme for present Times, and late Posterity.  
Much of my former Life was crown'd with Praise,  
And Honours waited on my early Days: 845  
Then, fearless, let me this dread Period meet,  
And force the World to own the Scene compleat.  
Nor greive, my Heart! by such base Hands to bleed;  
Who ever strikes the Blow, 'tis *Cæsar*'s Deed.  
What, tho' this mangled Carcass shall be torn, 850  
These Limbs be tost about for publick Scorn;  
My long Prosperity has found its End,  
And Death comes opportunely, like a Friend:  
It comes, to set me free from Fortune's Pow'r,  
And gives, what she can rob me of no more. 855

My



My Wife and Son behold me now, 'tis true;  
Oh! may no Tears, no Groans, my Fate pursue!  
My Virtue rather let their Praise approve,  
Let 'em admire my Death, and my Remembrance love.  
860 Such Constancy in that dread Hour remain'd,  
And, to the last, the strugg'ling Soul sustain'd.  
Not so the Matron's feeble Pow'rs repress'd  
The wild Impatience of her frantick Breast:  
With ev'ry Stab her bleeding Heart was torn,  
865 With Wounds much harder to be seen, than born.  
'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (she cries)  
My Love the Sword and ruthless Hand supplies.  
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal Isle,  
That cruel *Cæsar* first might reach the *Nile*;  
870 For *Cæsar* sure is there; no Hand but his  
Has Right to such a Parricide as this.  
But whether *Cæsar*, or whoe'er thou art,  
Thou hast mistook the Way to *Pompey's* Heart:  
'That sacred Pledge in my sad Bosom lyes,  
875 There plunge thy Dagger, and he more than dies.  
Me too, most worthy of thy Fury know,  
The Part'ner of his Arms, and sworn your Foe.  
Of all our *Roman* Wives, I singly bore  
The Camp's Fatigue, the Sea's tempestuous Roar:  
880 No Dangers, not the Victor's Wrath, I fear'd;  
What mighty Monarchs durst not do, I dar'd.  
These guilty Arms did their glad Refuge yield,  
And clasp'd him, flying from *Pharsalia's* Field.  
Ah *Pompey*! dost thou thus my Faith reward?  
885 Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be spar'd?

But



But Fate shall many Means of Death afford,  
 Nor want th' Assistance of a Tyrant's Sword.  
 And you, my Friends, in Pity, let me leap  
 Hence headlong, down amidst the tumbling Deep:  
 Or to my Neck the strangling Cordage tye;  
 If there be any Friend of *Pompey* nigh,  
 Transfix me, stab me, do but let me die.

890

My Lord! my Husband!--Yet, thou art not dead;  
 And see! *Cornelia* is a Captive led:

From thee their cruel Hands thy Wife detain,  
 Reserv'd to wear th' insulting Victor's Chain.

895

She spoke; and stiff'ning sunk in cold Despair;  
 Her weeping Maids the lifeless Burthen bear;  
 While the pale Mariners the Bark unmoor,  
 Spread ev'ry Sail, and fly the faithless Shore.

900

Nor Agonies, nor livid Death, disgrace  
 The sacred Features of the Hero's Face;  
 In the cold Visage, mournfully serene,  
 The same Indignant Majesty was seen;  
 There Virtue still unchangeable abode,  
 And scorn'd the Spite of ev'ry partial God.

905

The bloody Bus'ness now compleat and done,  
 New Furies urge the fierce *Septimius* on:  
 He rends the Robe that veil'd the Hero's Head,  
 And to full View expos'd the recent Dead;  
 Hard in his horrid Gripe the Face he press'd,  
 While yet the quiv'ring Muscles Life confess'd:  
 He drew the dragging Body down with haste,  
 Then cross a Rower's Seat the Neck he plac'd;

910



- 915 There, aukward, haggling, he divides the Bone,  
(The Headsman's Art was then but rudely known.)  
Strait on the Spoil his *Pharian* Partner flies,  
And robs the heartless Villain of his Prize.  
The Head, his Trophy, proud *Achillas* bears;  
920 *Septimius* an inferior Drudge appears,  
And in the meaner Mischief poorly shares.  
Caught by the venerable Locks, which grow,  
In hoary Ringlets, on his gen'rous Brow,  
To *Ægypt's* impious King that Head they bear,  
925 That Laurels us'd to bind, and Monarchs fear.  
Those sacred Lips, and that commanding Tongue,  
On which the list'ning *Forum* oft' has hung;  
That Tongue which cou'd the World with Ease restrain,  
And ne'er commanded War, or Peace, in vain;  
930 That Face, in which Success came smiling home  
And doubled ev'ry Joy it brought to *Rome*;  
Now pale and wan, is fix'd upon a Spear,  
And born, for publick View, aloft in Air.  
The Tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed  
935 To keep this Pledge of his detested Deed.  
His Slaves strait drain the ferous Parts away,  
And arm the wasting Flesh against Decay;  
Then Drugs and Gums thro' the void Vessels pass,  
And for Duration fix the stiff'ning Mass.  
940 Inglorious Boy! Degenerate and Base!  
Thou last and worst of the *Lagæan* Race!  
Whose feeble Throne, ere long, shall be compell'd  
To thy lascivious Sister's Reign to yield:



Canst thou, with Altars, and with Rites divine,  
The rash vain Youth of *Macedon* inshrine; 945  
Can *Ægypt* such stupendous Fabricks build;  
Can her wide Plains with Pyramids be fill'd;  
Canst thou, beneath such monumental Pride,  
Thy worthless *Ptolomæan* Fathers hide;  
While the great *Pompey's* headless Trunk is tofs'd 950  
In Scorn, unbury'd, on thy barb'rous Coast?  
Was it so much? could not thy Care suffice,  
To keep him whole, and glut his Father's Eyes?  
In this, his Fortune ever held the same,  
Still wholly Kind, or wholly Cross, she came. 955  
Patient, his long Prosperity she bore,  
But kept this Death, and this sad Day in store.  
No meddling God did e'er his Pow'r employ,  
To ease his Sorrows, or to damp his Joy;  
Unmingled came the Bitter, and the Sweet, 960  
And all his Good and Evil was compleat.  
No sooner was he struck by Fortune's Hand,  
But, see! he lyes unbury'd on the Sand;  
Rocks tear him, Billows tofs him up and down,  
And *Pompey* by a headless Trunk is known. 965

Yet, ere proud *Cæsar* touch'd the *Pharian Nile*,  
Chance found his mangled Foe a fun'ral Pile:  
In Pity half, and half in Scorn, she gave,  
A wretched, to prevent a nobler Grave.

*Cordus*, a Foll'wer long of *Pompey's* Fate, 970  
(His *Questor* in *Idalian Cyprus* late)  
From a close Cave, in Covert where he lay,  
Swift to the neighb'ring Shore betook his Way:



Safe in the Shelter of the gloomy Shade,  
975 And by strong Ties of pious Duty sway'd,  
The fearless Youth the watry Strand survey'd:  
'Twas now the thickest Darkness of the Night,  
And waning *Phæbe* lent a feeble Light;  
Yet soon the glimm'ring Goddess plainly shew'd  
980 The paler Coarse, amidst the dusky Flood.  
The plunging *Roman* flies to its Relief,  
And with strong Arms infolds the floating Chief.  
Long strove his Labour with the tumbling Main,  
And dragg'd the sacred Burthen on with Pain.  
985 Nigh weary now, the Waves instruct him well,  
To seize th' Advantage of th' alternate Swell:  
Born on the mounting Surge, to Shore he flies,  
And on the Beach in Safety lands his Prize.  
There o'er the Dead he hangs with tender Care,  
990 And drops in ev'ry gaping Wound a Tear:  
Then lifting to the gloomy Skies his Head,  
Thus to the Stars, and cruel Gods, he pray'd.

See Fortune! where thy *Pompey* lyes! And, oh!  
In Pity, one, last, little Boon bestow.  
995 He asks no Heaps of Frankincense to rise,  
No Eastern Odours to perfume the Skies;  
No *Roman* Necks his Patriot Coarse to bear,  
No rev'rend Train of Statues to appear;  
No Pageant Shows his Glories to record,  
1000 And tell the Triumphs of his conqu'ring Sword;  
No Instruments in plaintive Notes to sound,  
No Legions sad to march in solemn Round,



A Bier, no better than the Vulgar need,  
A little Wood the kindling Flame to feed,  
With some poor Hand to tend the homely Fire, 1005  
Is all, these wretched Relicks now require.

Your Wrath, ye Pow'rs! *Cornelia's* Hand denies;  
Let that, for ev'ry other Loss, suffice:  
She takes not her last Leave, she weeps not here,  
And yet she is, ye Gods! she is too near. 1010

Thus while he spoke, he saw where thro' the Shade  
A slender Flame its gleamy Light display'd;  
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,  
A poor neglected Body lonely burn'd.  
He seiz'd the kindled Brands; and oh! (he said) 1015  
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, freindless Shade;  
And tho' unpity'd and forlorn thou lye,  
Thy self a better Office shalt supply.  
If there be sense in Souls departed, thine  
To my great Leader shall her Rites resign: 1020  
With humble Joy shall quit her meaner Claim,  
And blush to burn, when *Pompey* wants the Flame.

He said; and gath'ring in his Garment, bore  
The glowing Fragments to the neighb'ring Shore.  
There soon arriv'd, the noble Trunk he found, 1025  
Half wash'd into the Flood, half resting on the Ground.  
With Diligence his Hands a Trench prepare,  
Fit it around, and place the Body there.  
No cloven Oaks in lofty Order lye,  
To lift the great Patrician to the Sky: 1030  
By Chance a few poor Planks were hard at hand,  
By some late Shipwreck cast upon the Strand;

S f f f

These



These pious *Cordus* gathers where they lay,  
And plants about the Chief, as best he may.

1035 Now while the Blaze began to rise around,  
The Youth sat mournful by, upon the Ground:  
And oh (he cry'd) if this unworthy Flame  
Disgrace thy great, majestick, *Roman* Name;  
If the rude Outrage of the stormy Seas  
1040 Seem better to thy Ghost, than Rites like these;  
Yet let thy injur'd Shade the Wrong forget,  
Which Duty, and officious Zeal, commit.  
Fate seems, it self, in my Excuse to plead,  
And thy hard Fortune justifies my Deed.

1045 I only wish'd, nor is that Wish in vain,  
To save thee from the Monsters of the Main;  
From Vulturs Claws, from Lions that devour,  
From mortal Malice, and from *Cæsar's* Pow'r.  
No longer, then, this humbler Flame withstand;  
1050 'Tis lighted to thee by a *Roman* Hand.  
If e'er the Gods permit unhappy me,  
Once more, thy lov'd *Hesperian* Land to see,  
With me thy exil'd Ashes shall return,  
And Chast *Cornelia* give thee to thy Urn.

1055 Meanwhile, a Signal shall my Care provide,  
Some future *Roman* Votary to guide;  
When with due Rites thy Fate he would deplore,  
And thy pale Head to these thy Limbs restore:  
Then shall he mark the Witness of my Stone,  
1060 And, taught by me, thy sacred Ghost atone.

He spoke; and strait, with busie, pious Hands,  
Heap'd on the smoaking Coarse the scatter'd Brands.



Slow sunk amidst the Fire the wasting Dead,  
And the faint Flame with dropping Marrow fed.  
Now 'gan the glitt'ring Stars to fade away, 1065  
Before the rose Promise of the Day,  
When the pale Youth th' unfinish'd Rites forsook,  
And to the Covert of his Cave betook.

Ah! why thus rashly wou'd thy Fears disclaim  
That only Deed, which must record thy Name? 1070  
Ev'n *Cæsar's* self shall just Applause bestow,  
And praise the *Roman* that inters his Foe.  
Securely tell him where his Son is laid,  
And he shall give thee back his mangled Head.

But soon behold! the bolder Youth returns, 1075  
While, half consum'd, the smould'ring Carcass burns;  
Ere yet the cleansing Fire had melted down  
The fleshy Muscles, from the firmer Bone.  
He quench'd the Relicks in the briny Wave,  
And hid 'em, hasty, in a narrow Grave: 1080  
Then with a Stone the sacred Dust he binds,  
To guard it from the Breath of scatt'ring Winds:  
And lest some headless Mariner shou'd come,  
And violate the Warrior's humble Tomb;  
Thus with a Line the Monument he keeps, 1085  
*Beneath this Stone the once great Pompey sleeps.*

Oh Fortune! can thy Malice swell so high?  
Canst thou with *Cæsar's* ev'ry Wish comply?  
Must he, thy *Pompey* once, thus meanly lye?  
But oh! forbear, mistaken Man, forbear! 1090  
Nor dare to fix the mighty *Pompey* there:

Where



Where there are Seas, or Air, or Earth, or Skies,  
Where-e'er *Rome's* Empire stretches, *Pompey* lyes.  
Far be the vile Memorial then convey'd!  
1095 Nor let this Stone the partial Gods upbraid.  
Shall *Hercules* all *Oeta's* Heights demand,  
And *Nysa's* Hill, for *Bacchus* only, stand;  
While one poor Pebble is the Warrior's Doom,  
That fought the Cause of Liberty and *Rome*?  
1100 If Fate decrees he must in *Ægypt* lye,  
Let the whole fertile Realm his Grave supply:  
Yield the wide Country to his awful Shade,  
Nor let us dare on any Part to tread,  
Fearful to violate the mighty Dead.  
1105 But if one Stone must bear the sacred Name,  
Let it be fill'd with long Records of Fame.  
There let the Passenger, with Wonder, read,  
The Pyrates vanquish'd, and the Ocean freed;  
*Sertorius* taught to yield; the *Alpine* War;  
1110 And the young *Roman* Knight's triumphal Car.  
With these, the mighty *Pontick* King be plac'd,  
And ev'ry Nation of the vanquish'd East:  
Tell with what loud Applause of *Rome*, he drove  
Thrice his glad Wheels to *Capitolian Jove*:  
1115 Tell too, the Patriot's greatest, best Renown,  
Tell, how the Victor laid his Empire down,  
And chang'd his Armour for the peaceful Gown.  
But ah! what Marbles to the Task suffice!  
Instead of these, turn, *Roman*, turn thy Eyes;  
1120 Seek the known Name our *Fasti* us'd to wear,  
The noble Mark of many a glorious Year;



The Name that wont the trophy'd Arch to grace,  
And ev'n in Temples of the Gods found Place:  
Decline thee lowly, bending to the Ground,  
And there that Name, that *Pompey* may be found. 1125

Oh fatal Land! what Curse can I bestow,  
Equal to those, we to thy Mischiefs owe?  
Well did the wise *Cumæan* Maid, of yore,  
Warn our *Hesperian* Chiefs to shun thy Shore.  
Forbid, just Heav'ns! your Dews to bless the Soil, 1130  
And thou with-hold thy Waters, fruitful *Nile*!  
Let *Ægypt*, like the Land of *Æthiops*, burn,  
And her fat Earth to sandy Desarts turn.

Have we, with Honours, dead *Osiris* crown'd,  
And mourn'd him to the tinkling Timbrel's Sound; 1135  
Receiv'd her *Isis* to divine Aboads,  
And rank'd her Dogs deform'd with *Roman* Gods;  
While, in despight to *Pompey*'s injur'd Shade,  
Low in her Dust his sacred Bones are laid?

And thou, oh *Rome*! by whose forgetful Hand 1140  
Altars and Temples, rear'd to Tyrants, stand,  
Canst thou neglect to call thy Heroe home,  
And leave his Ghost in Banishment to roam?

What tho' the Victor's Frown, and thy base Fear,  
Bad thee, at first, the pious Task forbear; 1145  
Yet now, at least, oh let him now return,  
And rest with Honour in a *Roman* Urn.

Nor let mistaken Superstition dread,  
On such Occasions, to disturb the Dead:  
Oh! wou'd commanding *Rome* my Hand employ, 1150  
The impious Task should be perform'd with Joy;



How wou'd I fly to tear him from that Tomb,  
And bear his Ashes in my Bosom home!  
Perhaps, when Flames their dreadful Ravage make,  
1155 Or groaning Earth shall from the Center shake;  
When blasting Dews the rising Harvest seize,  
Or Nations sicken with some dire Disease;  
The Gods, in Mercy to us, shall command  
To fetch our *Pompey* from th' accursed Land.  
1160 Then, when his venerable Bones draw near,  
In long Procession shall the Priests appear,  
And their great Chief the sacred Relicks bear.  
Or if thou still possesse the *Pharian* Shore,  
What Traveller but shall thy Grave explore;  
1165 Whether he tread *Syene's* burning Soil,  
Or visit fultry *Thebes*, or fruitful *Nile*:  
Or if the Merchant, drawn by Hopes of Gain,  
Seek rich *Arabia*, and the ruddy Main;  
With holy Rites thy Shade he shall atone,  
1170 And bow before thy venerable Stone.  
For who but shall prefer thy Tomb, above  
The meaner Fane of an *Aegyptian Jove*?  
Nor envy thou, if abject *Romans* raise  
Statues and Temples, to their Tyrant's Praise;  
1175 Tho' his proud Name on Altars may preside,  
And thine be wash'd by every rolling Tide;  
Thy Grave shall the vain Pageantry despise,  
Thy Grave, where that great God, thy Fortune, lyes.  
Even those who kneel not to the Gods above,  
1180 Nor offer Sacrifice or Pray'r to *Jove*,



To the *Bidental* bend their humble Eyes,  
And worship where the bury'd Thunder lyes.

Perhaps Fate wills, in Honour to thy Fame,  
No Marble shall record thy mighty Name.

So may thy Dust, e'er long, be worn away, 1185  
And all Remembrance of thy Wrongs decay:

Perhaps a better Age shall come, when none  
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this Stone;

When *Ægypt's* Boast of *Pompey's* Tomb, shall prove  
As unbeliev'd a Tale, as *Crete* relates of *Jove*. 1190

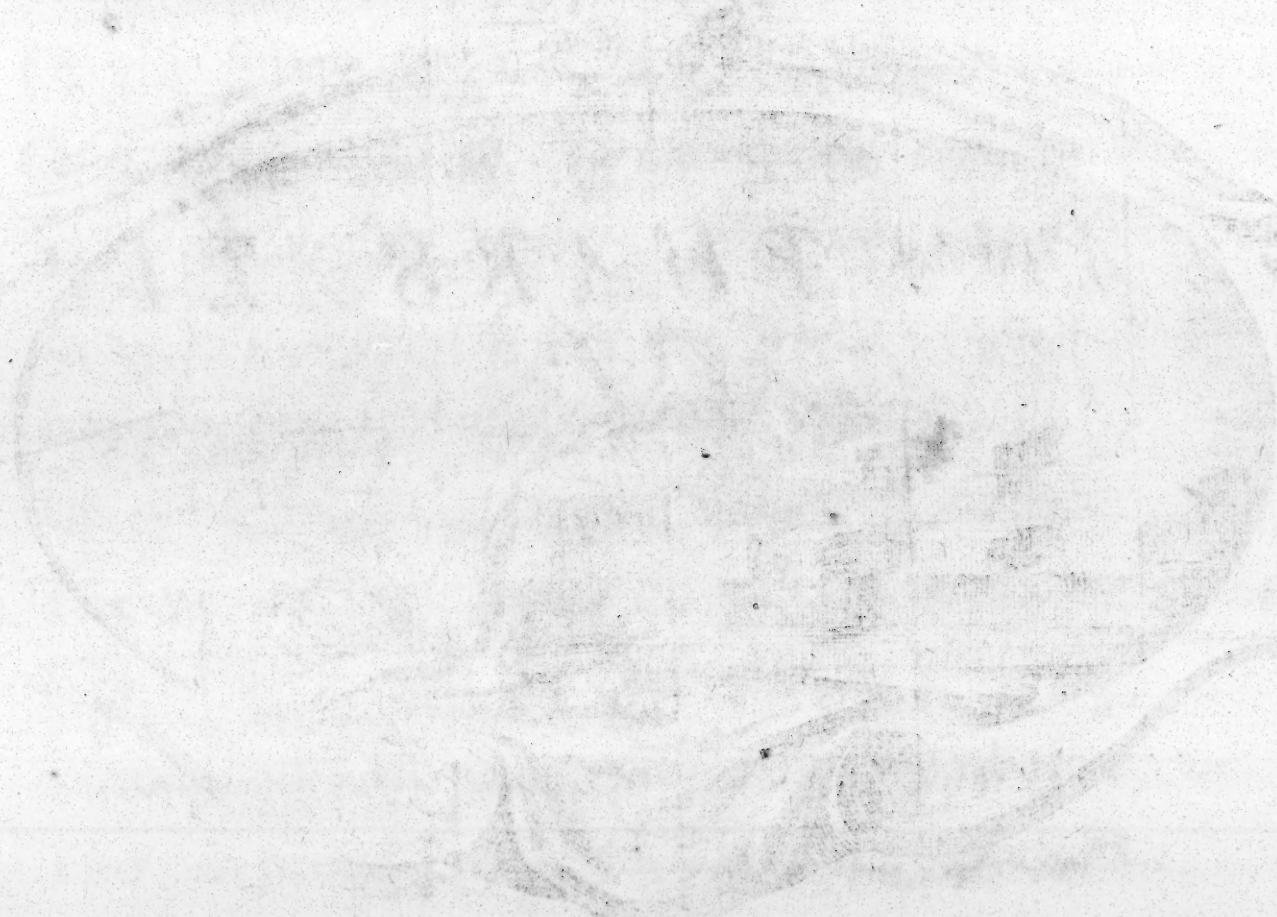


*L. Cheron Inv.*

*G. V. Gucke Sculp<sup>r</sup>.*



To the Rhymer bend their humble eyes  
 And worship where the daisy's shadow lies  
 Perhaps Fate will, in Honour to thy Name  
 No Marble shall record thy mighty Name  
 So may the Dust of long be worn away  
 And all Remembrance of thy Wyrds decay  
 Perhaps a better Age shall come when none  
 Shall think thee ever laid beneath this stone  
 When Egypt's Boat of Papyrus shall prove  
 As believ'd a Tale, as Ceres' tale of Jove





THE ARGUMENT

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

Uuuu



## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Poet having ended the foregoing Book with the Death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheosis; from thence, after a short Account of Cato's gathering up the Relicks of the Battel of Pharsalia, and transporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to describe Cornelia's Passion upon the Death of her Husband. Amongst other things, she informs his Son Sextus of his Father's last Commands, to continue the War in Defence of the Commonwealth. Sextus sets sail for Cato's Camp, where he meets his elder Brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the Fate of their Father. Upon this Occasion the Poet describes the Rage of the elder Pompey, and the Disorders that happen'd in the Camp, both which Cato appeases. To prevent any future Inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon Action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a Description of the Syrts, and their dangerous Passage by 'em, follows Cato's Speech to encourage the Soldiers to march through the Desarts of Libya; then an Account of Libya, the Desarts, and their March. In the middle of which is a beautiful Digression concerning the Temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's Persuasion to Cato to enquire of the Oracle concerning the Event of the War, and Cato's famous Answer. From thence, after a warm Elogy upon Cato, the Author goes on to the Account of the Original of Serpents in Africk; and this, with the Description of their various Kinds, and the several Deaths of the Soldiers by 'em, is perhaps the most poetical Part of this whole Work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Cæsar, whom he brings into Ægypt, after having shewn him the Ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an Occasion to speak well of Poetry in General, and himself in Particular. Cæsar, upon his Arrival on the Coast of Ægypt, is met by an Ambassador from Ptolemy with Pompey's Head. He receives the Present (according to Lucan) with a feign'd Abhorrence, and concludes the Book with Tears, and a seeming Grief for the Misfortune of so great a Man.*





# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## BOOK IX.



OR in the dying Embers of its Pile  
Slept the great Soul upon the  
Banks of *Nile*,  
Nor longer, by the Earthly Parts  
restrain'd,  
Amidst its wretched Reliques was  
detain'd;

But active, and impatient of Delay,  
Shot from the mould'ring Heap, and upwards urg'd its way.  
Far in those Azure Regions of the Air  
Which border on the rowling starry Sphere,  
Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that height,  
Where *Cynthia* drives around her Silver Light;  
Their happy Seats the Demy-Gods possess,  
Refin'd by Virtue, and prepar'd for Bliss;



Of Life unblam'd, a pure and pious Race,  
Worthy that lower Heav'n and Stars to grace,  
15 Divine, and equal to the glorious Place.  
There *Pompey's* Soul, adorn'd with heav'nly Light,  
Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was bright.  
New to the blest Aboad, with Wonder fill'd,  
The Stars and moving Planets he beheld;  
20 Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,  
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect Day,  
And under what a Cloud of Night we lay.  
But when he saw, how on the Shoar forlorn  
His headless Trunk was cast for publick Scorn;  
25 When he beheld, how envious Fortune, still,  
Took Pains to use a senseless Carcass ill,  
He smil'd at the vain Malice of his Foe,  
And pity'd impotent Mankind below.  
Then lightly passing o'er *Æmathia's* Plain,  
30 His flying Navy scatter'd on the Main,  
And cruel *Cæsar's* Tents; he fix'd at last  
His Residence in *Brutus's* sacred Breast:  
There brooding o'er his Country's Wrongs he fate,  
The State's Avenger, and the Tyrant's Fate;  
35 There mournful *Rome* might still her *Pompey* find,  
There, and in *Cato's* free unconquer'd Mind.

He, while in deep suspense the World yet lay,  
Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,  
Hatred avow'd to *Pompey's* self did bear,  
40 Tho' his Companion in the Common War,  
Tho', by the Senate's just Command, they stood  
Engag'd together for the Publick Good;

But



But dread *Pharsalia* did all Doubts decide,  
 And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd Side.  
 His helpless Country, like an Orphan left, 45  
 Friendless and poor, of all Support bereft,  
 He took and cherish'd with a Father's Care,  
 He comforted, he bad her not to fear;  
 And taught her feeble Hands, once more the Trade of War: }  
 Nor lust of Empire did his Courage sway, 50  
 Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to Obey:  
 Passions and private Int'rest he forgot;  
 Not for himself, but Liberty, he fought.  
 Streight to *Corcyra's* Port his way he bent,  
 The swift advancing Victor to prevent; 55  
 Who marching sudden on, to new Success,  
 The scatter'd Legions might with Ease oppress;  
 There, with the Ruins of *Æmathia's* Field,  
 The flying Host, a thousand Ships he fill'd.  
 Who that from Land, with Wonder, had descry'd 60  
 The Passing Fleet, in all its Naval Pride,  
 Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant Ocean spread,  
 Cou'd have believ'd those mighty Numbers fled?  
*Malea* o'erpass'd, and the *Tænarian* Shore,  
 With swelling Sails he for *Cythera* bore: 65  
 Then *Crete* he saw, and with a Northern Wind  
 Soon left the fam'd *Dictæan* Isle behind.  
 Urg'd by the bold *Phycuntine's* churlish Pride,  
 (Their Shores, their Haven, to his Fleet deny'd)  
 The Chief reveng'd the Wrong, and as he pass'd, 70  
 Laid their unhospitable City waste.



Thence wafted forward, to the Coast he came  
Which took of old from *Palinure* its Name.

(Nor *Italy* this Monument alone

75 Can boast, since *Libya's Palinure* has shown  
Her peaceful Shores were to the *Trojan* known.)

From hence they soon descry, with doubtful Pain,  
Another Navy on the distant Main.

Anxious they stand, and now expect the Foe,

80 Now, their Companions in the publick Woe:

The Victor's haste inclines 'em most to Fear;

Each Vessel seems a hostile Face to wear,

And ev'ry Sail they 'spy, they fancy *Cæsar* there.

But oh! Those Ships a diff'rent Burthen bore,

85 A mournful Freight they wafted to the Shore:

Sorrows, that might Tears, ev'n from *Cato*, gain,

And teach the rigid Stoick to complain.

When long the sad *Cornelia's* Pray'rs, in vain,

Had try'd the flying Navy to detain,

90 With *Sextus* long had strove, and long implor'd,

To wait the Relicks of her murder'd Lord;

The Waves, perchance, might the dear Pledge restore,

And waft him bleeding from the faithless Shore:

Still Grief and Love their various Hopes inspire,

95 'Till she beholds her *Pompey's* fun'ral Fire,

'Till on the Land she sees th' ignoble Flame

Ascend, unequal to the Heroe's Name;

Then into just Complaints at length she broke,

And thus with pious Indignation spoke.

100 Oh Fortune! dost thou then disdain t'afford

My Love's last Office to my dearest Lord?



Am I one chaff, one last Embrace deny'd?  
 Shall I not lay me by his Clay-cold Side,  
 Nor Tears to bathe his gaping Wounds provide?  
 Am I unworthy the sad Torch to bear,  
 To light the Flame, and burn my flowing Hair?  
 To gather from the Shore the noble Spoil,  
 And place it decent on the fatal Pile?  
 Shall not his Bones and sacred Dust be born,  
 In this sad Bosom, to their peaceful Urn?  
 Whate'er the last consuming Flame shall leave,  
 Shall not this widow'd Hand by Right receive,  
 And to the Gods the precious Relicks give?  
 Perhaps, this last Respect which I should show,  
 Some vile *Egyptian* Hand does now bestow,  
 Injurious to the *Roman* Shade below.  
 Happy, my *Crassus*, were thy Bones, which lay  
 Expos'd to *Parthian* Birds and Beasts of Prey!  
 Here the last Rites the cruel Gods allow,  
 And for a Curse my *Pompey's* Pile bestow.  
 For ever will the same sad Fate return?  
 Still an unburied Husband must I mourn,  
 And weep my Sorrows o'er an empty Urn?  
 But why should Tombs be built, or Urns be made?  
 Does Grief like mine require their feeble Aid?  
 Is he not lodg'd, thou Wretch! within thy Heart,  
 And fix'd in ev'ry dearest vital Part?  
 O'er Monuments surviving Wives may grieve,  
 She ne'er will need 'em, who disdains to live.  
 But oh! behold where yon' malignant Flames  
 Cast feebly forth their mean inglorious Beams:

From



From my lov'd Lord, his dear Remains, they rise,  
 And bring my *Pompey* to my weeping Eyes;  
 And now they sink, the languid Lights decay,  
 135 The cloudy Smoak all Eastward rolls away,  
 And wafts my Heroe to the Rising Day.  
 Me too the Winds demand, with fresh'ning Gales,  
 Envious they call, and stretch the swelling Sails.  
 No Land on Earth seems dear as *Egypt* now,  
 140 No Land that Crowns and Triumphs did bestow,  
 And with new Laurels bound my *Pompey's* Brow.  
 That happy *Pompey* to my Thoughts is lost,  
 He that is left, lyes dead on yonder Coast;  
 He, only he, is all I now demand,  
 145 For him I linger near this cursed Land:  
 Endear'd by Crimes, for Horrors lov'd the more,  
 I cannot, will not, leave the *Pharian* Shore.  
 Thou, *Sextus*, thou shalt prove the Chance of War,  
 And thro' the World thy Father's Ensigns bear,  
 150 Then hear his last Command, entrusted to my Care.  
 " When e'er my last, my fatal Hour shall come,  
 " Arm you, my Sons, for Liberty and *Rome*;  
 " While one shall of our Free-born Race remain,  
 " Let him prevent the Tyrant *Cæsar's* Reign.  
 155 " From each free City round, from ev'ry Land,  
 " Their warlike Aid in *Pompey's* Name demand.  
 " These are the Parties, these the Friends he leaves,  
 " This Legacy your dying Father gives.  
 " If for the Sea's wide Rule your Arms you bear,  
 160 " A *Pompey* ne'er can want a Navy there,  
 " Heirs of my Fame, my Sons, shall wage my War.

" Only



“ Only be bold, unconquer’d in the Fight,  
 “ And, like your Father, still defend the Right.

“ To *Cato*, if for Liberty he stand,  
 “ Submit, and yield you to his ruling Hand,  
 “ Brave, Just, and only worthy to command.

} 165

At length to thee, my *Pompey*, I am Just,  
 I have surviv’d, and well discharg’d my Trust;  
 Thro’ Chaos now, and the dark Realms below,

To follow thee, a willing Shade I go:

170

If longer with a lingring Fate I strive,  
 ’Tis but to prove the Pain of b’ing alive,  
 ’Tis to be Curs’d, for daring to survive.

}

She, who could bear to see thy Wounds, and live,  
 New Proofs of Love, and fatal Grief shall give.

175

Nor need she fly for Succour to the Sword,  
 The steepy Precipice, and deadly Cord;  
 She from her self shall find her own Relief,  
 And scorns to die of any Death but Grief.

So said the Matron; and about her Head

180

Her Veil she draws, her mournful Eyes to shade.  
 Resolv’d to shroud in thickest Shades her Woe,  
 She seeks the Ship’s deep darksom Hold below:

There lonely left, at leisure to complain,  
 She hugs her Sorrows, and enjoys her Pain;  
 Still with fresh Tears the living Grief wou’d feed,  
 And fondly loves it, in her Husband’s stead.

185

In vain the beating Surges rage aloud,  
 And swelling *Æurus* grumbles in the Shroud;  
 Her, nor the Waves beneath, nor Winds above,  
 Nor all the noisie Cries of Fear can move:

190



In fullen Peace compos'd for Death she lyes,  
 And waiting, longs to hear the Tempest rise;  
 Then hopes the Seamens Vows shall all be crost,  
 195 Prays for the Storm, and wishes to be lost.

Soon from the *Pharian* Coast the Navy bore,  
 And fought thro' foamy Seas the *Cyprian* Shore;  
 Soft Eastern Gales prevailing thence alone,  
 To *Cato's* Camp and *Libya* waft 'em on.  
 200 With mournful Looks from Land, (as oft, we know,  
 A sad Prophetick Spirit waits on Woe,)  
*Pompey*, his Brother and the Fleet beheld,  
 Now near advancing o'er the Wat'ry Field:  
 Streight to the Beach with headlong haste he flies,

205 Where is our Father, *Sextus*, where? he cries:

Do we yet Live? Stands yet the Sov'raign State?

Or does the World, with *Pompey*, yield to Fate?

Sink we at length before the Conqu'ring Foe?

And is the Mighty Head of *Rome* laid low?

210 He said; the mournful Brother thus reply'd;

O happy thou! whom Lands and Seas divide

From Woes, which did to these sad Eyes betide.

These Eyes! which of their Horror still complain,

Since they beheld our Godlike Father slain.

215 Nor did his Fate an equal Death afford,

Nor suffer'd him to fall by *Cæsar's* Sword.

Trusting in vain to hospitable Gods,

He dy'd, oppress'd by vile *Egyptian* Odds:

By the curs'd Monarch of *Nile's* flimy Wave

220 He fell, a Victim to the Crown he gave.

Yes,



Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody Deed;  
 These Eyes beheld our valiant Father bleed:  
 Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my Fear,  
 Nor thought th' *Egyptian* cou'd so greatly dare;  
 But still I look'd, and fancy'd *Cæsar* there. } 225  
 But oh! not all his Wounds so much did move,  
 Pierc'd my sad Soul, and struck my Filial Love,  
 As that his venerable Head they bear,  
 Their wanton Trophy, fix'd upon a Spear;  
 Thro' ev'ry Town 'tis shown, the Vulgar's Sport, } 230  
 And the lewd Laughter of the Tyrant's Court.  
 'Tis said, that *Ptolemy* preserves this Prize,  
 Proof of the Deed, to glut the Victor's Eyes.  
 The Body, whether rent or born away,  
 By foul *Egyptian* Dogs, and Birds of Prey; } 235  
 Whether within their greedy Maws entomb'd,  
 Or by those wretched Flames, we saw, consum'd;  
 Its Fate as yet we know not, but forgive:  
 That Crime unpunish'd, to the Gods we leave,  
 'Tis for the Part preserv'd alone we grieve. } 240  
 Scarce had he ended thus, when *Pompey*, warm  
 With noble Fury, calls aloud to Arm;  
 Nor seeks in Sighs and helpless Tears Relief,  
 But thus in pious Rage express'd his Grief.  
 Hence all aboard, and haste to put to Sea, } 245  
 Urge on against the Winds our adverse Way;  
 With me let ev'ry *Roman* Leader go,  
 Since Civil Wars were ne'er so just as now.  
*Pompey's* unbury'd Relicks ask your Aid,  
 Call for due Rites and Honours to be paid. } 250

Let



Let *Egypt*'s Tyrant pour a purple Flood,  
And sooth the Ghost with his inglorious Blood.  
Not *Alexander* shall his Priests defend,  
Forc'd from his Golden Shrine he shall descend:  
255 In *Mareotis* deep I'll plunge him down,  
Deep in the sluggish Waves the Royal Carcass drown.  
From his proud Pyramid *Amasis* torn,  
With his long Dynasties my Rage shall mourn,  
And floating down their muddy *Nile* be born.  
160 Each stately Tomb and Monumental Stone,  
For thee, unburied *Pompey*, shall atone.  
*Isis*, no more, shall draw the cheated Crowd,  
Nor God *Osiris* in his Linnen Shrowd;  
Stript of their Shrines, with Scorn they shall be cast,  
265 To be by ignominious Hands defac'd:  
Their holy *Apis* of Diviner Breed,  
To *Pompey*'s Dust a Sacrifice shall bleed,  
While burning Deities the Flame shall feed.  
Waste shall the Land be laid, and never know  
270 The Tiller's Care, nor feel the crooked Plow;  
None shall be left for whom the *Nile* may flow:  
'Till the Gods banish'd, and the People gone,  
*Egypt* to *Pompey* shall be left alone.  
He said; then hasty to Revenge he flew,  
275 And Seaward out the ready Navy drew;  
But cooler *Cato* did the Youth assuage,  
And praising much, compress'd his filial Rage.  
Mean time the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around,  
With mournful Cries for *Pompey*'s Death resound.



A rare Example have their Sorrows shown, 280  
 Yet in no Age beside, nor People known,  
 How falling Pow'r did with Compassion meet,  
 And Crowds deplor'd the Ruins of the Great.  
 But when the sad *Cornelia* first appear'd,  
 When on the Deck her mournful Head she rear'd, 285  
 Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face,  
 With all the Pomp of Grief's disorder'd Grace;  
 When they beheld her, wasted quite with Woe,  
 And spent with Tears that never ceas'd to flow,  
 Again they feel their Loss, again complain, 290  
 And Heav'n and Earth ring with their Cries again.  
 Soon as she landed on the friendly Strand,  
 Her Lord's last Rites employ her pious Hand;  
 To his dear Shade she builds a fun'ral Pile,  
 And decks it proud with many a noble Spoil. 295  
 There shon his Arms with antick Gold inlaid,  
 There the rich Robes which she her self had made,  
 Robes to Imperial *Jove* in Triumph 'erst display'd:  
 The Relicks of his past victorious Days,  
 Now this his latest Trophy serve to raise, 300  
 And in one common Flame together blaze.  
 Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care:  
 The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare;  
 To every valiant Friend a Pile they build,  
 That fell for *Rome* in curs'd *Pharsalia's* Field: 305  
 Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend,  
 And, grateful to the wandring Shades, ascend.  
 So when *Appulian* Hinds, with Art, renew  
 The wintry Pastures to their verdant Hue,



310 That Flow'rs may rise, and springing Grasse return,  
 With spreading Flames the wither'd Fields they burn,  
*Garganus* then and lofty *Vultur* blaze,  
 And draw the distant wondring Swains to gaze;  
 Far are the glitt'ring Fires descry'd by Night,  
 315 And gild the dusky Skies around with Light.

But oh! not all the Sorrows of the Crowd  
 That spoke their free impatient Thoughts aloud,  
 That tax'd the Gods, as Authors of their Woe,  
 And charg'd 'em with Neglect of Things below;  
 320 Not all the Marks of the wild Peoples Love,  
 The Hero's Soul, like *Cato's* Praise, could move:  
 Few were his Words, but from an honest Heart,  
 Where Faction and where Favour had no Part,  
 But Truth made up for Passion and for Art.

325 We've lost a *Roman* Citizen (he said)  
 One of the noblest of that Name is dead;  
 Who, tho' not equal to our Fathers found,  
 Nor by their strictest Rules of Justice bound,  
 Yet from his Faults this Benefit we draw,  
 330 He, for his Country's Good, transgress'd her Law,  
 To keep a bold licentious Age in Awe.  
*Rome* held her Freedom still; tho' he was great;  
 He sway'd the Senate, but they rul'd the State.  
 When Crouds were willing to have worn his Chain,  
 335 He chose his private Station to retain,  
 That all might free, and equal all remain.  
 War's boundless Pow'r he never fought to use,  
 Nor ask'd, but what the People might refuse;



Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his Store,  
 Yet still he gather'd but to give the more,  
 And *Rome*, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.  
 He drew the Sword, but knew its Rage to charm,  
 And lov'd Peace best, when he was forc'd to Arm;  
 Unmov'd with all the glittering Pomp of Pow'r,  
 He took with Joy, but laid it down with more:  
 His chaster Household and his frugal Board,  
 Nor Lewdness did, nor Luxury afford,  
 Ev'n in the highest Fortunes of their Lord,  
 His noble Name, his Country's Honour grown,  
 Was venerably round the Nations known,  
 And as *Rome's* fairest Light and brightest Glory shone.  
 When betwixt *Marius* and fierce *Sylla* toft,  
 The Commonwealth her ancient Freedom lost,  
 Some Shadow yet was left, some Shew of Pow'r;  
 Now ev'n the Name with *Pompey* is no more:  
 Senate and People all at once are gone,  
 Nor need the Tyrant blush to mount the Throne.  
 Oh happy *Pompey*! happy in thy Fate,  
 Happy by falling with the falling State,  
 Thy Death a Benefit the Gods did grant,  
 Thou might'st have liv'd those *Pharian* Swords to want.  
 Freedom, at least, thou dost by dying gain,  
 Nor liv'st to see thy *Julia's* Father reign;  
 Free Death is Man's first Bliss, the next is to be slain.  
 Such Mercy only, I from *Juba* crave,  
 (If Fortune should ordain me *Juba's* Slave)  
 To *Cæsar* let him shew, but shew me dead,  
 And keep my Carcase, so he takes my Head.

He



He said, and pleas'd the noble Shade below,  
370 More than a thousand Orators could do;  
Tho' *Tully* too had lent his charming Tongue,  
And *Rome's* full *Forum* with his Praise had rung.

But Discord new infects the fullen Crowd,  
And now they tell their Discontents aloud:  
375 When *Tarchon* first his flying Ensigns bore,  
Call'd out to march, and hasten'd to the Shore;  
Him *Cato* thus, pursuing as he mov'd,  
Sternly bespoke, and justly thus reprov'd.

Oh restless Author of the roving War,  
380 Dost thou again Piratick Arms prepare?  
*Pompey*, thy Terror and thy Scourge, is gone,  
And now thou hop'st to rule the Seas alone.

He said, and bent his Frown upon the rest,  
Of whom one bolder thus the Chief address'd,  
385 And thus their Weariness of War confess'd.

For *Pompey's* sake (nor thou disdain to hear)  
'The Civil War we wage, these Arms we bear;  
Him we preferr'd to Peace: But (*Cato*) now,  
That Cause, that Master of our Arms lyes low.  
390 Let us no more our absent Country mourn,  
But to our Homes and Household-Gods return;  
To the chaste Arms from whose Embrace we fled,  
And the dear Pledges of the Nuptial Bed.  
For oh! what Period can the War attend,  
395 Which nor *Pharsalia's* Field nor *Pompey's* Death can end?  
The better Times of flying Life are past,  
Let Death come gently on in Peace at last.



Let Age at length with providential Care  
The necessary Pile and Urn prepare,  
All Rites, the cruel Civil War denies, 400  
Part ev'n of *Pompey* yet unbury'd lyes.  
Tho' vanquish'd, yet by no Barbarian Hand,  
We fear not Exile in a foreign Land,  
Nor are our Necks by Fortune now bespoke,  
To bear the *Scythian* or *Armenian* Yoke; 405  
The Victor still a Citizen we own,  
And yield Obedience to the *Roman* Gown.  
While *Pompey* liv'd, he bore the Sov'reign Sway;  
*Cæsar* was next, and him we now obey;  
With Reverence be the sacred Shade ador'd, 410  
But War has giv'n us now another Lord:  
To *Cæsar* and superior Chance we yield:  
All was determin'd in *Emathia's* Field.  
Nor shall our Arms on other Leaders wait,  
Nor for uncertain Hopes molest the State, 415  
We follow'd *Pompey* once, but now we follow Fate.  
What Terms, what Safety can we hope for now,  
But what the Victor's Mercy shall allow?  
Once *Pompey's* Presence justify'd the Cause,  
Then fought we for our Liberties and Laws; 420  
With him the Honours of that Cause lye dead,  
And all the Sanctity of War is fled.  
If, *Cato*, thou for *Rome* these Arms dost bear,  
If still, thy Country only be thy Care,  
Seek we the Legions where *Rome's* Ensigns fly, 425  
Where her proud Eagles wave their Wings on high,



No matter who to *Pompey's* Pow'r succeeds,  
We follow where a *Roman* Consul leads.

This said, he leap'd aboard; the youthful Sort  
430 Join in his Flight, and haste to leave the Port;  
The senseless Crowd their Liberty disdain,  
And long to wear victorious *Cæsar's* Chain:  
Tyrannick Pow'r now sudden seem'd to threat  
The ancient Glories of *Rome's* free-born State,  
435 'Till *Cato* spoke, and thus deferr'd her Fate.

Did then your Vows and servile Pray'rs conspire  
Nought but a haughty Master to desire?  
Did you, when eager for the Battle, come  
The Slaves of *Pompey*, not the Friends of *Rome*?  
440 Now, weary of the Toil, from War you fly,  
And idly lay your useless Armour by;  
Your Hands neglect to wield the shining Sword,  
Nor can you fight but for a King and Lord.  
Some mighty Chief you want, for whom to sweat;  
445 Your selves you know not, or at least forget,  
And fondly bleed, that others may be great:  
Meanly you toil, to give your selves away;  
And die, to leave the World a Tyrant's Prey.  
The Gods and Fortune do at length afford  
450 A Cause most worthy of a *Roman* Sword.  
At length 'tis safe to conquer. *Pompey* now  
Cannot, by your Success, too potent grow;  
Yet now, ignobly, you with-hold your Hands,  
When nearer Liberty your Aid demands.  
455 Of three who durst the Sovereign Pow'r invade,  
Two by your Fortune's kinder Doom lye dead;

And



And shall the *Pharian* Sword and *Parthian* Bow  
Do more for Liberty and *Rome*, than you?  
Base as ye are, in vile Subjection go,  
And scorn what *Ptolomy* did ill bestow. 460  
Ignobly Innocent, and meanly Good,  
You durst not stain your hardy Hands in Blood;  
Feebly a while you fought, but soon did yield,  
And fled the first from dire *Pharsalia's* Field;  
Go then secure, for *Cæsar* will be good, 465  
Will pardon those who are with Ease subdu'd;  
The pitying Victor will in Mercy spare  
The Wretch, who never durst provoke his War.  
Go, fordid Slaves! one lordly Master gone,  
Like Heirlooms go from Father to the Son. 470  
Still to enhance your servile Merit more,  
Bear sad *Cornelia* weeping from the Shore;  
Meanly for Hire expose the Matron's Life,  
*Metellus'* Daughter sell, and *Pompey's* Wife;  
Take too his Sons: Let *Cæsar* find in you 475  
Wretches that may ev'n *Ptolomy* out-do.  
But let not my devoted Life be spar'd,  
The Tyrant greatly shall that Deed reward;  
Such is the Price of *Cato's* hated Head,  
That all your former Wars shall well be paid; 480  
Kill me, and in my Blood do *Cæsar* Right,  
'Tis mean to have no other Guilt but Flight.

He said, and stopp'd the flying Naval Pow'r;  
Back they return'd, repenting, to the Shore.  
As when the Bees their waxen Town forsake,  
Careless in Air their wandring Way they take,



No more in clustring Swarms condens'd they fly,  
But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky;  
No more from Flow'rs they suck the liquid Sweet,  
490 But all their Care and Industry forget:  
Then if at length the tinkling Brass they hear,  
With swift Amaze their Flight they soon forbear;  
Sudden their flow'ry Labours they renew,  
Hang on the Thyme, and sip the balmy Dew.

495 Mean time, secure on *Hybla's* fragrant Plain,  
With Joy exults the happy Shepherd Swain;  
Proud that his Art had thus preserv'd his Store,  
He scorns to think his homely Cottage poor.

With such prevailing force did *Cato's* Care  
500 The fierce impatient Soldiers Minds prepare,  
To learn Obedience, and endure the War.

And now their Minds, unknowing of Repose,  
With busie Toil to exercise he chose;  
Still with successive Labours are they ply'd,  
505 And oft in long and weary Marches try'd.

Before *Cyrene's* Walls they now sit down;  
And here the Victor's Mercy well was shown,  
He takes no Vengeance of the Captive Town;  
Patient he spares, and bids the Vanquish'd live,  
510 Since *Cato*, who could conquer, could forgive.

Hence, *Libyan Juba's* Realms they mean t' explore,  
*Juba*, who borders on the swarthy *Moor*;  
But Nature's Boundaries the Journey stay,  
The *Syrts* are fix'd athwart the middle Way;  
515 Yet led by daring Virtue on they press,  
Scorn Opposition, and still hope Success.

When



When Nature's Hand the first Formation try'd,  
 When Seas from Lands she did at first divide,  
 The *Syrts*, nor quite of Sea nor Land bereft,  
 A mingled Mass uncertain still she left; 520  
 For nor the Land with Seas is quite o'er-spread,  
 Nor sink the Waters deep their oozy Bed,  
 Nor Earth defends its Shore, nor lifts aloft its Head.  
 The Site with neither, and with each complies,  
 Doubtful and inaccessible it lyes; 525  
 Or 'tis a Sea with Shallows bank'd around,  
 Or 'tis a broken Land with Waters drown'd;  
 Here Shores advanc'd o'er *Neptune's* Rule we find,  
 And there an inland Ocean lags behind.  
 Thus Nature's Purpose by her self destroy'd, 530  
 Is useless to her self and unemploy'd,  
 And Part of her Creation still is void.  
 Perhaps, when first the World and Time began,  
 Here swelling Tides and plenteous Waters ran;  
 But long confining on the burning Zone, 535  
 The sinking Seas have felt the neighb'ring Sun:  
 Still by degrees we see how they decay,  
 And scarce resist the thirsty God of Day.  
 Perhaps, in distant Ages, 'twill be found,  
 When future Suns have run the burning Round, 540  
 These *Syrts* shall all be dry and solid Ground:  
 Small are the Depths their scanty Waves retain,  
 And Earth grows daily on the yielding Main.  
 And now the loaden Fleet with active Oars  
 Divide the liquid Plain, and leave the Shores. 545



When cloudy Skies a gath'ring Storm prefage,  
And *Auster* from the South began to rage,  
Full from the Land the founding Tempest roars,  
Repels the swelling Surge, and sweeps the Shores;  
550 The Wind pursues, drives on the rolling Sand,  
And gives new Limits to the growing Land.  
'Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails;  
In vain with skilful Strength he hands the Sails,  
In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em fast,  
555 At once it rips and rends 'em from the Mast;  
At once the Winds the fluttering Canvas tear,  
Then whirl and whisk it thro' the sportive Air.  
Some timely for the rising Rage prepar'd,  
Furl the loose Sheet, and lash it to the Yard:  
560 In vain their Care; sudden the furious Blast  
Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Mast;  
Of Tackling, Sails, and Mast, at once bereft,  
The Ship a naked helpless Hull is left.  
Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd Way,  
565 And bounds uncertain o'er the swelling Sea.  
But happier some a steady Course maintain,  
Who stand far out, and keep the deeper Main.  
Their Masts they cut, and driving with the Tide,  
Safe o'er the Surge beneath the Tempest ride:  
570 In vain did, from the Southern Coast, their Foe,  
All black with Clouds, old stormy *Auster* blow;  
Lowly secure amidst the Waves they lay,  
Old Ocean heav'd his Back, and roll'd 'em on their Way.  
Some on the Shallows strike, and doubtful stand,  
575 Part beat by Waves, part fix'd upon the Sand.

Now



Now pent amidst the Shoals the Billows roar,  
 Dash on the Banks, and scorn the new made Shore:  
 Now by the Wind driv'n on in heaps they swell,  
 The stedfast Banks both Winds and Waves repel:  
 Still with united Force they rage in vain, } 580  
 The sandy Piles their Station fix'd maintain,  
 And lift their Heads secure amidst the watry Plain.  
 There 'scap'd from Seas, upon the faithless Strand,  
 With weeping Eyes the shipwreck'd Seamen stand,  
 And cast ashore, look vainly out for Land. } 585  
 Thus some were lost; but far the greater Part,  
 Preserv'd from Danger by the Pilot's Art,  
 Keep on their Course, a happier Fate partake,  
 And reach in Safety the *Tritonian* Lake.  
 These Waters to the tuneful God are dear, } 590  
 Whose vocal Shell the Sea-green *Nereids* hear;  
 These *Pallas* loves, so tells reporting Fame,  
 Here first from Heav'n to Earth the Goddess came,  
 (Heav'ns Neighbourhood the warmer Clime betrays,  
 And speaks the nearer *Sun's* immediate Rays) } 595  
 Here her first Footsteps on the Brink she staid,  
 Here in the watry Glass her Form survey'd,  
 And call'd her self, from hence, the chaste *Tritonian* Maid.  
 Here *Lethe's* Streams from secret Springs below,  
 Rise to the Light; here heavily, and flow, } 600  
 The silent dull forgetful Waters flow.  
 Here, by the wakeful Dragon kept of old,  
*Hesperian* Plants grew rich with living Gold;  
 Long since, the Fruit was from the Branches torn,  
 And now the Gardens their lost Honours mourn. } 605

Such



Such was in ancient Times the Tale receiv'd,  
Such by our good Forefathers was believ'd;  
Nor let Enquirers the Tradition wrong,  
Or dare to question, now, the Poet's sacred Song.

610 Then take it for a Truth, the wealthy Wood,  
Here under golden Boughs low bending stood;  
On some large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound,  
The fair *Hesperian* Virgins watch'd around,  
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground.

615 But great *Alcides* came to end their Care,  
Strip'd the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare;  
Then back returning fought the *Argive* Shore,  
And the bright Spoil to proud *Euristheus* bore.

These famous Regions and the *Syrts* o'erpass,  
620 They reach'd the *Garamantian* Coast at last;  
Here, under *Pompey's* Care the Navy lyes,  
Beneath the gentlest Clime of *Libya's* Skies.

But *Cato's* Soul, by Dangers unrestrain'd,  
Ease and a dull unactive Life disdain'd.

625 His daring Virtue urges to go on,  
Thro' Desert Lands, and Nations yet unknown;  
To march, and prove th' inhospitable Ground,  
To shun the *Syrts*, and lead the Soldier round.  
Since now tempestuous Seasons vex the Sea,

630 And the declining Year forbids the watry Way;  
He sees the cloudy drizzling Winter near,  
And hopes kind Rains may cool the fultry Air:  
So happ'ly may they journey on secure,  
Nor burning Heats, nor killing Frosts endure;

But



But while cool Winds the Winter's Breath supplies, } 635  
 With gentle Warmth the *Libyan* Sun may rise, }  
 And both may join and temper well the Skies. }

But e'er the toilsom March he undertook,  
 The Heroe thus the listning Hoast bespoke:

Fellows in Arms! whose Bliss, whose chiefest Good 640  
 Is *Rome's* Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood;  
 You, who, to die with Liberty, from far  
 Have follow'd *Cato* in this fatal War,  
 Be now for Virtue's noblest Task prepar'd,  
 For Labours many, perillous, and hard. 645

Think thro' what burning Climes, what Wilds we go, }  
 No leafie Shades the naked Desarts know, }  
 Nor silver Streams thro' flowry Meadows flow. }

But Horrors, there, and various Deaths abound,  
 And Serpents guard th' unhospitable Ground. 650

Hard is the Way; but thus our Fate demands;  
*Rome* and her Laws we seek amidst these Sands.

Let those who, glowing with their Country's Love,  
 Resolve with me these dreadful Plains to prove,  
 Nor of Return nor Safety once debate, 655

But only dare to go, and leave the rest to Fate.

Think not I mean the Dangers to disguise,

Or hide 'em from the cheated Vulgar's Eyes:

Those, only those, shall in my Fate partake,

Who love the Daring for the Danger's sake; 660

Those who can suffer all that worst can come,

And think it what they owe themselves and *Rome*.

If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear;

If Life be, more than Liberty, his Care;

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Here,



- 665 Here, e'er we journey further, let him stay,  
Inglorious let him, like a Slave, obey,  
And seek a Master in some safer Way.  
Foremost, behold, I lead you to the Toil,  
My Feet shall foremost print the dusty Soil:
- 670 Strike me the first, thou flaming God of Day,  
First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching Ray;  
Ye living Poisons all, ye snaky Train,  
Meet me the first upon the fatal Plain.  
In ev'ry Pain, which you my Warriors fear,
- 675 Let me be first, and teach you how to bear.  
Who sees me pant for Drought, or fainting first,  
Let him upbraid me, and complain of Thirst.  
If e'er for Shelter to the Shades I fly,  
Me let him curse, me, for the fultry Sky.
- 680 If while the weary Soldier marches on,  
Your Leader by distinguish'd Ease be known,  
For sake my Cause, and leave me there alone.  
The Sands, the Serpents, Thirst, and burning Heat,  
Are dear to Patience, and to Virtue sweet;
- 685 Virtue, that scorns on Cowards Terms to please,  
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Ease;  
But then she joys, then smiles upon her State,  
Then fairest to her self, then most compleat,  
When glorious Danger makes her truly great.
- 690 So *Libya's* Plains alone shall wipe away  
The foul Dishonours of *Pharsalia's* Day;  
So shall your Courage now, transcend that Fear:  
You fled with Glory there, to Conquer here.



He said; and hardy Love of Toil inspir'd;  
 And ev'ry Breast with Godlike Ardor fir'd. 695  
 Strait, careless of Return, without delay  
 Thro' the wide Waste he took his pathless Way.  
*Libya*, ordain'd to be his last Retreat,  
 Receives the Heroe, fearless of his Fate;  
 Here the good Gods his last of Labours doom, 700  
 Here shall his Bones and sacred Dust find room,  
 And his great Head be hid, within an humble Tomb.

If this large Globe be portion'd right by Fame,  
 Then one third Part shall sandy *Libya* claim:  
 But if we count, as Suns descend and rise, 705  
 If we divide by East and West the Skies,  
 Then with fair *Europe*, *Libya* shall combine,  
 And both to make the Western Half shall join.  
 Whilst wide-extended *Asia* fills the rest,  
 Of all from *Tanais* to *Nile* possest, 710  
 And reigns sole Empress of the dawning East.  
 Of all the *Libyan* Soil, the kindliest found  
 Far to the Western Seas extends its Bound;  
 Where cooling Gales, where gentle *Zephyrs* fly,  
 And setting Suns adorn the gaudy Sky: 715  
 And yet ev'n here no liquid Fountain's Vein  
 Wells thro' the Soil, and gurgles o'er the Plain:  
 But from our Northern Clime, our gentler Heav'n,  
 Refreshing Dews and fruitful Rains are driv'n;  
 All bleak, the God, cold *Boreas*, spreads his Wing, 720  
 And with our Winter, gives the *Libyan* Spring.  
 No wicked Wealth infects the simple Soil,  
 Nor golden Ores disclose their shining Spoil:



Pure is the Glebe, 'tis Earth, and Earth alone,  
725 To guilty Pride and Avarice unknown:  
There Citron Groves, the Native Riches, grow,  
There cool Retreats and fragrant Shades bestow,  
And hospitably skreen their Guests below.  
Safe by their Leafy Office, long they stood  
730 A sacred, old, unviolated Wood,  
'Till *Roman* Luxury to *Africk* past,  
And Foreign Axes laid their Honours waste:  
Thus utmost Lands are ranfack'd, to afford  
The far-fetch'd Dainties, and the costly Board.  
735 But rude and wasteful all those Regions lye  
That border on the *Syrts*, and feel too nigh  
Their fultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky.  
No Harvest, there, the scatter'd Grain repays,  
But withering dies, and e'er it shoots decays:  
740 There never loves to spring the mantling Vine,  
Nor wanton Ringlets round her Elm to twine:  
The thirsty Dust prevents the swelling Fruit,  
Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root;  
Thro' secret Veins no temp'ring Moistures pass,  
745 To bind with viscous Force the mould'ring Mass;  
But Genial *Jove* averse, disdains to smile,  
Forgets, and curses the neglected Soil.  
Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head,  
As ev'ry vegetable Sense were dead;  
750 Thence the wide dreary Plains one Visage wear,  
Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear,  
Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year.



Thin Herbage here (for some ev'n here is found)  
 The *Nasamonian* Hinds collect around;  
 A naked Race, and barbarous of Mind, 755  
 That live upon the Loffes of Mankind:  
 The *Syrts* supply their Wants and Barren Soil,  
 And strow th' unhospitable Shores with Spoil.  
 Trade they have none, but ready still they stand,  
 Rapacious, to invade the wealthy Strand, 760  
 And hold a Commerce, thus, with ev'ry distant Land.

Thro' this dire Country *Cato's* Journey lay,  
 Here he pursu'd, while Virtue led the Way.  
 Here the bold Youth, led by his high Command,  
 Fearless of Storms and raging Winds, by Land 765  
 Repeat the Dangers of the swelling Main,  
 And strive with Storms, and raging Winds again.  
 Here all at large, where nought restrains his Force,  
 Impetuous *Auster* runs his rapid Course;  
 Nor Mountains here, nor steadfast Rocks resist, 770  
 But free he sweeps along the spacious List.  
 No stable Groves of ancient Oaks arise,  
 To tire his Rage, and catch him as he flies;  
 But wide, around, the naked Plains appear,  
 Here fierce he drives unbounded thro' the Air, 775  
 Roars, and exerts his dreadful Empire here.  
 The whirling Dust, like Waves in Eddies wrought,  
 Rising aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught;  
 There hangs a fullen Cloud; nor falls again,  
 Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain. 780  
 Gazing, the poor Inhabitant descries,  
 Where high above his Land and Cottage flies;

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Bereft,



Bereft, he fees his loft Poffeffions there,  
From Earth transported, and now fix'd in Air.

785 Not rifing Flames attempt a bolder Flight;  
Like Smoke by rifing Flames unlifted, light  
The Sands afcend, and ftain the Heav'ns with Night.

But now, his utmoft Pow'r and Rage to boast,  
The stormy God invades the *Roman* Hoft;  
790 The Soldier yields, unequal to the Shock,  
And flaggers at the Wind's ftupendous Stroke.  
Amaz'd he fees that Earth, which lowly lay,  
Forc'd from beneath his Feet, and torn away.

Oh *Libya!* were thy pliant Surface bound,  
795 And form'd a folid, close compacted Ground;  
Or hadft thou Rocks, whose Hollows deep below,  
Wou'd draw thofe ranging Winds that loofely blow;  
Their Fury, by thy firmer Mafs oppos'd,  
Or in thofe dark infernal Caves inclos'd,

800 Thy certain Ruin wou'd at once compleat,  
Shake thy Foundations, and unfix thy Seat:  
But well thy flitting Plains have learn'd to yield;  
Thus, not contending, thou thy Place haft held,  
Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ft the Field.

805 Helms, Spears and Shields, fnatch'd from the warlike Hoft,  
Thro' Heav'n's wide Regions far away were toft;  
While diftant Nations, with Religious Fear,  
Beheld 'em, as fome Prodigy in Air,  
And thought the Gods by them denounc'd a War.

810 Such hap'ly was the Chance, which firft did raife  
The pious Tale, in Priestly *Numa's* Days:



Such were those Shields, and thus they came from Heav'n,  
 A sacred Charge to young Patricians giv'n;  
 Perhaps, long since, to lawless Winds a Prey,  
 From far Barbarians were they forc'd away; 815  
 Thence thro' long airy Journies safe did come,  
 To cheat the Crowd with Miracles at *Rome*.  
 Thus, wide o'er *Libya*, rag'd the stormy South,  
 Thus ev'ry way assail'd the *Latian* Youth:  
 Each sev'ral Method for Defence they try, 820  
 Now wrap their Garments tight, now close they lye:  
 Now sinking to the Earth, with weight they press,  
 Now clasp it to 'em with a strong Embrace,  
 Scarce in that Posture safe; the driving Blast  
 Bears hard, and almost heaves 'em off at last. 825  
 Mean time a sandy Flood comes rolling on,  
 And swelling Heaps the prostrate Legions drown;  
 New to the sudden Danger, and dismay'd,  
 The frighted Soldier hasty calls for Aid,  
 Heaves at the Hill, and struggling rears his Head. 830  
 Soon shoots the growing Pile, and rear'd on high,  
 Lifts up its lofty Summit to the Sky:  
 High sandy Walls, like Forts, their Passage stay,  
 And rising Mountains intercept their Way:  
 The certain Bounds which should their Journey guide, 835  
 The moving Earth and dusty Deluge hide;  
 So Landmarks sink beneath the flowing Tide.  
 As thro' mid Seas uncertainly they move,  
 Led only by *Jove's* sacred Lights above:  
 Part ev'n of them the *Libyan* Clime denies, 840  
 Forbids their native Northern Stars to rise,  
 And shades the well-known Lustre from their Eyes.

Now



Now near approaching to the burning Zone,  
To warmer, calmer Skies they journey'd on.  
845 The flackning Storms the neighb'ring Sun confess,  
The Heat strikes fiercer, and the Winds grow less,  
Whilst parching Thirst and fainting Sweats increase.  
As forward on the weary Way they went,  
Panting with Drought, and all with Labour spent,  
850 Amidst the Defart, desolate and dry,  
One chanc'd a little trickling Spring to spy:  
Proud of the Prize, he drain'd the scanty Store,  
And in his Helmet to the Chieftain bore.  
Around, in Crowds, the thirsty Legions stood,  
855 Their Throats and clammy Jaws with Dust bestrew'd,  
And all with wishful Eyes the liquid Treasure view'd.  
Around the Leader cast his careful Look,  
Sternly, the tempting envy'd Gift he took,  
Held it, and thus the Giver fierce bespoke:  
860 And think'st thou then that I want Virtue most!  
Am I the meanest of this *Roman* Host!  
Am I the first soft Coward that complains!  
That shrinks, unequal to these glorious Pains!  
Am I in Ease and Infamy the first!  
865 Rather be thou, Base as thou art, Accurs'd,  
Thou that dar'st Drink, when all beside thee Thirst.  
He said; and wrathful stretching forth his Hand,  
Pour'd out the precious Draught upon the Sand.  
Well did the Water thus for all provide,  
870 Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,  
A little thus the gen'ral Want supply'd.  
Now to the sacred Temple they draw near,  
Whose only Altars *Libyan* Lands revere;

There,



There, but unlike the *Jove* by *Rome* ador'd,  
 A Form uncouth, stands Heav'n's Almighty Lord. 875  
 No regal Ensigns grace his potent Hand,  
 Nor shakes he there the Lightning's flaming Brand;  
 But, ruder to behold, a Horned Ram  
 Belies the God, and *Ammon* is his Name.  
 There tho' he Reigns unrival'd and alone, 880  
 O'er the rich Neighbours of the Torrid Zone;  
 Tho' swarthy *Æthiops* are to him confin'd,  
 With *Araby* the blest, and wealthy *Inde*;  
 Yet no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are seen,  
 To blaze upon his Shrines with costly Sheen; 885  
 But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he stood,  
 Such as, to whom our great Fore-fathers bow'd:  
 A God of pious Times, and Days of Old,  
 That keeps his Temple safe from *Roman* Gold.  
 Here, and here only, thro' wide *Libya*'s Space, 890  
 Tall Trees, the Land, and verdant Herbage grace;  
 Here the loose Sands by plenteous Springs are bound,  
 Knit to a Mass, and moulded into Ground:  
 Here smiling Nature wears a fertile Dress,  
 And all Things here the present God confess. 895  
 Yet here the Sun to neither Pole declines,  
 But from his Zenith vertically shines:  
 Hence, ev'n the Trees no friendly Shelter yield,  
 Scarce their own Trunks the leafie Branches shield;  
 The Rays descend direct, all round embrace, 900  
 And to a central Point the Shadow chace.  
 Here equally the middle Line is found,  
 To cut the Radiant Zodiack in its Round:



Here unoblique the *Bull* and *Scorpion* rise,  
 905 Nor mount too swift, nor leave too soon the Skies;  
 Nor *Libra* do's too long the *Ram* attend,  
 Nor bids the *Maid* the *fishy* Sign descend.  
 The *Boys* and *Centaur* justly Time divide,  
 And equally their sev'ral Seasons guide:  
 910 Alike the *Crab* and wintry *Goat* return,  
 Alike the *Lyon* and the flowing *Urn*.  
 If any farther Nations yet are known,  
 Beyond the *Libyan* Fires, and scorching Zone;  
 Northward from them the Sun's bright Course is made,  
 915 And to the Southward strikes the leaning Shade:  
 There flow *Boötes*, with his lasie Wain  
 Descending, seems to reach the wat'ry Main.  
 Of all the Lights which high above they see,  
 No Star whate'er from *Neptune's* Waves is free, } [Sea.]  
 920 The whirling Axle drives 'em round, and plunges in the  
 Before the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate,  
 Attending Crowds of Eastern Pilgrims wait:  
 These from the horned God expect Relief;  
 But all give way before the *Latian* Chief.  
 925 His Host, (as Crowds are Superstitious still)  
 Curious of Fate, of Future Good and Ill,  
 And fond to prove Prophetick *Ammon's* Skill,  
 Intreat their Leader to the God wou'd go,  
 And from his Oracle *Rome's* Fortunes know:  
 930 But *Labienns* chief the Thought approv'd,  
 And thus the common Suit to *Cato* mov'd.  
 Chance, and the Fortune of the Way, he said,  
 Have brought *Jove's* sacred Counfels to our Aid:



This Greatest of the Gods, this Mighty Chief,  
 In each Distress shall be a sure Relief; 935  
 Shall point the distant Dangers from afar,  
 And teach the future Fortunes of the War.

To thee, Oh *Cato*! Pious! Wise! and Just!  
 Their dark Decrees the cautious Gods shall trust;  
 To thee their Fore-determin'd Will shall tell: 940

Their Will has been thy Law, and thou hast kept it well.  
 Fate bids thee now the Noble Thought improve;  
 Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with *Jove*.

Inquire betimes, what various Chance shall come  
 To Impious *Cæsar*, and thy native *Rome*; 945  
 Try to avert, at least, thy Country's Doom.

Ask if these Arms our Freedom shall restore:  
 Or else, if Laws and Right shall be no more.

Be thy great Breast with Sacred Knowledge fraught,  
 To lead us in the wandring Maze of Thought: 950

Thou, that to Virtue ever wert enclin'd,  
 Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,  
 And leave some perfect Rule to guide Mankind.

Full of the God that dwelt within his Breast,  
 The Hero thus his secret Mind express'd, 955  
 And In-born Truths reveal'd; Truths which might well  
 Become ev'n Oracles themselves to tell.

Where wou'd thy fond, thy vain Enquiry go?  
 What Mystick Fate, what Secret wou'dst thou know?  
 Is it a Doubt if Death shou'd be my Doom, 960  
 Rather than live 'till Kings and Bondage come,  
 Rather than see a Tyrant crown'd in *Rome*?



Or wou'dst thou know if, what we value here,  
Life, be a Trifle hardly worth our Care?  
965 What by Old Age and Length of Days we gain,  
More than to lengthen out the Sense of Pain?  
Or if this World, with all its Forces join'd,  
The universal Malice of Mankind,  
Can shake or hurt the brave and honest Mind?  
970 If stable Virtue can her Ground maintain,  
While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?  
If Truth and Justice with Uprightness dwell,  
And Honesty consist in meaning well?  
975 If Right be independent of Success,  
And Conquest cannot make it more nor less?  
Are these, my Friend, the Secrets thou wou'dst know,  
Those Doubts for which to Oracles we go?  
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,  
And horned *Ammon* can no more unfold.  
980 From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,  
We act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:  
And tho' the Priests are mute, and Temples still,  
God never wants a Voice to speak his Will.  
When first we from the teeming Womb were brought,  
985 With in-born Precepts then our Souls were fraught,  
And then the Maker his new Creatures taught.  
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be Men,  
He gave us all our useful Knowledge, *Then*.  
Can'st thou believe, the vast eternal Mind  
990 Was e'er to *Syrts* and *Libyan* Sands confin'd?

That



That he would chuse this waste, this barren Ground,  
 To teach the thin Inhabitants around,  
 And leave his Truth in Wilds and Defarts drown'd?  
 Is there a Place that God would chuse to love  
 Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon' Heav'n above, 995  
 And virtuous Minds, the noblest Throne for *Jove*?  
 Why seek we farther then? Behold around,  
 How all thou see'st do's with the God abound,  
*Jove* is alike in all, and always to be found.  
 Let those weak Minds, who live in Doubt and Fear, 1000  
 To juggling Priests for Oracles repair;  
 One certain Hour of Death to each decreed,  
 My fixt, my certain Soul from Doubt has freed.  
 The Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall;  
 And when *Jove* told this Truth, he told us all. 1005  
 So spoke the Hero; and to keep his Word,  
 Nor *Ammon*, nor his Oracle explor'd;  
 But left the Crowd at freedom to believe,  
 And take such Answers as the Priest shou'd give.

Foremost on foot he treads the burning Sand, 1010  
 Bearing his Arms in his own patient Hand;  
 Scorning another's weary Neck to press,  
 Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Ease:  
 The panting Soldier to his Toil succeeds,  
 Where no Command, but great Example leads. 1015  
 Sparing of Sleep, still for the rest he wakes,  
 And at the Fountain, last, his Thirst he flakes;  
 Whene'er by Chance some living Stream is found,  
 He stands, and sees the cooling Draughts go round,



1020 Stays 'till the last and meanest Drudge be past,  
And 'till his Slaves have drunk, disdains to taste.  
If true good Men deserve immortal Fame,  
If Virtue, tho' distress'd, be still the same;  
299 Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,  
1025 Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,  
Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praise his due:  
Whoe'er, with Battels fortunately fought,  
Whoe'er, with *Roman* Blood, such Honours bought?  
This Triumph, this, on *Libya's* utmost Bound,  
1030 With Death and Defolation compass'd round,  
To all thy Glories, *Pompey*, I prefer,  
Thy Trophies, and thy third Triumphal Car,  
To *Marius'* mighty Name, and great *Jugurthine* War.  
His Country's Father here, O *Rome*, behold,  
1035 Worthy thy Temples, Priests, and Shrines of Gold!  
If e'er thou break thy lordly Master's Chain,  
If Liberty be e'er restor'd again,  
Him shalt thou place in thy divine Abodes,  
Swear by his holy Name, and rank him with thy Gods.  
1040 Now to those sultry Regions were they past,  
Which *Jove* to stop inquiring Mortals plac'd,  
And as their utmost, Southern, Limits cast.  
Thirsty, for Springs they search the Desert round,  
And only one, amidst the Sands, they found.  
1045 Well stor'd it was, but all Access was barr'd;  
The Stream ten thousand noxious Serpents guard:  
Dry *Aspicks* on the fatal Margin stood,  
And *Dipsa's* thirsted in the middle Flood.



Back from the Stream the frighted Soldier flies,  
 Tho' parch'd, and languishing for Drink, he dies: 1050  
 The Chief beheld, and said, You fear in vain,  
 Vainly from safe and healthy Draughts abstain,  
 My Soldier, drink, and dread not Death or Pain.  
 When urg'd to rage, their Teeth the Serpents fix,  
 And Venom with our vital Juices mix; 1055  
 The Pest infus'd thro' ev'ry Vein runs round,  
 Infects the Mass, and Death is in the Wound.  
 Harmless and safe, no Poison here they shed:  
 He said; and first the doubtful Draught essay'd;  
 He, who thro' all their March, their Toil, their Thirst, 1060  
 Demanded, here alone, to drink the first.

Why, Plagues, like these, infest the *Libyan* Air,  
 Why Deaths unknown, in various Shapes, appear;  
 Why, fruitful to destroy, the cursed Land  
 Is temper'd thus, by Nature's secret Hand; 1065  
 Dark and obscure the hidden Cause remains,  
 And still deludes the vain Enquirer's Pains;  
 Unless a Tale for Truth may be believ'd,  
 And the good-natur'd World be willingly deceiv'd.

Where Western Waves on farthest *Libya* beat, 1070  
 Warm'd with the setting Sun's descending Heat,  
 Dreadful *Medusa* fix'd her horrid Seat.  
 No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, shields  
 The rough, the squallid, unfrequented Fields;  
 No mark of Shepherds, or the Plowman's Toil, 1075  
 To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil:  
 But rude with Rocks, the Region all around  
 Its Mistress, and her Potent Visage own'd.



'Twas from this Monster to afflict Mankind,  
1080 That Nature first produc'd the Snaky Kind:  
On her, at first, their forked Tongues appear'd;  
From her their dreadful Hissings first were heard.  
Some wreath'd in Folds upon her Temples hung;  
Some backwards to her Waste depended long;  
1085 Some with their rising Crests her Forehead deck;  
Some wanton play, and lash her swelling Neck:  
And while her Hands the curling Vipers comb,  
Poisons distill around, and Drops of livid Foam.  
None, who beheld the Fury, could complain;  
1090 So swift their Fate, preventing Death and Pain:  
E'er they had Time to fear, the Change came on,  
And Motion, Sense and Life were lost in Stone.  
The Soul it self, from sudden Flight debarr'd,  
Congealing, in the Body's Fortune shar'd.  
1095 The Dire *Eumenides* could Rage inspire,  
But could no more; the tuneful *Thracian* Lyre  
Infernal *Cerberus* did soon assuage,  
Lull'd him to Rest, and sooth'd his triple Rage;  
*Hydra's* sev'n Heads the bold *Alcides* view'd,  
1100 Safely he saw, and what he saw subdu'd:  
Of these in various Terrors each excell'd;  
But all to this Superior Fury yield.  
*Phorcus* and *Cæto*, next to *Neptune* he,  
Immortal both, and Rulers of the Sea,  
1105 This Monster's Parents, did their Offspring dread;  
And from her Sight her Sister *Gorgons* fled,  
Old Ocean's Waters, and the liquid Air,  
The universal World her Pow'r might fear:



All Nature's beauteous Works she cou'd invade;  
Thro' every Part a lazy Numness shed,  
And over all a Stony Surface spread. } 1110

Birds in their Flight were stopt, and pond'rous grown,  
Forgot their Pinions, and fell senseless down.

Beasts to the Rocks were fix'd, and all around  
Were Tribes of Stone and Marble Nations found. 1115

No living Eyes so fell a Sight could bear;  
Her Snakes themselves, all deadly tho' they were,  
Shot backward from her Face, and shrunk away for Fear. }

By her, a Rock *Titanian Atlas* grew,  
And Heav'n by her the Gyants did subdue; 1120

Hard was the Fight, and *Jove* was half dismay'd,

'Till *Pallas* brought the *Gorgon* to his Aid:

The heav'nly Nation laid aside their Fear,

For soon she finish'd the prodigious War;

To Mountains turn'd, the Monster Race remains 1125

The Trophies of her Pow'r on the *Phlegræan* Plains.

To seek this Monster, and her Fate to prove,

The Son of *Danaë* and golden *Jove*,

Attempts a Flight thro' airy Ways above. }

The Youth *Cyllenian Hermes*' Aid implor'd; 1130

The God assisted with his Wings and Sword,

His Sword, which late made watchful *Argus* bleed,

And *Io* from her cruel Keeper freed:

Unwedded *Pallas* lent a Sister's Aid;

But ask'd, for recompence, *Medusa*'s Head. 1135

Eastward she warns her Brother bend his Flight,

And from the *Gorgon* Realms avert his Sight;



Then arms his Left with her refulgent Shield,  
And shews how there the Foe might be beheld.  
1140 Deep Slumbers had the drowzy Fiend posselt,  
Such as drew on, and well might seem, her last:  
And yet she slept not whole; one half her Snakes  
Watchful, to guard their horrid Mistress, wakes;  
The rest dishevel'd, loosely, round her Head,  
1145 And o'er her drowzy Lids and Face were spread.  
Backward the Youth draws near, nor dares to look,  
But blindly, at a venture, aims a Stroke:  
His falt'ring Hand the Virgin Goddess guides,  
And from the Monster's Neck her snaky Head divides.  
1150 But oh! what Art, what Numbers can express  
The Terrors of the dying *Gorgon's* Face!  
What Clouds of Poison from her Lips arise!  
What Death, what vast Destruction threaten'd in her Eyes!  
'Twas somewhat that immortal Gods might fear,  
1155 More than the warlike Maid her self could bear.  
The victor *Perseus* still had been subdu'd,  
Tho' wary still, with Eyes averse he stood;  
Had not his heav'nly Sister's timely Care  
Veil'd the dread Visage with the hissing Hair.  
1160 Seiz'd of his Prey, Heav'nwards, uplifted light,  
On *Hermes* nimble Wings, he took his Flight.  
Now thoughtful of his Course, he hung in Air,  
And meant, thro' *Europe's* happy Clime to steer;  
'Till pitying *Pallas* warn'd him not to blast  
1165 Her fruitful Fields, nor lay her Cities waste.  
For who would not have upwards cast their Sight,  
Curious to gaze at such a wond'rous Flight?

There-



Therefore by Gales of gentle *Zephyrs* born,  
 To *Libya's* Coast the Heroe minds to turn.  
 Beneath the fult'ry Line, expos'd it lyes 1170  
 To deadly Planets, and malignant Skies.  
 Still with his fiery Steeds, the God of Day  
 Drives thro' that Heav'n, and marks his burning Way.  
 No Land more high erects its lofty Head,  
 The silver Moon in dim Eclipse to shade; 1175  
 If thro' the Summer Signs direct she run,  
 Nor bends obliquely, North or South, to shun  
 The envious Earth that hides her from the Sun.  
 Yet cou'd this Soil accurst, this barren Field,  
 Increase of Deaths, and pois'nous Harvests yield. 1180  
 Where-e'er sublime in Air the Victor flew,  
 The Monster's Head distill'd a deadly Dew;  
 The Earth receiv'd the Seed, and pregnant grew.  
 Still as the putrid Gore dropt on the Sand,  
 'Twas temper'd up by Nature's forming hand; 1185  
 The glowing Climate makes the Work compleat,  
 And broods upon the Mass, and lends it genial Heat.  
 First of those Plagues the drowzy *Asp* appear'd,  
 Then first her Crest and swelling Neck she rear'd;  
 A larger drop of black congealing Blood 1190  
 Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly Brood.  
 Of all the Serpent Race are none so fell,  
 None with so many Deaths, such plenteous Venom swell;  
 Chill in themselves, our colder Climes they shun,  
 And chuse to bask in *Afric's* warmer Sun; 1195  
 But *Nile* no more confines 'em now: What Bound  
 Can for insatiate Avarice be found!

Freighted



Freight'd with *Libyan* Deaths our Merchants come,  
 And pois'nous *Asps* are things of Price at *Rome*.  
 1200 Her scaly Folds th' *Hæmorrhoids* unbends,  
 And her vast length along the Sands extends;  
 Where-e'er she wounds, from ev'ry Part the Blood  
 Gushes resistless in a Crimson Flood.  
 Amphibious some do in the *Syrts* abound,  
 1205 And now on Land, in Waters now are found.  
 Slimy *Cheylidæ* the parch'd Earth distain,  
 And trace a reeking Furrow on the Plain.  
 The spotted *Cenchris*, rich in various Dyes,  
 Shoots in a Line, and forth directly flies;  
 1210 Not *Theban* Marbles are so gayly dress'd,  
 Nor with such party-colour'd Beauties grac'd.  
 Safe in his earthy Hue and dusky Skin,  
 Th' *Ammodytes* lurks in the Sands unseen:  
 The *Swimmer* there the crystal Stream pollutes;  
 1215 And swift, thro' Air, the flying *Javelin* shoots.  
 The *Scytale*, e'er yet the Spring returns,  
 There casts her Coat; and there the *Dipsas* burns;  
 The *Amphisbæna* doubly arm'd appears,  
 At either End a threat'ning Head she rears,  
 1220 Rais'd on his active Tail the *Pareas* stands,  
 And as he passes, furrows up the Sands.  
 The *Prestor* by his foaming Jaws is known;  
 The *Seps* invades the Flesh and firmer Bone,  
 Dissolves the Mass of Man, and melts his Fabrick down.  
 1225 The *Basilisk*, with dreadful hissings heard,  
 And from afar by ev'ry Serpent fear'd,



To distance drives the Vulgar, and remains  
The lonely Monarch of the desert Plains.

And you, ye Dragons! of the scaly Race,  
Whom glittering Gold and shining Armours grace, 1230  
In other Nations harmless are you found,  
Their guardian *Genii* and Protectors own'd;  
In *Afric* only are you fatal; there,  
On wide-expanded Wings, sublime you rear  
Your dreadful Forms, and drive the yielding Air. 1235  
The lowing Kine in droves you chace, and cull  
Some Master of the Herd, some mighty Bull:  
Around his stubborn Sides your Tails you twist,  
By Force compress, and burst his brawny Chest.  
Not Elephants are by their larger Size 1240  
Secure, but, with the rest, become your Prize.  
Resistless in your Might, you all invade;  
And for Destruction need not Poison's Aid.

Thus, thro' a thousand Plagues around 'em spread, }  
A weary March the hardy Soldiers tread, } 1245  
Thro' Thirst, thro' Toil and Death, by *Cato* led.  
Their Chief, with pious Grief and deep Regret,  
Each moment mourns his Friends untimely Fate;  
Wond'ring, he sees some small, some trivial Wound  
Extend a valiant *Roman* on the Ground. 1250  
*Aulus*, a noble Youth of *Tyrrhene* Blood,  
Who bore the Standard, on a *Dipsas* trode;  
Backward the wrathful Serpent bent her Head,  
And, fell with Rage, th' unheeded Wrong repay'd.  
Scarce did some little Mark of Hurt remain, 1255  
And scarce he found some little Sense of Pain;

H h h h h

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And scarce he found some little Sense of Pain;

H h h h h

Nor



Nor cou'd he yet the Danger doubt, nor fear  
 That Death, with all its Terrors, threaten'd there.  
 When lo! unseen, the secret Venom spreads,  
 1260 And ev'ry nobler Part at once invades;  
 Swift Flames consume the Marrow and the Brain,  
 And the scorch'd Entrails rage with burning Pain;  
 Upon his Heart the thirsty Poisons prey,  
 And drain the sacred Juice of Life away.  
 1265 No kindly Floods of Moisture bathe his Tongue,  
 But cleaving to the parched Roof it hung;  
 No trick'ling Drops distil, no dewy Sweat,  
 To ease his weary Limbs, and cool the raging Heat.  
 Nor cou'd he weep; ev'n Grief cou'd not supply  
 1270 Streams for the mournful Office of his Eye,  
 The never-failing Source of Tears was dry.  
 Frantick he flies, and with a careless Hand  
 Hurls the neglected *Eagle* on the Sand;  
 Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying Chief's Command.  
 1275 For Springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the Ground,  
 For Spings, in vain, explores the Desert round,  
 For cooling Draughts, which might their Aid impart,  
 And quench the burning Venom in his Heart.  
 Plung'd in the *Tanais*, the *Rhône*, or *Po*,  
 1280 Or *Nile*, whose wand'ring Streams o'er *Egypt* flow,  
 Still wou'd he rage, still with the Fever glow.  
 The scorching Climate to his Fate conspires,  
 And *Libya's* Sun assists the *Dipsa's* Fires.  
 Now ev'ry where for Drink, in vain, he pries,  
 1285 Now to the *Syrts* and briny Seas he flies;  
 The briny Seas delight, but seem not to suffice.

Nor



Nor yet he knows what secret Plague he nurs'd,  
 Nor found the Poison, but believ'd it Thirst.  
 Of Thirst, and Thirst alone, he still complains,  
 Raving for Thirst, he tears his swelling Veins; 1290  
 From ev'ry Vessel drains a Crimson Flood,  
 And quaffs in greedy Draughts his vital Blood.

This *Cato* saw, and straight, without delay,  
 Commands the Legions on to urge their Way;  
 Nor give th' enquiring Soldier time to know 1295  
 What deadly Deeds a fatal Thirst cou'd do.

But soon a Fate more sad, with new Surprise,  
 From the first Object turns their wond'ring Eyes.  
 Wretched *Sabellus* by a *Seps* was stung,  
 Fix'd to his Leg, with deadly Teeth, it hung: 1300  
 Sudden the Soldier shook it from the Wound,  
 Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren Ground.

Of all the dire destructive Serpent Race,  
 None have so much of Death, tho' none are less.  
 For straight, around the Part, the Skin withdrew, 1305  
 The Flesh and shrinking Sinews backward flew,  
 And left the naked Bones expos'd to view.

The spreading Poisons all the Parts confound,  
 And the whole Body sinks within the Wound.  
 The brawny Thighs no more their Muscles boast, 1310  
 But melting, all in liquid Filth are lost;

The well-knit Groin above, and Ham below,  
 Mixt in one putrid Stream, together flow;  
 The firm *Peritonæum* rent in twain,  
 No more the pressing Entrails cou'd sustain, 1315  
 It yields, and forth they fall, at once they gush amain.



Small Reliques of the mould'ring Mass were left,  
At once of Substance, as of Form bereft;  
Dissolv'd the whole in liquid Poison ran,  
1320 And to a nauseous Puddle shrunk the Man.  
Then burst the rigid Nerves, the manly Breast,  
And all the Texture of the heaving Chest;  
Resistless way the conqu'ring Venom made,  
And secret Nature was at once display'd;  
1325 Her sacred Privacies all open lye  
To each prophane, enquiring, Vulgar Eye.  
Then the broad Shoulders did the Pest invade,  
Then o'er the valiant Arms and Neck it spread;  
Last sunk, the Mind's imperial Seat, the Head.  
1330 So Snows dissolv'd by Southern Breezes run,  
So melts the Wax before the Noon-day Sun.  
Nor ends the Wonder here; tho' Flames are known  
To waste the Flesh, yet still they spare the Bone:  
Here none were left, no least Remains were seen;  
1335 No Marks to shew, that once the Man had been.  
Of all the Plagues which curse the *Libyan* Land,  
(If Death and Mischief may a Crown demand)  
Serpent, the Palm is thine. Tho' others may  
Boast of their Pow'r to force the Soul away,  
1340 Yet Soul and Body both become thy Prey.  
A Fate of different kind *Nasidius* found,  
A burning *Prester* gave the deadly Wound;  
And straight a sudden Flame began to spread,  
And paint his Visage with a glowing Red.  
1345 With swift Expansion swells the bloated Skin,  
Nought but an undistinguish'd Mass is seen,  
While the fair human Form lyes lost within.



The puffy Poison spreads, and heaves around,  
 'Till all the Man is in the Monster drown'd.  
 No more the steely Plate his Breast can stay, 1350  
 But yields, and gives the bursting Poison way.  
 Not Waters so, when Fire the Rage supplies,  
 Bubbling on heaps, in boiling Cauldrons rise.  
 Nor swells the stretching Canvass half so fast,  
 When the Sails gather all the driving Blast, 1355  
 Strain the tough Yards, and bow the lofty Mast.  
 The various Parts no longer now are known,  
 One headless formless Heap remains alone;  
 The feather'd Kind avoid the fatal Feast,  
 And leave it deadly to some hungry Beast; 1360  
 With Horror seiz'd, his sad Companions too,  
 In haste from the unbury'd Carcass flew;  
 Look'd back, but fled again, for still the Monster grew.

But fertile *Libya* still new Plagues supplies,  
 And to more horrid Monsters turns their Eyes. 1365  
 Deeply the fierce *Hæmorrhoids* imprest  
 Her fatal Teeth on *Tullus*' valiant Breast.  
 The noble Youth, with Virtue's Love inspir'd,  
 Her, in her *Cato*, follow'd and admir'd;  
 Mov'd by his great Example, vow'd to share, 1370  
 With him, each Chance of that disastrous War.  
 And as when mighty *Rome*'s Spectators meet  
 In the full Theatre's capacious Seat,  
 At once, by secret Pipes and Channels fed,  
 Rich Tinctures gush from ev'ry Antique Head; 1375  
 At once ten thousand saffron Currents flow,  
 And rain their Odours on the Crowd below:



So the warm Blood at once from ev'ry Part  
Ran Purple Poison down, and drain'd the fainting Heart.  
1380 Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face  
The ruddy Drops their tainted Passage trace:  
Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a way,  
There Streams of Blood, there crimson Rivers stray;  
His Mouth and gushing Nostrils pour a Flood,  
1385 And ev'n the Pores ooze out the trickling Blood;  
In the red Deluge all the Parts lye drown'd,  
And the whole Body seems one bleeding Wound.

*Lævus*, a colder *Aspick* bit, and strait  
His Blood forgot to flow, his Heart to beat;  
1390 Thick Shades upon his Eye-lids seem'd to creep,  
And lock him fast in Everlasting Sleep:  
No Sense of Pain, no Torment did he know,  
But sunk in Slumbers to the Shades below.

Not swifter Deaths attend the noxious Juice,  
1395 Which dire *Sabæan Aconites* produce.  
Well may their crafty Priests divine, and well  
The Fate, which they themselves can cause, foretel.

Fierce from afar a darting *Javelin* shot,  
(For such, the Serpent's Name has *Africk* taught)  
1400 And thro' unhappy *Paulus*' Temples flew;  
Nor Poison, but a Wound, the Soldier flew.  
No Flight so swift, so rapid none we know,  
Stones from the founding Sling, compar'd, are slow,  
And the Shaft loiters from the *Scythian* Bow.

1405 A *Basilisk* bold *Murrus* kill'd in vain,  
And nail'd it dying to the sandy Plain;

Along



Along the Spear the sliding Venom ran,  
 And sudden, from the Weapon, seiz'd the Man:  
 His Hand first touch'd, e'er it his Arm invade,  
 Soon he divides it with his shining Blade: 1410  
 The Serpent's Force by sad Example taught,  
 With his lost Hand, his ransom'd Life he bought.

Who that the Scorpion's Insect Form surveys,  
 Wou'd think that ready Death his Call obeys?  
 Threat'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high; 1415  
 The vast *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,  
 And fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky.

Or cou'd we the *Salpuga's* Anger dread,  
 Or fear upon her little Cell to tread?  
 Yet she the fatal Threads of Life commands, 1420  
 And quickens oft the *Stygian* Sisters' Hands.

Pursu'd by Dangers, thus they pass'd away  
 The restless Night, and thus the chearless Day;  
 Ev'n Earth it self they fear'd, the common Bed,  
 Where each lay down to rest his weary Head: 1425  
 There no kind Trees their leafy Couches strow,  
 The Sands no Turf nor mossy Beds bestow;  
 But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious Toil,  
 Expos'd they sleep upon the fatal Soil.  
 With vital Heat they brood upon the Ground, 1430  
 And breathe a kind attractive Vapour round.  
 While chill, with colder Night's ungentle Air,  
 To Man's warm Breast his snaky Foes repair,  
 And find, ungrateful Guests, a Shelter there. 1435  
 Thence fresh Supplies of pois'nous Rage return,  
 And fiercely with recruited Deaths they burn.

Restore,



Restore, thus sadly oft the Soldier said,  
 Restore *Emathia's* Plains, from whence we fled;  
 This Grace, at least, ye cruel Gods afford,  
 1440 That we may fall beneath the hostile Sword,  
 The *Dipsa's* here in *Cæsar's* Triumph share,  
 And fell *Cerastræ* wage his Civil War.  
 Or let us haste away, press farther on,  
 Urge our bold Passage to the Burning Zone,  
 1445 And die by those Ætherial Flames alone.  
*Africk*, thy Desarts we accuse no more,  
 Nor blame, oh Nature, thy creating Pow'r:  
 From Man thou wisely didst these Wilds divide,  
 And for thy Monsters here alone provide;  
 1450 A Region waste, and void of all beside.  
 Thy prudent Care forbid the barren Field,  
 The yellow Harvest's ripe Increase to yield;  
 Man and his Labours well thou didst deny,  
 And bad'st him from the Land of Poisons fly.  
 1455 We, Impious we, the bold Irruption made;  
 We, this the Serpent's World, did first invade;  
 Take then our Lives a Forfeit for the Crime,  
 Whoe'er thou art, that rul'st this cursed Clime;  
 What God foe'er, that lonely lov'st to Reign,  
 1460 And do'st the Commerce of Mankind disdain;  
 Who, to secure thy horrid Empire's Bound,  
 Hast fix'd the *Syrts*, and Torrid Realms around;  
 Here the wild Waves, there the Flames scorching Breath,  
 And fill'd the dreadful middle Space with Death.  
 1465 Behold, to thy Retreats our Arms we bear,  
 And with *Rome's* Civil Rage prophane thee Here;  
 Ev'n



Ev'n to thy inmost Seats we strive to go,  
 And seek the Limits of the World to know.  
 Perhaps more dire Events attend us yet;  
 New Deaths, new Monsters, still we go to meet. 1470

Perhaps to those far Seas our Journey bends,  
 Where to the Waves the burning Sun descends;  
 Where, rushing headlong down Heav'n's Azure Steep,  
 All red he plunges in the hissing Deep.  
 Low sinks the Pole, declining from its Height, 1475  
 And seems to yield beneath the rapid Weight.

Nor farther Lands from Fame her self are known,  
 But *Mauritanian Juba's* Realms alone.  
 Perhaps, while, rashly daring, on we pass,  
 Fate may discover some more dreadful Place; 1480

'Till, late repenting, we may wish in vain  
 To see these Serpents, and these Sands again.  
 One Joy, at least, do these sad Regions give,  
 Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to Live;  
 That, by the native Plagues, we may perceive. 1485

Nor ask we now for *Asia's* gentler Day,  
 Nor now for *European* Suns we pray;  
 Thee, *Africk*, now, thy Absence we deplore,  
 And sadly think we ne'er shall see thee more.  
 Say, in what Part, what Climate art thou lost? 1490

Where have we left *Cyrene's* happy Frost?  
 Cold Skies we felt, and frosty Winter there,  
 While more than Summer Suns are raging here,  
 And break the Laws of the well-order'd Year. 1495  
 Southward, beyond Earth's Limits, are we pass'd,  
 And *Rome*, at length, beneath our Feet is plac'd.



Grant us, ye Gods, one Pleasure e'er we die,  
 Add to our harder Fate this only Joy,  
 That *Cæsar* may pursue, and follow where we fly.  
 1500 Impatient, thus the Soldier oft complains,  
 And seems, by telling, to relieve his Pains.  
 But most the Virtues of their matchless Chief  
 Inspire new Strength, to bear with ev'ry Grief;  
 All Night, with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,  
 1505 On the bare Sands expos'd the Hero lies;  
 In ev'ry Place alike, in ev'ry Hour,  
 Dares his ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r.  
 Unweary'd still, his common Care attends  
 On ev'ry Fate, and cheers his dying Friends:  
 1510 With ready haste at each sad Call he flies,  
 And more than Health, or Life it self, supplies;  
 With Virtue's noblest Precepts arms their Souls,  
 And ev'n their Sorrows, like his own, controuls:  
 Where-e'er he comes, no Signs of Grief are shown;  
 1515 Grief, an unmanly Weakness, they disown,  
 And scorn to sigh, or breathe one parting Groan.  
 Still urging on his Pious Cares, he strove  
 The Sense of outward Evils to remove;  
 And, by his Presence, taught 'em to disdain  
 1520 The feeble Rage and Impotence of Pain.  
 But now, so many Toils and Dangers past,  
 Fortune grew kind, and brought Relief at last.  
 Of all who scorching *Africk's* Sun endure,  
 None like the swarthy *Psyllians* are secure.  
 1525 Skill'd in the Lore of pow'rful Herbs and Charms,  
 Them, nor the Serpent's Tooth, nor Poison harms:

Nor



Nor do they thus in Arts alone excel,  
 But Nature too their Blood has temper'd well,  
 And taught, with vital Force, the Venom to repel.  
 With healing Gifts and Privileges grac'd, 1530  
 Well in the Land of Serpents were they plac'd;  
 Truce with the dreadful Tyrant, Death, they have,  
 And border safely on his Realm, the Grave.  
 Such is their Confidence in true-born Blood,  
 That oft with Asps they prove their doubtful Brood; 1535  
 When wanton Wives their jealous Rage inflame,  
 The New-born Infant clears or damns the Dame:  
 If subject to the wrathful Serpent's Wound,  
 The Mother's Shame is by the Danger found;  
 But if unhurt, the fearless Infant laugh; 1540  
 The Wife is honest, and the Husband safe.  
 So when *Jove's* Bird on some tall Cedar's Head,  
 Has a new Race of gen'rous Eaglets bred,  
 While yet unplum'd, within the Nest they lye,  
 Wary she turns them to the Eastern Sky: 1545  
 Then, if unequal to the God of Day,  
 Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent Ray,  
 She spurns 'em forth, and casts 'em quite away:  
 But if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,  
 Withstand the Light, and bear the Golden Blaze; 1550  
 Tender she broods 'em, with a Parent's Love,  
 The future Servants of her Master *Jove*.  
 Nor safe themselves, Alone, the *Psyllians* are,  
 But to their Guests extend their friendly Care.  
 First, where the *Roman* Camp is mark'd, around 1555  
 Circling they pass, then Chanting, Charm the Ground,  
 And chace the Serpents with the Mystick Sound.

Beyond



Beyond the farthest Tents rich Fires they build,  
That healthy Medicinal Odours yield;  
There foreign *Galbanum* dissolving fries,  
1560 And crackling Flames from humble *Wall-wort* rise;  
There *Tamarisk*, which no green Leaf adorns,  
And there the spicy *Syrian Costos* burns.  
There *Centory* supplies the wholesom Flame,  
That from *Thessalian Chiron* takes its Name;  
1565 The Gummy *Larch-Tree*, and the *Thapsos* there,  
*Wound-wort* and *Maiden-weed*, perfume the Air.  
There the large Branches of the long-liv'd Hart,  
With *Southern-wood*, their Odours strong impart.  
The Monsters of the Land, the Serpents fell,  
1570 Fly far away, and shun the hostile Smell.  
Securely thus they pass the Nights away;  
And if they chance to meet a Wound by Day,  
The *Psyllian* Artists strait their Skill display.  
Then strives the *Leach* the Pow'r of Charms to show,  
1575 And bravely combats with the deadly Foe:  
With Spittle, first, he marks the Part around,  
And keeps the Poison Pris'ner in the Wound;  
Then sudden he begins the Magick Song,  
And rolls the Numbers hasty o'er his Tongue;  
1580 Swift he runs on; nor pauses once for Breath,  
To stop the Progress of approaching Death:  
He fears the Cure might suffer, by Delay,  
And Life be lost, but for a Moment's Stay.  
Thus oft, tho' deep within the Veins it lyes,  
1585 By Magick Numbers chac'd, the Mischief flies:  
But if it hear too slow, if still it stay,  
And scorn the Potent Charmer to obey;

With



With forceful Lips he fastens on the Wound,  
Drains out, and spits the Venom to the Ground.

Thus by long Use and oft Experience taught, 1590  
He knows from whence his Hurt the Patient got;  
He proves the Part thro' which the Poison past,  
And knows each various Serpent, by the Taste.

The Warriors thus reliev'd, amidst their Pains,  
Held on their Passage thro' the Desert Plains: 1595  
And now the silver Empress of the Night  
Had lost, and twice regain'd her borrow'd Light,  
While *Cato*, wandring o'er the wasteful Field,  
Patient in all his Labours, she beheld.

At length condens'd in Clods the Sands appear, 1600  
And shew a better Soil and Country near:  
Now from afar thin Tufts of Trees arise,  
And scattering Cottages delight their Eyes.

But when the Soldier once beheld again  
The raging Lion shake his horrid Mane, 1605  
What hopes of better Lands his Soul possess!  
What Joys he felt, to view the dreadful Beast!  
*Leptis* at last they reach'd, that nearest lay,  
There free from Storms, and the Sun's parching Ray,  
At Ease they pass'd the Wintry Year away. 1610

When fated with the Joys which Slaughters yield,  
Retiring *Cæsar* left *Emathia's* Field;  
His other Cares laid by, he fought alone  
To trace the Footsteps of his flying Son.  
Led by the Guidance of reporting Fame, 1615  
First to the *Thracian Hellespont* he came.



Here young *Leander* perish'd in the Flood,  
 And here the Tow'r of mournful *Hero* stood:  
 Here, with a narrow Stream, the flowing Tide,  
 1620 *Europe*, from wealthy *Asia*, does divide.  
 From hence the Curious Victor passing o'er,  
 Admiring, fought the fam'd *Sigæan* Shore!  
 There might he Tombs of *Græcian* Chiefs behold,  
 Renown'd in Sacred Verse by Bards of Old.  
 1625 There the long Ruins of the Walls appear'd,  
 Once by great *Neptune*, and *Apollo*, rear'd:  
 There stood Old *Troy*, a venerable Name;  
 For ever Consecrate to Deathless Fame.  
 Now blasted mossy Trunks with Branches fear,  
 1630 Brambles and Weeds, a loathsom Forest rear;  
 Where once in Palaces of Regal State,  
 Old *Priam*, and the *Trojan* Princes, fate.  
 Where Temples once, on lofty Columns born,  
 Majestick did the wealthy Town adorn,  
 1635 All rude, all waste and desolate is lay'd,  
 And ev'n the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.  
 Here *Cæsar* did each Story'd Place survey,  
 Here saw the Rock, where, *Neptune* to obey,  
*Hesione* was bound the Monster's Prey.  
 1640 Here, in the Covert of a secret Grove,  
 The blest *Anchises* clasp'd the Queen of Love:  
 Here fair *Oenone* play'd, Here stood the Cave  
 Where *Paris* once the fatal Judgment gave;  
 Here lovely *Ganymede* to Heav'n was born;  
 1645 Each Rock, and ev'ry Tree, recording Tales adorn.

Here



Here all that does of *Xanthus*' Stream remain,  
 Creeps a small Brook along the dusty Plain.  
 Whilst careless and securely on they pass,  
 The *Phrygian* Guide forbids to press the Grass;  
 This Place, he said, for ever sacred keep, 1650  
 For here the sacred Bones of *Hector* sleep.  
 Then warns him to observe, where, rudely cast,  
 Disjointed Stones lay broken and defac'd:  
 Here his last Fate, he cries, did *Priam* prove;  
 Here, on this Altar of *Hercean* Jove. 1655

O Poésie Divine! Oh sacred Song!  
 To thee, bright Fame and Length of Days belong;  
 Thou, Goddess! Thou Eternity can't give,  
 And bid secure the Mortal Heroe live.  
 Nor, *Cæsar*, thou disdain, that I rehearse 1660  
 Thee, and thy Wars, in no ignoble Verse;  
 Since, if in ought the *Latian* Muse excel,  
 My Name, and thine, Immortal I foretel;  
 Eternity our Labours shall reward,  
 And *Lucan* flourish, like the *Grecian* Bard; 1665  
 My Numbers shall to latest Times convey  
 The Tyrant *Cæsar*, and *Pharsalia*'s Day.

When long the Chief his wondring Eyes had cast,  
 On ancient Monuments of Ages past;  
 Of living Turf an Altar strait he made, } 1670  
 Then on the Fire rich Gums and Incense laid,  
 And thus, successful in his Vows, he pray'd. }  
 Ye Shades Divine! who keep this sacred Place,  
 And thou, *Æneas*! Author of my Race,



1675 Ye Pow'rs, whoe'er from burning *Troy* did come,  
Domestick Gods of *Alba*, and of *Rome*,  
Who still preserve your ruin'd Country's Name,  
And on your Altars guard the *Phrygian* Flame:  
And thou, bright Maid, who art to Men deny'd;  
1680 *Pallas*, who do'st thy sacred Pledge confide  
To *Rome*, and in her inmost Temple hide;  
Hear, and auspicious to my Vows incline,  
To me, the greatest of the *Julian* Line:  
Prosper my future Ways; and lo! I vow  
1685 Your ancient State and Honours to bestow;  
*Ausonian* Hands shall *Phrygian* Walls restore,  
And *Rome* repay, what *Troy* conferr'd before.  
He said; and hasted to his Fleet away,  
Swift to repair the Loss of this Delay.  
1690 Up sprung the Wind, and with a fresh'ning Gale,  
The kind North-West fill'd ev'ry swelling Sail;  
Light o'er the foamy Waves the Navy flew,  
'Till *Asia*'s Shores and *Rhodes* no more they view.  
Six times the Night her Sable Round had made,  
1695 The seventh now passing on, the Chief survey'd  
High *Pharos* shining through the gloomy Shade;  
The Coast descry'd, he waits the rising Day,  
Then safely to the Port directs his Way.  
There wide with Crouds o'er-spread he sees the Shoar,  
1700 And ecchoing hears the loud tumultuous Roar.  
Distrustful of his Fate, he gives Command  
To stand aloof, nor trust the doubted Land;  
When lo! a Messenger appears, to bring  
A fatal Pledge of Peace from *Egypt*'s King:



Hid in a Veil, and closely cover'd o'er, 1705  
*Pompey's* pale Visage in his Hand he bore.  
 An impious Orator the Tyrant sends, [mends.  
 Who thus, with fitting Words, the monstrous Gift com-  
 Hail! first and greatest of the *Roman* Name;  
 In Pow'r most mighty, most renown'd in Fame: 1710  
 Hail! rightly now, the World's unrival'd Lord!  
 That Benefit thy *Pharian* Friends afford.  
 My King bestows the Prize thy Arms have fought,  
 For which *Phersalia's* Field, in vain, was fought.  
 No Task remains for future Labours now; 1715  
 Thy Civil Wars are finish'd at a Blow.  
 To heal *Theffalia's* Ruins, *Pompey* fled  
 To us for Succour, and by us lyes Dead.  
 Thee, *Cesar*, with this costly Pledge we buy,  
 Thee to our Friendship, with this Victim, tye. 1720  
*Egypt's* proud Scepter freely then receive,  
 Whate'er the fertile flowing *Nile* can give:  
 Accept the Treasures which this Deed has spar'd;  
 Accept the Benefit, without Reward.  
 Deign, *Cesar*! deign to think my Royal Lord 1725  
 Worthy the Aid of thy Victorious Sword:  
 In the first Rank of Greatness shall he stand;  
 He, who could *Pompey's* Destiny command.  
 Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd Spoil,  
 Because not dearly bought with Blood and Toil; 1730  
 But think, oh think, what sacred Ties were broke,  
 How Friendship pleaded, and how Nature spoke;  
 That *Pompey*, who restor'd *Auletes' Crown*,  
 The Father's antient Guest, was murder'd by the Son.

M m m m m

Then



1735 Then judge thy self, or ask the World and Fame,  
If Services, like these, deserve a Name.  
If Gods and Men the daring Deed abhor,  
Think, for that Reason, *Cæsar* owes the more;  
This Blood *for thee*, tho' not *by thee*, was spilt;

1740 Thou hast the Benefit, and we the Guilt.

He said, and strait the horrid Gift unveil'd,  
And stedfast to the gazing Victor held.  
Chang'd was the Face, deform'd with Death all o'er,  
Pale, ghastly, wan, and strain'd with clotted Gore,  
1745 Unlike the *Pompey*, *Cæsar* knew before.  
He, nor at first disdain'd the fatal Boon,  
Nor started from the dreadful Sight too soon.  
Awhile his Eyes the murd'rous Scene endure,  
Doubting they view; but shun it, when secure.

1750 At length he stood convinc'd, the Deed was done;  
He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless Son:  
And strait the ready Tears, that stay'd 'till now,  
Swift at Command with pious Semblance flow:  
As if detesting, from the Sight he turns,

1755 And groaning, with a Heart triumphant mourns.  
He fears his impious Thought should be descry'd,  
And seeks in Tears the swelling Joy to hide.  
Thus the curst *Pharian* Tyrant's Hopes were crost,  
Thus all the Merit of his Gift was lost;

1760 Thus for the Murder *Cæsar*'s Thanks were spar'd;  
He chose to mourn it, rather than reward.  
He who, relentless, thro' *Pharsalia* rode,  
And on the Senate's mangled Fathers trode;

He



He who, without one pitying Sigh, beheld  
The Blood and Slaughter of that woful Field; 1765  
Thee, murder'd *Pompey*, could not ruthless see,  
But pay'd the Tribute of his Grief to thee.  
Oh Mystery of Fortune, and of Fate!  
Oh ill comforted Piety and Hate!  
And can'st thou, *Cæsar*, then thy Tears afford, 1770  
To the dire Object of thy vengeful Sword?  
Didst thou, for this, devote his Hostile Head,  
Pursue him Living, to bewail him Dead?  
Cou'd not the gentle Ties of Kindred move?  
Wert thou not touch'd with thy sad *Julia's* Love? 1775  
And weep'st thou now? Dost thou these Tears provide  
To win the Friends of *Pompey* to thy Side?  
Perhaps, with secret Rage thou do'st repine,  
That he should dye by any Hand but thine:  
Thence fall thy Tears, that *Ptolomy* has done 1780  
A Murder, due to *Cæsar's* Hand alone.  
What secret Springs soe'er these Currents know,  
They ne'er, by Piety, were taught to flow.  
Or didst thou kindly, like a careful Friend,  
Pursue him Flying, only to Defend? 1785  
Well was his Fate deny'd to thy Command!  
Well was he snatch'd by Fortune from thy Hand!  
Fortune with-held this Glory from thy Name,  
Forbad thy Pow'r to Save, and spar'd the *Roman* Shame.  
Still he goes on to vent his Griefs aloud, 1790  
And artful, thus, deceives the easie Crowd.  
Hence from my Sight, nor let me see thee more;  
Haste, to thy King his fatal Gift restore.

At



At *Cæsar* have you aim'd the deadly Blow,  
 1795 And wounded *Cæsar* worse than *Pompey* now;  
 The cruel Hands by which this Deed was done,  
 Have torn away the Wreaths my Sword had won,  
 That noblest Prize this Civil War cou'd give,  
 The Victor's Right to bid the Vanquish'd live.  
 1800 Then tell your King, his Gift should be repay'd;  
 I would have sent him *Cleopatra's* Head;  
 But that he wishes to behold her Dead.  
 How has he dar'd this *Egypt's* petty Lord,  
 To join his Murders to the *Roman* Sword?  
 1805 Did I, for this, in heat of War, disdain  
 With noblest Blood *Emathia's* purple Plain,  
 To licence *Ptolomy's* pernicious Reign?  
 Did I with *Pompey* scorn the World to share?  
 And can I an *Egyptian* Partner bear?  
 1810 In vain the warlike Trumpet's dreadful Sound  
 Has rouz'd to War the Universe around;  
 Vain was the Shock of Nations, if they own,  
 Now, any Pow'r on Earth but mine alone.  
 If hither to your impious Shores I came,  
 1815 'Twas to assert, at once, my Power and Fame;  
 Lest the pale Fury *Envy* should have said,  
 Your Crimes I damn'd not, or your Arms I fled.  
 Nor think to fawn before me, and deceive;  
 I know the Welcome you prepare to give.  
 1820 *Thessalia's* Field preserves me from your Hate,  
 And guards the Victor's Head from *Pompey's* Fate.  
 What Ruin, Gods! attended on my Arms,  
 What Dangers unforeseen! What waiting Harms!

*Pompey,*



*Pompey*, and *Rome*, and Exile, were my Fear;  
 See yet a Fourth, See *Ptolomy* appear! } 1825  
 The Boy-King's Vengeance loiters in the Rear.  
 But we forgive his Youth, and bid him know  
 Pardon and Life's the most we can bestow.  
 For you, the meaner Herd, with Rites divine,  
 And pious Cares, the Warrior's Head inshrine: } 1830  
 Atone with Penitence the injur'd Shade,  
 And let his Ashes in their Urn be laid;  
 Pleas'd, let his Ghost lamenting *Cæsar* know,  
 And feel my Presence here, ev'n in the Realms below.  
 Oh, what a Day of Joy was lost to *Rome*, } 1835  
 When hapless *Pompey* did to *Egypt* come!  
 When, to a Father and a Friend unjust,  
 He rather chose the *Pharian* Boy to trust.  
 The wretched World that Loss of Peace shall rue,  
 Of Peace, which from our Friendship might ensue: } 1840  
 But thus the Gods their hard Decrees have made;  
 In vain, for Peace, and for Repose I pray'd;  
 In vain implor'd, that Wars and Rage might end,  
 That, Suppliant-like, I might to *Pompey* bend, } 1845  
 Beg him to Live, and once more be my Friend.  
 Then had my Labours met their just Reward,  
 And, *Pompey*, thou in all my Glories shar'd;  
 Then, Jars and Enmities all past and gone,  
 In Pleasure had the peaceful Years roll'd on;  
 All should forgive, to make the Joy compleat; } 1850  
 Thou should'st thy harder Fate, and *Rome* my Wars forget.

Fast falling still the Tears, thus spoke the Chief,  
 But found no Partner in the specious Grief.

N n n n n

Oh!



Oh! Glorious Liberty! when all shall dare  
 1855 A Face, unlike their mighty Lord, to wear!  
 Each in his Breast the rising Sorrow kept,  
 And thought it safe to laugh, tho' *Cæsar* wept.



I. Cheron del.

E. Kirkhall sculp.



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**THE**  
**TENTH BOOK**  
**OF**  
**LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.**

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## The ARGUMENT.

Cæsar, upon his Arrival in Egypt, finds Ptolomy engag'd in a Quarrel with his Sister Cleopatra; whom, at the Instigation of Photinus, and his other evil Counsellors, he had depriv'd of her Share in the Kingdom, and imprison'd: She finds means to Escape, comes privately to Cæsar, and puts her self under his Protection. Cæsar interposes in the Quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great Magnificence and Luxury at the Royal Palace in Alexandria. At this Feast Cæsar, who at his first Arrival had visited the Tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever else was Curious in that City, enquires of the Chief Priest Achoreus, and is by him inform'd of the Course of the Nile, its stated Increase and Decrease, with the several Causes that had been till that time assign'd for it. In the mean time Photinus writes privately to Achilles, to draw the Army to Alexandria, and surprize Cæsar; this he immediately performs, and besieges the Palace. But Cæsar, having set the City and many of the Egyptian Ships on fire, escapes to the Island and Tower of Pharos, carrying the young King and Photinus, whom he still kept in his Power, with him; there having discover'd the Treachery of Photinus, he puts him to Death. At the same time Arsinoë, Ptolomy's youngest Sister, having by the Advice of her Tutor, the Eunuch Ganimedes, assum'd the Regal Authority, orders Achilles to be kill'd likewise, and renews the War against Cæsar. Upon the Mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompass'd by the Enemy, and very near being slain, but at length breaks thro', leaps into the Sea, and with his usual Courage and good Fortune swims in Safety to his own Fleet.





# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## BOOK X.



SOON as the Victor reach'd the  
guilty Shore,

Yet red with Stains of murder'd

*Pompey's* Gore,

New Toils his still prevailing For-

tune met,

By impious *Egypt's* Genius hard be-

set.

The Strife was now, if this detested Land

Shou'd own Imperial *Rome's* Supreme Command,

Or *Cæsar* bleed beneath some *Pharian* Hand.

But thou, oh *Pompey!* thy Diviner Shade

Came timely to this cruel Father's Aid;

Thy Influence the deadly Sword withstood,

Nor suffer'd *Nile*, again, to blush with *Roman* Blood.

O o o o o

Safe



Safe in the Pledge of *Pompey*, slain so late,  
 Proud *Cæsar* enters *Alexandria's* Gate:  
 Ensigns on high the long Procession lead;  
 15 The Warrior and his armed Train succeed.  
 Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody Throng  
 Behold his *Fasces* born in State along:  
 Of Innovations fiercely they complain,  
 And scornfully reject the *Roman* Reign.  
 20 Soon saw the Chief th' untoward Bent they take,  
 And found that *Pompey* fell not for his sake.  
 Wisely, howe'er, he hid his secret Fear,  
 And held his Way, with well-dissembled Chear.  
 Careless, he runs their Gods and Temples o'er,  
 25 The Monuments of *Macedonian* Pow'r;  
 But neither God, nor Shrine, nor mystick Rite,  
 Their City, nor her Walls, his Soul delight:  
 Their Caves beneath his Fancy chiefly led,  
 To search the gloomy Mansions of the Dead;  
 30 Thither with secret Pleasure he descends,  
 And to the Guide's recording Tale attends.  
 There the vain Youth who made the World his Prize,  
 That prosp'rous Robber, *Alexander*, lyes.  
 When pitying Death, at length, had freed Mankind,  
 35 To sacred Rest his Bones were here consign'd:  
 His Bones, that better had been toss'd and hurl'd,  
 With just Contempt, around the injur'd World,  
 But Fortune spar'd the Dead; and partial Fate,  
 For Ages, fix'd his *Pharian* Empire's Date.  
 40 If e'er our long-lost Liberty return,  
 That Carcass is reserv'd for publick Scorn:

Now,



Now, it remains a Monument confest,  
 How one proud Man cou'd lord it o'er the rest.  
 To *Macedon*, a Corner of the Earth,  
 The vast ambitious Spoiler ow'd his Birth: 45  
 There, soon, he scorn'd his Father's humbler Reign,  
 And view'd his vanquish'd *Athens* with Disdain.  
 Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's resistless Force,  
 Thro' *Asia's* Realms he took his dreadful Course:  
 His ruthless Sword lay'd human Nature waste, 50  
 And Desolation follow'd where he pass'd.  
 Red *Ganges* blush'd, and fam'd *Euphrates'* Flood,  
 With *Persian* this, and that with *Indian* Blood.  
 Such is the Bolt which angry *Jove* employs,  
 When, undistinguishing, his Wrath destroys: 55  
 Such, to Mankind, portentous Meteors rise,  
 Trouble the gazing Earth, and blast the Skies.  
 Nor Flame, nor Flood, his restless Rage withstand,  
 Nor *Syrts* unfaithful, nor the *Libyan* Sand:  
 O'er Waves unknown he meditates his Way, 60  
 And seeks the boundless Empire of the Sea;  
 Ev'n to the utmost West he wou'd have gone,  
 Where *Tethys'* Lap receives the setting Sun;  
 Around each Pole his Circuit wou'd have made,  
 And drunk from secret *Nile's* remotest Head, 65  
 When Nature's Hand his wild Ambition stay'd.  
 With him, that Pow'r his Pride had lov'd so well,  
 His monstrous Universal Empire, fell:  
 No Heir, no just Successor left behind,  
 Eternal Wars he to his Friends assign'd, 70  
 To tear the World, and scramble for Mankind.

Yet



Yet still he dy'd the Master of his Fame,  
And *Parthia* to the last rever'd his Name:  
The haughty East from *Greece* receiv'd her Doom,  
75 With lower Homage than she pays to *Rome*.  
Tho' from the frozen Pole our Empire run,  
Far as the Journeys of the Southern Sun;  
In Triumph tho' our conqu'ring Eagles fly,  
Where-e'er soft *Zephyrs* fan the Western Sky;  
80 Still to the haughty *Parthian* must we yield,  
And mourn the Loss of *Carræ's* dreadful Field:  
Still shall the Race untam'd their Pride avow,  
And lift those Heads aloft which *Pella* taught to bow.  
From *Casium* now the beardless Monarch came,  
85 To quench the kindling *Alexandrian's* Flame.  
Th' unwarlike Rabble soon the Tumult cease,  
And he, their King, remains the Pledge of Peace;  
When veil'd in Secresie, and dark Disguise,  
To mighty *Cæsar*, *Cleopatra* flies.  
90 Won by persuasive Gold, and rich Reward,  
Her Keeper's Hand her Prison Gates unbarr'd,  
And a light Galley for her Flight prepar'd.  
Oh fatal Form! thy Native *Egypt's* Shame!  
Thou lewd Perdition of the *Latian* Name!  
95 How wert thou doom'd our Furies to increase,  
And be what *Helen* was to *Troy* and *Greece*!  
When with an Host, from vile *Canopus* led,  
Thy Vengeance aim'd at great *Augustus'* Head;  
When thy shrill Timbrels Sound was heard from far,  
100 And *Rome* her self shook at the coming War;

When



When doubtful Fortune, near *Leucadia's* Strand,  
Suspended long the World's supream Command,  
And almost gave it to a Woman's Hand.

Such daring Courage swells her wanton Heart,  
While *Roman* Lovers *Roman* Fires impart:

105

Glowing alike with Greatness and Delight,  
She rose still bolder from each guilty Night.

Then blame we hapless *Anthony* no more,  
Lost and undone by fatal Beauty's Pow'r;

If *Cæsar*, long inur'd to Rage and Arms,  
Submits his stubborn Heart to those soft Charms;

110

If reeking from *Emathia's* dreadful Plain,  
And horrid with the Blood of thousands slain,

He sinks lascivious in a lewd Embrace,

While *Pompey's* ghastly Spectre haunts the Place.

115

If *Julia's* chastest Name he can forget,

And raise her, Brethren of a Bastard Set;

If indolently he permits, from far,

Bold *Cato* to revive the fainting War;

If he can give away the Fruits of Blood,

120

And fight to make a Strumpet's Title good.

To him, disdaining or to feign a Tear,

Or spread her artfully dishevell'd Hair,

In comely Sorrow's decent Garb array'd,

And trusting to her Beauty's certain Aid,

125

In Words like these began the *Pharian* Maid.

If Royal Birth and the *Lagæan* Name,

Thy fav'ring Pity, greatest *Cæsar*, claim,

Redress my Wrongs, thus humbly I implore,

And to her State an injur'd Queen restore.

130

P p p p p

Here



Here shed thy juster Influence, and rise  
A Star auspicious to *Egyptian* Skies.  
Nor is it strange for *Pharos* to behold  
A Woman's Temples bound with Regal Gold:

135 No Laws our softer Sex's Pow'rs restrain,  
But undistinguish'd equally we Reign.

Vouchsafe my Royal Father's Will to read,  
And learn what dying *Ptolomy* decreed:

My just Pretensions stand recorded there,  
140 My Brother's Empire and his Bed to share.  
Nor wou'd the gentle Boy his Love refuse,  
Did curs'd *Pothinus* leave him free to chuse;  
But now in Vassalage he holds his Crown,  
And acts by Pow'r and Passions not his own.

145 Nor is my Soul on Empire fondly set,  
But cou'd with Ease my Royal Rights forget;  
So thou the Throne from vile Dishonour save,  
Restore the Master, and depose the Slave.

What Scorn, what Pride his haughty Bosom swell,  
150 Since, at his bidding, *Roman Pompey* fell!  
(Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous Gods avert,  
His Sword is levell'd at thy noble Heart)  
Thou and Mankind are wrong'd, when he shall dare,  
Or in thy Prize, or in thy Crime, to share.

155 In vain her Words the Warrior's Ears assail'd,  
Had not her Face beyond her Tongue prevail'd;  
From thence resistless Eloquence she draws,  
And with the sweet Persuasion gains her Cause.

His stubborn Heart dissolves in loose Delight,  
160 And grants her Suit for one lascivious Night.



*Egypt* and *Cæsar*, now, in Peace agreed,  
Riot and Feasting to the War succeed:  
The wanton Queen displays her wealthy Store,  
Excess unknown to frugal *Rome* before.  
Rich, as some Fane by lavish Zealots rear'd, 165  
For the proud Banquet, stood the Hall prepar'd:  
Thick golden Plates the latent Beams infold,  
And the high Roof was fretted o'er with Gold:  
Of solid Marble all, the Walls were made,  
And Onyx ev'n the meaner Floor inlay'd; 170  
While Porphyry and Agat, round the Court,  
In massy Columns, rose a proud Support.  
Of solid Ebony each Post was wrought,  
From swarthy *Meroë* profusely brought:  
With Iv'ry was the Entrance crufted o'er, 175  
And polish'd Tortoise hid each shining Door;  
While on the cloudy Spots enchas'd was seen  
The lively Em'ralsds never-fading Green.  
Within, the Royal Beds and Couches shone,  
Beamy and bright with many a costly Stone. 180  
In glowing Purple rich the Cov'rings lye;  
Twice had they drank the noblest *Tyrian* Dye:  
Others, as *Pharian* Artists have the Skill  
To mix the party-colour'd Web at Will,  
With winding Trails of various Silks were made, 185  
Where branching Gold set off the rich Brocade.  
Around, of ev'ry Age, and choicer Form,  
Huge Crowds, whole Nations of Attendants swarm:  
Some wait in yellow Rings of golden Hair,  
The vanquish'd *Rhine* shew'd *Cæsar* none so fair: 190

Others



Others were seen with swarthy Woolly Heads,  
Black as eternal Night's unchanging Shades.  
Here squealing Eunuchs, a dismember'd Train,  
Lament the Loss of genial Joys in vain :  
195 There Nature's noblest Work, a youthful Band,  
In the full Pride of blooming Manhood stand.  
All duteous on the *Pharian* Princes wait,  
The Princes round the Board recline in State,  
With mighty *Cæsar*, more than Princes great.  
200 On Iv'ry Feet the Citron Board was wrought,  
Richer than those with Captive *Juba* brought.  
With ev'ry Wile Ambitious Beauty tries  
To fix the daring *Roman's* Heart her Prize.  
Her Brother's meaner Bed and Crown she scorns,  
205 And with fierce Hopes for nobler Empire burns;  
Collects the Mischiefs of her wanton Eyes,  
And her faint Cheeks with deeper Roses dies;  
Amidst the Braidings of her flowing Hair,  
The Spoils of orient Rocks and Shells appear;  
210 Like midnight Stars, ten thousand Diamonds deck  
The comely Rising of her graceful Neck:  
Of wondrous Work, a thin transparent Lawn  
O'er each soft Breast in Decency was drawn;  
Where still by turns the parting Threads withdrew,  
215 And all the panting Bosom rose to view.  
Her Robe, her ev'ry Part, her Air, confess  
The Pow'r of Female Skill exhausted in her Dress.  
Fantastick Madness of unthinking Pride,  
To boast that Wealth, which Prudence strives to hide!  
220 In Civil Wars such Treasures to display,  
And tempt a Soldier with the Hopes of Prey!



Had *Cæsar* not been *Cæsar*, impious, bold,  
 And ready to lay waste the World for Gold,  
 But just as all our frugal Names of old;  
 This Wealth cou'd *Curius* or *Fabricius* know,  
 Or ruder *Cincinnatus* from the Plow,  
 As *Cæsar*, they had seiz'd the mighty Spoil,  
 And to enrich their *Tiber* robb'd the *Nile*.  
 Now, by a Train of Slaves, the various Feast  
 In massy Gold magnificent was plac'd:  
 Whatever Earth, or Air, or Seas afford,  
 In vast Profusion crowns the lab'ring Board.  
 For Dainties, *Egypt* ev'ry Land explores,  
 Nor spares those very Gods her Zeal adores.  
 The *Nile's* sweet Wave capacious Chrystals pour,  
 The Gems of Price the Grapes delicious Store;  
 No Growth of *Mareotis'* marshy Fields,  
 But such as *Meroe* maturer yields;  
 Where the warm Sun the racy Juice refines,  
 And mellows into Age the Infant Wines.  
 With Wreaths of *Nard* the Guests their Temples bind,  
 And blooming Roses of immortal Kind;  
 Their dropping Locks with Oily Odours flow,  
 Recent from near *Arabia*, where they grow:  
 The vig'rous Spices breathe their strong Perfume,  
 And the rich Vapour fills the spacious Room.  
 Here *Cæsar*, *Pompey's* Poverty disdain'd,  
 And learn'd to waste that World his Arms had gain'd.  
 He saw th' *Egyptian* Wealth with greedy Eyes,  
 And wish'd some fair Pretence to seize the Prize.  
 Sated at length with the prodigious Feast,  
 Their weary Appetites from Riot ceas'd;



When *Cæsar*, curious of some new Delight,  
In Conversation fought to wear the Night:  
255 Then gently thus addrest the good old Priest,  
Reclining decent in his Linnen Vest.  
O wise *Achoreus*! venerable Seer!  
Whose Age bespeaks thee Heav'n's peculiar Care,  
Say from what Origin thy Nation sprung,  
260 What Boundaries to *Egypt*'s Land belong?  
What are thy Peoples Customs, and their Modes,  
What Rites they teach, what Forms they give their Gods;  
Each antient sacred Mystery explain,  
Which monumental Sculptures yet retain.  
265 Divinity disdains to be confin'd,  
Fain wou'd be known, and rev'renc'd by Mankind.  
'Tis said, thy holy Predecessors thought  
*Cecropian Plato* worthy to be taught:  
And sure the Sages of your Schools have known  
270 No Soul more form'd for Science than my own.  
Fame of my Potent Rival's Flight, 'tis true,  
To this your *Pharian* Shore my Journey drew;  
Yet know, the Love of Learning led me too.  
In all the Hurries of tumultuous War,  
275 The Stars, the Gods, and Heav'ns were still my Care.  
Nor shall my Skill to fix the rowling Year  
Inferior to *Eudoxus*' Art appear.  
Long has my curious Soul, from early Youth,  
Toil'd in the noble Search of sacred Truth:  
280 Yet still no Views have urg'd my Ardor more,  
Than *Nile*'s remotest Fountain to explore.  
Then say what Source the famous Stream supplies,  
And bids it at revolving Periods rise;



Shew me that Head from whence, since Time begun,  
 The long Succession of his Waves has run;  
 This let me know, and all my Toils shall cease,  
 The Sword be sheath'd, and Earth be blest with Peace.

285

The Warrior spoke; and thus the Seer reply'd:

Nor shalt thou, mighty *Cæsar*, be deny'd.

Our Sires forbad all, but themselves, to know,

290

And kept with Care profaner Laymen low:

My Soul, I own, more gen'rously inclin'd,

Wou'd let in Daylight to inform the Blind.

Nor would I Truth in Mysteries restrain,

But make the Gods, their Pow'r, and Precepts plain;

295

Wou'd teach their Miracles, wou'd spread their Praise,

And well-taught Minds to just Devotion raise.

Know then, to all those Stars, by Nature driv'n

In Opposition to revolving Heav'n,

Some one peculiar Influence was giv'n.

}  
300

The Sun the Seasons of the Year supplies,

And bids the Ev'ning and the Morning rise;

Commands the Planets with superior Force,

And keeps each wand'ring Light to his appointed Course.

The silver Moon o'er briny Seas presides,

305

And heaves huge Ocean with alternate Tides.

*Saturn's* cold Rays in Icy Climes prevail;

*Mars* rules the Winds, the Storm, and rattling Hail.

Where *Jove* ascends, the Skies are still serene;

And fruitful *Venus* is the genial Queen:

310

While ev'ry limpid Spring, and falling Stream,

Submits to radiant *Hermes'* reigning Beam.

When in the *Crab* the humid Ruler shines,

And to the sultry *Lion* near inclines,

There



315 There fix'd immediate o'er *Nile's* latent Source,  
He strikes the watry Stores with pondrous Force;  
Nor can the Flood bright *Maia's* Son withstand,  
But heaves, like Ocean at the Moon's Command;  
His Waves ascend, obedient as the Seas,  
320 And reach their destin'd Height by just Degrees.  
Nor to its Bank returns th' Enormous Tide,  
Till *Libra's* equal Scales the Days and Nights divide.  
Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,  
In Dreams of *Ethiopian* Snows believ'd:  
325 From Hills they taught, how melting Currents ran,  
When the first swelling of the Flood began.  
But ah how vain the Thought! No *Boreas* there  
In icy Bonds constrains the wintry Year,  
But sultry Southern Winds eternal reign,  
330 And scorching Suns the swarthy Natives stain.  
Yet more, whatever Flood the Frost congeals,  
Melts as the genial Spring's Return he feels;  
While *Nile's* redundant Waters never rise,  
'Till the hot *Dog* inflames the Summer Skies;  
335 Nor to his Banks his shrinking Stream confines,  
'Till high in Heav'n th' Autumnal Ballance shines.  
Unlike his watry Brethren he presides,  
And by new Laws his liquid Empire guides.  
From dropping Seasons no Increase he knows,  
340 Nor feels the fleecy Show'rs of melting Snows.  
His River swells not idly, e'er the Land  
The timely Office of his Waves demand;  
But knows his Lot, by Providence assign'd,  
To cool the Season, and refresh Mankind.

When-



When-e'er the *Lyon* sheds his Fires around, 345  
And *Cancer* burns *Syene*'s parching Ground;  
Then, at the Pray'r of Nations, comes the *Nile*,  
And kindly tempers up the mould'ring Soil.  
Nor from the Plains the cov'ring God retreats,  
'Till the rude Fervour of the Skies abates; 350  
'Till *Phæbus* into milder Autumn fades,  
And *Meroë* projects her length'ning Shades.  
Nor let inquiring Scepticks ask the Cause,  
'Tis *Jove*'s Command, and these are Nature's Laws.

Others of old, as vainly too, have thought 355  
By Western Winds the spreading Deluge brought;  
While at fix'd Times, for many a Day, they last,  
Possess the Skies, and drive a constant Blast:  
Collected Clouds united *Zephyrs* bring,  
And shed huge Rains from many a dropping Wing, } 360  
To heave the Flood, and swell th' abounding Spring.  
Or when the airy Brethren's steadfast Force  
Resists the rushing Current's downward Course,  
Backward he rolls, indignant, to his Head;  
While o'er the Plains his heapy Waves are spread. 365

Some have believ'd, that spacious Channels go  
Thro' the dark Entrails of the Earth below;  
Thro' these, by turns, revolving Rivers pass,  
And secretly pervade the mighty Mass;  
Thro' these the Sun, when from the North he flies, 370  
And cuts the glowing *Ethiopick* Skies,  
From distant Streams attracts their Liquid Stores,  
And thro' *Nile*'s Spring th' assembled Waters pours:  
'Till *Nile*, o'er-burthen'd, disembogues the Load,  
And spews the foamy Deluge all abroad. 375



Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,  
That Ocean's Waves thro' porous Earth are drain'd;  
'Tis thence their Saltness they no longer keep,  
By slow degrees still fresh'ning as they creep;  
380 'Till, at a Period, *Nile* receives 'em all,  
And pours 'em, loosely spreading as they fall.

The Stars, and Sun himself, as some have said,  
By Exhalations from the Deep are fed;  
And when the golden Ruler of the Day  
385 Thro' *Cancer's* fiery Sign pursues his Way,  
His Beams attract too largely from the Sea;  
The Refuse of his Draughts the Nights return,  
And more than fill the *Nile's* capacious Urn.

Were I the Dictates of my Soul to tell,  
390 And speak the Reasons of the wat'ry Swell,  
To Providence the Task I should assign,  
And find the Cause in Workmanship Divine.  
Less Streams we trace, unerring, to their Birth,  
And know the Parent Earth which brought 'em forth:  
395 While this, as early as the World begun,  
Ran thus, and must continue thus to run;  
And still, unfathom'd by our Search, shall own  
No Cause, but *Jove's* commanding Will alone.

Nor, *Cæsar*, is thy Search of Knowledge strange;  
400 Well may thy boundless Soul desire to Range,  
Well may she strive *Nile's* Fountain to explore;  
Since mighty Kings have sought the same before:  
Each for the first Discov'rer wou'd be known,  
And hand, to future Times, the Secret down;  
405 But still their Pow'rs were exercis'd in vain,  
While latent Nature mock'd their fruitless Pain.



*Philip's* great Son, whom *Memphis* still records,  
 The Chief of her Illustrious scepter'd Lords,  
 Sent, of his own, a chosen Number forth,  
 To trace the wondrous Stream's mysterious Birth. 410  
 Thro' *Ethiopia's* Plains they journey'd on,  
 'Till the hot Sun oppos'd the burning Zone:  
 There, by the God's resistless Beams repell'd,  
 An unbeginning Stream they still beheld.  
 Fierce came *Sesostris* from the Eastern Dawn, 415  
 On his proud Car by Captive Monarchs drawn;  
 His lawless Will, impatient of a Bound,  
 Commanded *Nile's* hid Fountain to be found:  
 But sooner much the Tyrant might have known  
 Thy fam'd *Hesperian Po*, or *Gallick Rhone*. 420  
*Cambyfes* too, his daring *Persians* led,  
 Where hoary Age makes white the *Ethiop's* Head;  
 'Till fore distress'd and destitute of Food,  
 He stain'd his hungry Jaws with human Blood;  
 'Till half his Host the other half devour'd, 425  
 And left the *Nile* behind 'em unexplor'd.

Of thy forbidden Head, Thou sacred Stream!  
 Nor Fiction dares to speak, nor Poets dream.  
 Thro' various Nations roll thy Waters down,  
 By many seen, tho' still by all unknown; } 430  
 No Land presumes to claim thee for her own.  
 For me, my humble Tale no more shall tell,  
 Than what our just Records demonstrate well;  
 That God, who bad thee thus mysterious flow,  
 Permits the narrow Mind of Man to know. 435

Far in the South thy daring Waters rise,  
 As in Disdain of *Cancer's* burning Skies;

Thence,



Thence, with a downward Course, they seek the Main,  
Direct against the lasie Northern Wain;  
440 Unless when, partially, thy winding Tide  
Turns to the *Libyan* or *Arabian* Side.  
The distant *Seres* first behold thee flow;  
Nor yet thy Spring the distant *Seres* know.  
'Midst footty *Ethiops*, next, thy Current roams;  
445 The footty *Ethiops* wonder whence it comes:  
Nature conceals thy infant Stream with Care,  
Nor lets thee, but in Majesty, appear.  
Upon thy Banks astonish'd Nations stand,  
Nor dare assign thy Rise, to one peculiar Land.  
450 Exempt from vulgar Laws thy Waters run,  
Nor take their various Seasons from the Sun:  
Tho' high in Heav'n the fiery Solstice stand,  
Obedient Winter comes, at thy Command.  
From Pole to Pole thy boundless Waves extend;  
455 One never knows thy Rise, nor one thy End.  
By *Meroë* thy Stream divided roves,  
And winds encircling round her Ebon Groves;  
Of fable Hue the costly Timbers stand,  
Dark as the swarthy Natives of the Land:  
460 Yet, tho' tall Woods in wide abundance spread,  
Their leafy Tops afford no friendly Shade;  
So vertically shine the solar Rays,  
And from the *Lyon* dart the downward Blaze.  
From thence, thro' Defarts dry, thou journey'st on,  
465 Nor shrink'st, diminish'd by the torrid Zone,  
Strong in thy self, collected, full, and one.  
Anon, thy Streams are parcell'd o'er the Plain,  
Anon the scatter'd Currents meet again;

Jointly



Jointly they flow, where *Philæ's* Gates divide  
 Our fertile *Egypt* from *Arabia's* Side; 470  
 Thence, with a peaceful, soft Descent, they creep,  
 And seek, insensibly, the Distant deep;  
 'Till thro' sev'n Mouths the famous Flood is lost,  
 On the last Limits of our *Pharian* Coast;  
 Where *Gaza's* Isthmus rises, to restrain 475  
 The *Erythræan* from the Midland Main.  
 Who that beholds thee, *Nile!* thus gently flow,  
 With scarce a Wrinkle on thy glassy Brow,  
 Can guess thy Rage, when Rocks resist thy Force,  
 And hurl thee headlong in thy downward Course; 480  
 When spouting Cataracts thy Torrent pour,  
 And Nations tremble at the deaf'ning Roar;  
 When thy proud Waves with Indignation rise,  
 And dash their foamy Fury to the Skies?  
 These Wonders reedy *Abatos* can tell, 485  
 And the tall Cliffs that first declare thy Swell;  
 The Cliffs, with Ignorance of old believ'd  
 Thy Parent Veins, and for thy Spring receiv'd.  
 From thence huge Mountains Nature's Hand provides,  
 To bank thy too luxurious River's Sides; 490  
 As in a Vale thy Current she restrains,  
 Nor suffers thee to spread the *Libyan* Plains:  
 At *Memphis*, first, free Liberty she yields,  
 And lets thee loose to float the thirsty Fields.  
 In unsuspected Peace securely laid, 495  
 Thus waste they silent Night's declining Shade.  
 Meanwhile accustom'd Furies still infest,  
 With usual Rage, *Pothinus'* horrid Breast;  
 Nor can the Ruffian's Hand from Slaughter rest.

S f f f f

Well



500 Well may the Wretch, distain'd with *Pompey's* Blood,  
Think ev'ry other dreadful Action good.  
Within him still the snaky Sisters dwell,  
And urge his Soul with all the Pow'rs of Hell.  
Can Fortune to such Hands such Mischief doom,  
505 And let a Slave revenge the Wrongs of *Rome*!  
Prevent th' Example, pre-ordain'd to stand  
The great Renown of *Brutus'* righteous Hand!  
Forbid it, Gods! that *Cæsar's* hallow'd Blood,  
To Liberty by Fate a Victim vow'd,  
510 Shou'd on a less Occasion e'er be spilt,  
And prove a vile *Egyptian* Eunuch's Guilt.  
Harden'd by Crimes, the bolder Villain, now,  
Avows his Purpose with a daring Brow;  
Scorns the mean Aids of Falshood and Surprize,  
515 And openly the Victor Chief defies.  
Vain in his Hopes, nor doubting to succeed,  
He trusts that *Cæsar* must, like *Pompey*, bleed.  
The feeble Boy to curs'd *Achillas'* Hand  
Had, with his Army, giv'n his Crown's Command;  
520 To him, by wicked Sympathy of Mind,  
By Leagues and Brotherhood of Murder join'd,  
To him, the first and fittest of his Friends,  
Thus, by a trusty Slave, *Pothinus* sends.  
While stretch'd at Ease the great *Achillas* lyes,  
525 And Sleep fits heavy on his slothful Eyes,  
The Bargain for our Native Land is made,  
And the dishonest Price already paid.  
The former Rule no longer now we own,  
Usurping *Cleopatra* wears the Crown.



Dost thou alone withdraw thee from her State, 530  
Nor on the Bridals of thy Mistress wait?  
To Night at large she lavishes her Charms,  
And riots in luxurious *Cæsar's* Arms.  
E'er long her Brother may the Wanton wed,  
And reap the Refuse of the *Roman's* Bed; 535  
Doubly a Bride, then doubly shall she Reign,  
While *Rome* and *Egypt* wear, by turns, her Chain.  
Nor trust thou to thy Credit with the Boy,  
When Arts and Eyes, like hers, their Pow'rs employ.  
Mark with what Ease her fatal Charms can mold 540  
The Heart of *Cæsar*, ruthless, hard, and old?  
Were the soft King his thoughtless Head to rest,  
But for a Night, on her incestuous Breast;  
His Crown and Friends he'd barter for the Bliss,  
And give thy Head and mine for one lewd Kiss; 545  
On Crosses, or in Flames, we shou'd deplore  
Her Beauty's terrible resistless Pow'r.  
On both, her Sentence is already pass'd,  
She dooms us Dead, because we kept her Chast.  
What potent Hand shall then Assistance bring? 550  
*Cæsar's* her Lover, and her Husband King.  
Haste, I adjure thee by our common Guilt,  
By that great Blood which we in vain have spilt,  
Haste, and let War, let Death with thee return,  
And the Funereal Torch for *Hymen's* burn. 555  
Whate'er Embrace the Hostile Charmer hold,  
Find, and transfix her in the luscious Fold.  
Nor let the Fortune of this *Latian* Lord  
Abash thy Courage, or restrain thy Sword;

In



560 In the same glorious guilty Paths we tread,  
That rais'd him up, the World's imperious Head.  
Like him, we seek Dominion for our Prize,  
And hope, like him, by *Pompey's* Fall to rise.  
Witness the Stains of yonder blushing Wave,  
565 Yon bloody Shore, and yon inglorious Grave.  
Why fear we then to bring our Wish to pass?  
This *Cæsar* is not more than *Pompey* was.  
What tho' we boast nor Birth, nor noble Name,  
Nor Kindred with some purple Monarch claim?  
570 Conscious of Fate's Decree, such Aid we scorn,  
And know we were for mighty Mischief born.  
See, how kind Fortune, by this offer'd Prey,  
Finds Means to purge all past Offence away:  
With grateful Thanks *Rome* shall the Deed approve,  
575 And this last Merit the first Crime remove.  
Stripp'd of his Titles, and the Pomp of Pow'r,  
*Cæsar's* a single Soldier, and no more.  
Think then how easily the Task were done,  
How soon we may an injur'd World atone;  
580 Finish all Wars, appease each *Roman* Shade,  
By Sacrificing one devoted Head.  
Fearless, ye dread united Legions, go;  
Rush all, undaunted, on your common Foe:  
This Right, ye *Romans!* to your Country do;  
585 Ye *Pharrians!* this your King expects from you.  
But chief, *Achillas!* may the Praise be thine;  
Haste thou, and find him on his Bed supine,  
Weary with toiling Lust, and gorg'd with Wine.  
Then strike, and what their *Cato's* Pray'rs demand,  
590 The Gods shall give to thy more favour'd Hand.

Nor



Nor fail'd the Message, fitted to persuade;  
 But, prone to Blood, the willing Chief obey'd.  
 No noisie Trumpets sound the loud Alarm,  
 But silently the moving Legions arm;  
 All unperceiv'd, for Battle they prepare, 595  
 And bustle thro' the Night with busie Care.  
 The mingled Bands, who form'd this mungrel Host,  
 To the Disgrace of *Rome*, were *Romans* most;  
 A Herd, who, had they not been lost to Shame,  
 And long forgetful of their Country's Name, 600  
 Had blush'd to own ev'n *Ptolomy* their Head;  
 Yet now were by his meaner Vassal led.  
 Oh! Mercenary War, thou Slave of Gold!  
 How is thy faithless Courage bought and sold!  
 For base Reward thy hireling Hands obey; } 605  
 Unknowing Right or Wrong; they fight for Pay,  
 And give their Country's great Revenge away. }  
 Ah wretched *Rome*! for whom thy Fate prepares,  
 In ev'ry Nation, new Domestick Wars;  
 The Fury, that from pale *Theffalia* fled, 610  
 Rears on the Banks of *Nile* her baleful Head.  
 What cou'd protecting *Egypt* more have done,  
 Had she receiv'd the haughty Victor's Son?  
 But thus the Gods our sinking State confound,  
 Thus tear our mangled Empire all around; 615  
 In ev'ry Land fit Instruments employ,  
 And suffer ruthless Slaughter to destroy.  
 Thus ev'n *Egyptian* Parricides presume  
 To meddle in the sacred Cause of *Rome*;  
 Thus, nad not Fate those Hands of Murder ty'd, 620  
 Success had crown'd the vile *Achillas*' Side.



Nor wanted fit Occasion for the Deed;  
Timely the Traytors to the Place succeed,  
While in Security the careless Guest,  
625 Lingring as yet, his Couch supinely preſt:  
No Gates, no Guards forbad their open Way,  
But All diſſolv'd in Sleep and Surfeits lay;  
With Eaſe the Victor at the Board had bled,  
And loſt in Riot his defenceleſs Head.  
630 But pious Caution now their Rage withſtands,  
And Care for *Ptolomy* with-holds their Hands:  
With Rev'rence and Remorſe, unknown before,  
They dread to ſpill their Royal Maſter's Gore;  
Left in the Tumult of the murd'rous Night,  
635 Some erring Miſchief on his Youth may light.  
Sway'd by this Thought, nor doubting to ſucceed,  
They hold it fitting to defer the Deed.  
Gods! that ſuch Wretches ſhou'd ſo proudly dare!  
Can ſuch a Life be theirs to take, or ſpare?  
640 'Till Dawn of Day the Warrior ſtood repriev'd,  
And *Cæſar* at *Achillas*' Bidding liv'd.  
Now o'er aſpiring *Cæſum*'s Eaſtern Head  
The roſie Light by *Lucifer* was led;  
Swift thro' the Land the piercing Beams were born,  
645 And glowing *Egypt* felt the kindling Morn:  
When from proud *Alexandria*'s Walls, afar,  
The Citizens behold the coming War.  
The dreadful Legions ſhine in juſt Array,  
And firm, as to the Battle, hold their Way.  
650 Conſcious, mean-while, of his unequal Force,  
Strait to the Palace *Cæſar* bends his Courſe:

Nor



Nor in the lofty Bulwarks dares confide,  
 Their ample Circuit stretching far too wide:  
 To one fix'd Part his little Band retreats,  
 There mann's the Walls and Tow'rs, and bars the Gates. 655  
 There Fear, there Wrath, by turns, his Bosom tears;  
 He fears, but still with Indignation fears.  
 His daring Soul restrain'd, more fiercely burns,  
 And proudly the ignoble Refuge scorns.  
 The Captive Lion thus, with gen'rous Rage, 660  
 Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his Cage.  
 Thus, if some Pow'r cou'd *Mulciber* enslave,  
 And bind him down in *Ætna's* smoaky Cave,  
 With Fires more fierce th' imprison'd God would glow,  
 And bellow in the dreadful Deeps below. 665  
 He who so lately, with undaunted Pride,  
 The Pow'r of mighty *Pompey's* Arms defy'd,  
 With Justice and the Senate on his Side;  
 Who with a Cause, which Gods and Men must hate,  
 Stood up, and struggled for Success with Fate; 670  
 Now abject Foes and Slaves insulting fears,  
 And shrinks beneath a Show'r of *Pharian* Spears.  
 The Warrior who disdain'd to be confin'd  
 By *Tyrian Gades*, or the Eastern *Inde*,  
 Now in a narrow House conceals that Head, 675  
 From which the fiercest *Scythians* once had fled,  
 And horrid *Moors* beheld with awful Dread.  
 From Room to Room irresolute he flies,  
 And on some Guardian Bar, or Door relies.  
 So Boys and helpless Maids, when Towns are won, 680  
 To secret Corners for Protection run.

Still



Still by his Side the beardless King he bears,  
Ordain'd to share in ev'ry Ill he fears:  
If he must die, he dooms the Boy to go,  
685 Alike devoted to the Shades below;  
Resolves his Head a Victim first shall fall,  
Hurl'd at his Slaves from off the lofty Wall.  
So from *Æëtas* fierce *Medea* fled,  
Her Sword still aim'd at young *Absyrtos*' Head;  
690 Whene'er she sees her vengeful Sire draw nigh,  
Ruthless she dooms the wretched Boy she die.  
Yet e'er these cruel last Extreame he proves,  
By gentler Steps of Peace the *Roman* moves:  
He sends an Envoy, in the Royal Name,  
695 To chide their Fury, and the War disclaim.  
But impious they, nor Gods nor Kings regard,  
Nor universal Laws, by all rever'd;  
No Right of sacred Characters they know,  
But tear the Olive from the hallow'd Brow;  
700 To Death the Messenger of Peace pursue,  
And in his Blood their horrid Hands embrew.  
Such are the Palms which curs'd *Egyptians* claim,  
Such Prodigies exalt their Nation's Name.  
Nor purple *Theffaly*'s destructive Shore,  
705 Nor dire *Pharnaces*, nor the *Libyan Moor*,  
Nor ev'ry barb'rous Land, in ev'ry Age,  
Equal a soft *Egyptian* Eunuch's Rage.  
Incessant still the Roar of War prevails,  
While the wild Host the Royal Pile assails.  
710 Void of Device, no thund'ring Rams they bring,  
Nor kindling Flames with spreading Mischief fling:

Bell'wing,



Bell'wing, around they run with fruitless Pain,  
Heave at the Doors, and thrust and strive in vain:  
More than a Wall, great *Cæsar's* Fortune stands,  
And mocks the Madness of their feeble Hands.

715

On one proud Side, the lofty Fabrick stood  
Projected bold into th' adjoining Flood;  
There, fill'd with armed Bands, their Barks draw near,  
But find the same defending *Cæsar* there:

To ev'ry Part the ready Warrior flies,

720

And with new Rage the fainting Fight supplies;  
Headlong he drives 'em with his deadly Blade,  
Nor seems to be invaded, but t' invade.

Against the Ships *Phalaric* Darts he aims;

Each Dart with Pitch and livid Sulfur flames.

725

The spreading Fire o'er-runs their unctuous Sides,  
And, nimbly mounting, on the Top-mast rides:

Planks, Yards, and Cordage feed the dreadful Blaze;

The drowning Vessel hisses in the Seas;

While floating Arms and Men, promiscuous strow'd,

730

Hide the whole Surface of the Azure Flood.

Nor dwells Destruction on their Fleet alone,

But, driv'n by Winds, invades the neighb'ring Town:

On rapid Wings the sheety Flames they bear,

In wavy Lengths, along the red'ning Air;

735

Nor much unlike, the shooting Meteors fly,

In gleamy Trails, athwart the midnight Sky.

Soon as the Crowd behold their City burn,

Thither, all headlong, from the Siege they turn.

But *Cæsar*, prone to Vigilance and Haste,

740

To snatch the just Occasion e'er it pass'd,

U u u u u

Hid



Hid in the friendly Night's involving Shade,  
A safe Retreat to *Pharos* timely made.  
In elder Times of holy *Proteus*' Reign,  
745 An Isle it stood, encompass'd by the Main:  
Now by a mighty Mole the Town it joins,  
And from wide Seas the safer Port confines.  
Of high Importance to the Chief it lyes,  
To him brings Aid, and to the Foe denies:  
750 In close Restraint the Captive Town is held,  
While free behind he views the watry Field.  
There safe, with curs'd *Pothinus* in his Pow'r,  
*Cæsar* defers the Villain's Doom no more.  
Yet ah! by Means too gentle he expires;  
755 No gashing Knives he feels, no scorching Fires;  
Nor were his Limbs by grinning Tygers torn,  
Nor pendant on the horrid Cross are born:  
Beneath the Sword the Wretch resigns his Breath,  
And dies too gloriously by *Pompey*'s Death.  
760 Meanwhile, by wily *Ganymede* convey'd,  
*Arfinoë*, the younger Royal Maid,  
Fled to the Camp; and with a daring Hand  
Assumes the Scepter of supreme Command:  
And, for her feeble Brother was not there,  
765 She calls her self the sole *Lagæan* Heir.  
Then, since he dares dispute her Right to reign,  
She dooms the fierce *Achillas* to be slain.  
With just Remorse, repenting Fortune paid  
This second Victim to her *Pompey*'s Shade.  
770 But oh! nor this, nor *Ptolomy*, nor All  
The Race of *Lagos* doom'd at once to fall,

Not



Not Hecatombs of Tyrants shall suffice,  
'Till *Brutus* strikes, and haughty *Cæsar* dies.

Nor yet the Rage of War was hush'd in Peace,  
Nor wou'd that Storm, with him who rais'd it, cease. 775

A second Eunuch to the Task succeeds,  
And *Ganymede* the Pow'r of *Egypt* leads:  
He cheers the drooping *Pharians* with Success,  
And urg'd the *Roman* Chief with new Distress.  
Such Dangers did one dreadful Day afford,  
As Annals might to latest Times record,  
And Consecrate to Fame the Warrior's Sword.

780

While to their Barks his faithful Band descends,  
*Cæsar* the Mole's contracted Space defends.

Part from the crowded Key aboard were pass'd, 785  
The careful Chief remain'd among the last;  
When sudden, *Egypt's* furious Pow'rs unite,  
And fix on him alone th' unequal Fight.

By Land the num'rous Foot, by Sea the Fleet,  
At once surround him, and prevent Retreat. 790

No means for Safety, or Escape, remain,  
To Fight, or Fly, were equally in vain:

A vulgar Period on his Wars attends,  
And his ambitious Life obscurely ends.

No Seas of Gore, no Mountains of the Slain, 795  
Renown the Fight on some distinguish'd Plain:

But meanly in a Tumult must he die,

And over-born by Crowds, inglorious lye:

No Room was left to fall as *Cæsar* thou'd,

So little were the Hopes, his Foes and Fate allow'd. 800

At once the Place and Danger he surveys,

The rising Mound, and the near neighb'ring Seas:

Some



Some fainting struggling Doubts as yet remain:  
Can he, perhaps, his Navy still regain?  
805 Or shall he die, and end th' uncertain Pain?  
At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,  
His own brave *Scæva* to his Thoughts returns;  
*Scæva*, who in the Breach undaunted stood,  
And singly made the dreadful Battle good;  
810 Whose Arm advancing *Pompey's* Host repell'd,  
And, coop'd within a Wall, the Captive Leader held.  
Strong in his Soul the glorious Image rose,  
And taught him, sudden, to disdain his Foes;  
The Force oppos'd in equal Scales to weigh,  
815 Himself was *Cæsar*, and *Egyptians* they;  
To trust that Fortune, and those Gods, once more,  
That never fail'd his daring Hopes before.  
Threat'ning, aloft his flaming Blade he shook,  
And thro' the Throng his Course resistless took:  
820 Hands, Arms, and helmed Heads before him fly,  
While mingling Screams and Groans ascend the Sky.  
So Winds, imprison'd, force their furious Way,  
Tear up the Earth, and drive the foamy Sea.  
Just on the Margin of the Mound he stay'd,  
825 And for a Moment, thence, the Flood survey'd:  
Fortune divine! be present now, he cry'd;  
And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy Tide.  
Th' Obedient deep, at Fortune's high Command,  
Receiv'd the mighty Master of the Land;  
830 Her servile Waves officious *Tethys* spread,  
To raise, with proud Support, his awful Head.  
And, for he scorn'd th' inglorious Race of *Nile*,  
Shou'd pride themselves in ought of *Cæsar's* Spoil,



In his left Hand, above the Water's Pow'r,  
Papers and Scrolls of high Import he bore; 835  
Where his own Labours faithfully record  
The Battles of Ambition's ruthless Sword:  
Safe, in his Right, the deadly Steel he held,  
And plow'd, with many a Stroke, the liquid Field;  
While his fix'd Teeth tenaciously retain 840  
His ample *Tyrian* Robe's Imperial Train:  
Th' incumber'd Folds the curling Surface sweep,  
Come flow behind, and drag along the Deep.  
From the high Mole, from ev'ry *Pharian* Prow,  
A thousand Hands a thousand Jav'lines throw; 845  
The thrilling Points dip bloodless in the Waves,  
While he their idle Wrath securely braves.  
So when some mighty Serpent of the Main  
Rolls his huge Length athwart the liquid Plain,  
Whether he range voracious for the Prey, 850  
Or to the funny Shore directs his Way,  
Him if by Chance the Fishers view from far,  
With flying Darts they wage a distant War:  
But the fell Monster, unappall'd with Dread,  
Above the Seas exerts his pois'nous Head; 855  
He rears his livid Crest, and kindling Eyes,  
And, terrible, the feeble Foe defies;  
His swelling Breast a foamy Path divides,  
And, careless, o'er the murm'ring Flood he glides.

Some looser Muse, perhaps, who lightly treads 860  
The devious Paths where wanton Fancy leads,  
In Heav'n's high Court, wou'd feign the Queen of Love,  
Kneeling in Tears, before the Throne of *Jove*,

X x x x x

Imploring,



Imploring, sad, th' Almighty Father's Grace,  
 865 For the dear Offspring of her *Julian* Race.  
 While to the Just recording *Romans* Eyes,  
 Far other Forms, and other Gods arise;  
 The Guardian Furies round him rear their Heads,  
 And *Nemesis* the Shield of Safety spreads;  
 870 Justice and Fate the floating Chief convey,  
 And *Rome's* glad Genius wafts him on his Way;  
 Freedom and Laws the *Pharian* Darts withstand,  
 And save him for avenging *Brutus'* Hand.  
 His Friends, unknowing what the Gods decree,  
 875 With Joy receive him from the swelling Sea;  
 In Peals on Peals their Shouts triumphant rise,  
 Roll o'er the distant Flood, and thunder to the Skies.





# NOTES

Upon the FIRST BOOK of

## LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

Verse 1. *Emathian Plains.*] **T**HIS First Period contains a Proposition of the whole Work, the Civil War; and I would only observe once for all, that as the Readers, who compare it with the Original, may see that I have transpos'd the Order of it in the Translation, and that on purpose, I have taken the same Liberty in many other Places of this Work; especially where I thought such Transposition wou'd give an Emphasis and a Strength to the latter End of the Period.

*Emathian Plains.*] *Emathia* was a Province properly of *Macedonia*, and adjoining to *Thessalia*, but is most commonly used by this Author for *Thessalia*.

Ver. 7. *Piles against Piles.*] I have chosen to translate the *Latin* Word *Pilum* thus nearly, or indeed rather to keep it, and make it *English*; because it was a Weapon, as Eagles were the Ensigns, peculiar to the *Romans*, and made use of here by *Lucan* purposely to denote the War made amongst themselves. This *Pilum* was a sort of Javelin which they darted at the Enemies; the Description of it may be found in *Polybius*, *Vegetius*, or in our own Dr. *Kenner's Roman Antiquities*.

Ver. 21. *While Babylon's proud Spires.*] *Lucan* here means both the *Persian* and *Parthian* Empire, which he very often joins and confounds together, taking very often one Name for both. The Death of *Crassus*, and his Defeat by the *Parthians*, is a Story too well known to need a Note. See it at large in *Plutarch*.

Ver. 29. *Where Seres.*] In ancient Geographers we find Two Nations of this Name, one in *Æthiopia*, and the other between *India* and *Scythia*; the latter, which are here meant, according to the Learned *Cellarius*, answer to the Northern Parts of *China* or *Cathay*.

Ver. 30. *Araxes.*] Of this Name were several Rivers in *Asia*; the Chief, and that which is here mention'd, seems to be that in *Armenia*; it runs into the *Caspian* Sea.

Ver. 64. *Nor Pyrrhus.*] *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, a terrible and famous Enemy of the *Romans*. See his Life in *Plutarch*. *Hannibal's* Victory at *Cannæ* is well known.

Ver. 69. *Hesperia.*] The ancient Name of *Italy*; and likewise of *Spain*.

Ver. 77. *Oppress'd with Death.*] Upon this Occasion *Lucan* enumerates the principal Actions not only in this Civil War between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, but the others between the Sons of *Pompey*, *Octavius Cæsar*, and *Antony*. *Pharsalia* were Fields so call'd from *Pharsalus*, a Town in *Thessaly*, where the famous Battel between *Cæsar* and *Pompey* was fought.

A a a a a

Munda



*Munda* was a Town in *Spain*, where *Pompey's* Sons fought a Battel with *Cæsar* after their Father's Death, and where *Cneius* the Eldest was kill'd. It is suppos'd not to have been above Six Leagues from the present *Malaga*.

*Perusia* is still a Town in *Umbria* in *Italy*, where *L. Antonius* was besieged by *Oct. Cæsar*, and reduc'd by Famine.

At *Mutina* (the present *Modena*) *D. Brutus* was besieged by *M. Antony*. But the Siege was rais'd by *Augustus*, and both the Consuls, *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, kill'd.

The Two last Actions mention'd are the famous Battle of *Actium*, between *Anthony* and *Augustus*; and another Sea-Fight, between *Augustus* and *Sextus Pompeius*, near *Sicily*, where the latter had mann'd his Fleet with Slaves.

Ver. 125. *Cyrha's Mystick*] Was a Town near *Delphos*, and here taken it self for the Residence of the Oracle.

Ver. 127. *Indian Nysæ's*] There were many Towns of this Name sacred to *Bacchus*, especially one in *India* near the River *Cophes*.

Ver. 163. *Three Lordly Heads*] The first Triumvirate or Combination between *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, and *Crassus* to share the Power of *Rome* between 'em.

Ver. 177. *Brother's Blood*] *Remus* kill'd by his Brother *Romulus*, at the Founding of *Rome* by the latter.

Ver. 189. *Isthmus*] By *Corinth*.

Ver. 121. *Arfacidæ*] The Kings of *Parthia*, call'd so from *Arfaces*, a great Prince, or perhaps the Founder, of that Royal Family.

Ver. 211. *When dying Julia*] *Julia* was the Daughter of *Julius Cæsar*, and marry'd to *Pompey*. The Manner of her Death is said to have been thus: A Servant of *Domitius* happening to be kill'd in a Tumult at *Rome*, *Pompey*, who was near him, by Accident was dawb'd with the Blood; and thereupon sending his Gown home, his Wife, who was then with Child, saw it, and imagining her Husband to be kill'd, fell into Labour with the Fright, miscarry'd, and died of the Illness she had contracted on that Occasion.

Ver. 217. *Sabine Dames*] The *Sabine* Virgins, who were taken away by force, and marry'd to *Romulus* and the first *Romans*, made Peace between their Husbands and their Fathers.

Ver. 227. *Thee Pompey*] *Pompey* had triumph'd over several Nations, especially over the *Cilician* Pyrates, whom, tho' they had great Fleets, and were Masters of the Seas, he oblig'd to surrender themselves and their Ships within Forty Days.

Ver. 230. *His Gallick Wreaths*] *Cæsar* had subdu'd *Gaul*.

Ver. 312. *Citron Board*] This is not here taken for the Lemon-tree, but for a Tree something resembling the Wild-Cypress, and growing chiefly in *Africk*. It is very famous among the *Roman* Authors, and was used by their great People for Beds and Tables at Entertainments. The Spots and Crispness of the Wood were its great Excellence. Hence they were call'd *Mensæ Tygrinæ* & *Pantherinæ*.

Ver. 320. *The Curi's and Camill's*] Old frugal *Romans*, who thought Seven Acres an Estate large enough for any honest Man.

Ver. 338. *The Venal Field*] The *Campus Martius*, or Field of *Mars*, where the yearly Magistrates were chosen.

Ver.



Ver. 348. *The Banks of Rubicon.*] This River divided the *Cisalpine Gaul* from *Italy*, and was the utmost Bounds of *Cæsar's* Province that way. It is said, that on the Banks towards *Italy* a Pillar was placed by Decree of the Senate, with an Inscription importing, that whatever General Officer or Soldier should presume to pass over this River arm'd, (it must be understood from *Gaul*) should be deem'd a Rebel, and an Enemy to his Country.

Ver. 370. *Ye Phrygian Gods.*] *Cæsar* pretended to be descended from *Iulus* or *Ascanius*, the Son of *Æneas*; and the Gods he invokes here are the Household-Gods of *Æneas*, which he brought from *Troy*. *Jupiter* had a Temple built on the Mountain of *Alba* to him by *Ascanius*, by the Name of *Jupiter Latialis*; and the Holy Fire, sacred to *Vesta*, was first preserv'd there by Virgins, 'till it was translated from *Alba* to *Rome* by *Numa*.

That *Romulus* was worshipp'd as a God, under the Name of *Quirinus*, is very well known.

Ver. 419. *Ariminum.*] A City near the *Rubicon*. It is now call'd *Rimini*, and lyes not far from *Ancona* in the Pope's Territories.

Ver. 420. *Balearic.*] The Inhabitants of the *Baleares*, at present *Mayorca* and *Minorca*, were famous for their Slings.

Ver. 457. *Cimbrians.*] A barbarous People about the Northern Parts of *Germany* (now *Denmark*) who about 652 Years after the Building of *Rome* over-ran and ravaged *Italy*, and were at length vanquished by *C. Marius*.

Ver. 480. *The Senate threatening.*] *Cæsar* had on this Occasion very favourable Appearances of Reason and Equity on his Side: He proffer'd to lay down his Command, if *Pompey* would do the same; but the Violence of the Consuls and *Pompey's* Party was so great against him, that they would hear of no Proposals for an Accommodation, tho' never so reasonable: and forced the Tribunes who appear'd for him to fly out of the City disguis'd like Slaves for the immediate Safety of their Lives; so that when these came for Protection to *Cæsar's* Camp, it seem'd as if he had march'd towards *Rome* for no other Reason than the Preservation of the Privileges of so sacred a Magistracy as the Tribunes were, and the Support of the Laws of his Country.

Ver. 485. *Curio.*] *Curio* formerly had been a bitter Enemy of *Cæsar*, but was afterwards bought off by him, and died in his Quarrel in *Africk*. The *Gracchi*, whose Fate the Senate now threaten'd him with, were two factious Leaders, who were kill'd in popular Tumults. See their Lives in *Plutarch*.

Ver. 570. *Shall his base.*] *Pompey* had for a long while almost monopoliz'd and engross'd all Power in *Rome*. By the Laws no Man could pretend to a Triumph 'till he was Thirty Years old, and *Pompey* had triumph'd over *Hiarbas* and the *Numidians* at Twenty Four.

Ver. 577. *And Famine made.*] *Cicero* in his Epistles to *Atticus*, and *Plutarch* in the Life of *Pompey*, inform us, that by a Law the whole Power of importing Corn was intrusted with *Pompey* for Five Years; and *Plutarch* particularly mentions it as a malicious Charge of *Clodius*, That the Law was not made because of the Dearth or Scarcity of Corn; but the Dearth or Scarcity of Corn was made, that they might make a Law to invest *Pompey* with so great a Power as that necessarily would be.

Ver. 578. *Who knows not how the trembling Judge.*] *Milo* was accused of the Death of *Clodius*, and defended by that famous Oration of *Cicero's*

*pro*



*pro Milone.* Pompey was then sole Consul, and to prevent the Tumults that were threaten'd by the Friends of *Clodius*, drew a strong Guard into the *Forum*; but *Cæsar* insinuates here, that it was to over-awe the Judges and Witnesses in favour of *Milo*.

Ver. 591. *His Master Sylla.*] Pompey was a kind of Disciple of *Sylla*, and like him espoused the *Patrician* Party; and about a Dozen Verses lower *Cæsar* advises him to imitate his Example in the Resignation of his Power.

Ver. 611. *Since the poor Prince.*] *Mithridates*, after about Forty Years War with the *Romans*, being shut up in a Castle by his Son *Pharnaces*, would have poison'd himself; but had taken so many Antidotes formerly, that it was said the Poison cou'd not take place, so that he was forced to have Recourse to his Sword to make an End of himself.

Ver. 614. *And vanquish'd Cæsar.*] This is a strong Irony, a Figure which the Satyrical Genius of this Author makes frequent use of.

Ver. 643. *Strait Lelius.*] This Officer seems to have been of that Degree which the *Romans* call'd *Primipilus*, *Primipilarius*, or *Primus Centurio*, which answers to our Lieutenant-Colonel, or it may be to a Colonel, since he was the supreme Officer in the Legion, except the Tribune. The *Vitis*, or Rod made of a Vine-tree, which he bore, was a Badge not only of his, but of every other Centurion's Office.

The Oaken Crown was an honorary Reward given to him who had sav'd the Life of a Citizen.

Ver. 685. *Moneta soon.*] There was a Temple in *Rome* dedicated to *Juno* under the Name of *Moneta*, or the Monitor, a Voice having been heard out of one of her Temples, directing the *Romans* how they should pacify the Anger of the Gods after an Earthquake.

Ver. 711. *Leman Lake.*] The Lake of *Geneva*.

Ver. 712. *Vogesus.*] A Mountain in *Lorain*, from whence the *Mosa* or *Maëse* takes its Original.

Ver. 713. *Lingones.*] A People of the *Belgick Gaul*, the *Pais de Langres* in *Champagne*.

Ver. 716. *Isara.*] *L'Isere* in *France*: It falls into the *Rhone*.

Ver. 720. *Ruthen City.*] A Town in the *Pais de Rouvergne*.

Ver. 722. *Varus and Atax.*] The Rivers *Var* in *Provence*, and *Aude* in *Languedoc*.

Ver. 724. *Alcides' Fane.*] *Monaco*.

Ver. 728. *Circius.*] This Wind is generally reckon'd a National one, and ascrib'd by the Ancients to *Gallia Narbonensis*. Some call it a Southern, tho' in a Scheme of Winds in the Learned *Cellarius* it is placed rather as a Nore-west or Nore-Nore-west. According to the same Author, *Corus* is West Nore-west. At the same time his Maps lay down the Port of *Monæchus* as opening to the South-west, and according to that Situation cannot exbepos'd to any Northerly Wind.

Ver. 748. *From fair Nemossus.*] *Nemossus*, the Metropolis of the *Arverni*, in the Eastern Part of *Gallia Aquitanica*.

Ver. 749. *From Atur's Banks.*] *Atur*, at present *Dour* or *Ador*, ran thro' the Country of the *Tarbelli*, at the Foot of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, into the Gulph of *Bayonne*.

Ver. 752. *The Santones.*] People of *Xantoign*.

Ver. 754. *Bituriges.*] People near *Bordeaux*.

Ver.



Ver. 755. *Suessons.*] People of *Soissons*.

Ver. 756. *Leuci and Remi.*] The former near *Toul*, the latter near *Rheims*.

Ver. 759. *Sequani.*] Inhabitants of *Burgundy*.

Ver. 760. *Averni.*] It should be *Arverni*, People of *Auvergne*.

Ver. 763. *Nervii.*] A very barbarous and fierce People, who inhabited whereabouts *Tournay* now stands. They surpriz'd *Tetutius Sabinus*, and *Cotta* in their Winter-Quarters, and cut 'em off, with Five Cohorts under their Command, at the time that *Cæsar* was in *Britain*.

Ver. 764. *Vangiones.*] A People of *Germany* about *Wormes*.

Ver. 768. *Cinga.*] A River rising out of the *Pyrenees*.

Ver. 770. *Arar.*] The River *Saone*.

Ver. 773. *Gebenna.*] This is by some taken for the City of *Geneva*, but falsly. *Cellarius* places it more truly between the *Arverni* and the *Helvii*; perhaps the *Sevennes*.

In this Place, in all the modern Editions of *Lucan*, are five more Verses; but, as the Learned *Grotius* observes, they are wanting in most of the ancient Manuscripts, and from thence he conjectures they are spurious. I have omitted 'em in the Translation, especially since I think this dry Recapitulation of so many Places is not the most useful nor entertaining Part of *Lucan*, if it be at all, of him.

Ver. 774. *Trevir.*] People near *Triers*. *Ligurians.*] Those near *Genoa*.

Ver. 778. *And you where Hesus.*] These three ancient Gods of the *Gauls* were thought, *Hesus* to be the same with *Mars*, *Teutates* with *Mercury*, and *Taranis* with *Jupiter*. The Poet very justly puts a Mark of Horrour upon 'em, since they were all Three worshipp'd with Human Sacrifices, as the *Diana Taurica* was.

Ver. 784. *You too, ye Bards.*] These were the ancient Poets among the *Gauls*: And the Commentators upon this Place observe, that the Word in the old *Gaulish* Language signifies a Singer. Of the *Druids*, their Religion, their Worshipping under Trees, &c. so much has been said by so many others, that an explanatory Note would not be very necessary here.

Ver. 813. *The shaggy Cauçi,*] *Chauci*, or *Caijci*, for they are written these three Ways, were a People of *Germany* near the *Rhine*.

Ver. 829. *Mevania.*] This was a City in that Part of *Umbria* nearest to *Rome*: The River *Clitumnus* ran by it, and its Pastures were famous for their Fruitfulness.

Ver. 831. *Where Nar's white Waves.*] *Virgil* gives the Reason for this Epithet, when he calls it

*Sulphureis Nar albus Aquis.*

*Nar* with sulphureous Waters white.

Ver. 883. *Guardian Lares.*] The *Lares* were the Domestick or Family-Gods, placed on or near the Hearth. They were said to be the Children of *Mercury* and the Nymph *Lara*. The Reverence the *Romans* had for 'em was very great, and the Hearth for their sakes was held sacred. There were two Sorts of these Gods, the *Domestici* and *Compitales*; the former had the Care of Families, and the latter of High-ways.

Ver. 905. *The Turphy Wall.*] The Fortifications of the *Roman* Camps consisted only of a Ditch, a Bank rais'd behind that, of the Earth dug out of it, and pallisado'd.



Ver. 950. *The parting Points.*] These *Feria Latinae*, or Latin Festivals, were perform'd by Night to *Jupiter* at *Alba*. As I shall be always very ready to acknowledge any Mistake, so I believe in this Place I ought rather to have translated these Verses thus;

*The parting Points with double Streams ascend,  
And Alba's Latian Rites portentous end.*

But I was led into the Error by not considering enough the true Meaning of the *Latin* Expression, *Confectas Latinas*.

Ver. 987. *Such to Lycurgus.*] *Lycurgus* King of *Thrace*, and *Agave* Queen of *Thebes*, were both pursued by *Furies* for their Contempt of *Bacchus*.

Ver. 989. *Such as his cruel Step-mother.*] *Hercules* at his Descent into Hell saw *Pluto* first, and the *Furies* afterwards.

Ver. 1002. *The Tuscan Prophets.*] The *Romans* receiv'd their *Augurs* and *Aruspices*, with the Arts of Divining by the Flight of Birds and by Sacrifices, from *Hetruria*, or *Tuscany*; and upon any remarkable Occasion, such as this might well be suppos'd, they sent for Soothsayers from that Country, as not depending, in the last and greatest Emergencies, upon their own.

Ver. 1019. *The Gabine Weed.*] This was not so much the Habit itself as the Manner of wearing it, tuck'd up and short. I don't remember it as used by the Priests in any other ancient Author. It was proper only to the Consuls or Generals upon some extraordinary Occasions, as the denouncing War, burning the Spoils of the Enemy, devoting themselves to Death for the Safety of their Army, or the like.

Ver. 1020. *Vesta's Choir.*] The Business of these Maids was chiefly to attend upon and preserve a holy Fire. By *Vesta* some meant the Element or Principle of Fire, others that of Earth; and *Polydore Virgil* that natural Heat inclos'd in the Earth, by which all things are produced. They had the Custody likewise of the *Palladium*, or Image of *Pallas*, brought from *Troy* by *Aeneas*.

Ver. 1024. *The Fifteen.*] These Religious Men were first Two, then Ten, and by *Sylla* increas'd to Fifteen.

Ver. 1026. *Almon's Stream.*] A little River that falls into the *Tyber*.

Ver. 1028. *The Titian Brotherhood.*] There were several of these Sodalties in *Rome*. These particularly were instituted to supervise the Solemnities in Memory of *Tatius* the *Sabine* King.

Ver. 1030. *The Seven.*] These were called likewise *Epulones*, as well as *Septemviri*. At their first Creation they were but Three, but soon increas'd to Seven. 'Tis thought they were at last increas'd to Ten, tho' they still kept their Name of *Septemviri*. They had their Name *Epulones* from a Custom among the *Romans* in Times of publick Danger, of making a sumptuous Feast in their Temples, to which they did, as it were, invite the Gods themselves; for their Statues were brought on rich Beds and Pillows, and placed at the honourable Part of the Table as the principal Guests. These Solemnities were call'd *Lectisternia*.

Ver. 1031. *The Salii.*] These were Priests of *Mars*, who made a sort of dancing Processions along the Streets with the sacred *Ancylia* or Bucklers about their Necks.



Ver. 1033. *The generous Flamens.*] Of these there were Three principal, appropriated to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Quirinus*, who were always chosen out of the Nobility.

Ver. 1039. *The Fix'd Bidental.*] What Person, Thing, or Place soever had been struck by Lightning, the *Romans* look'd upon as peculiarly sacred to the Gods. Whatever it was, it was immediately encompass'd in by a Wall, Palisadoes, or at least by a Rope, sometimes it was cover'd up in the Earth, and accounted Holy. It was call'd *Bidental* from *Bidens*, a Sheep about two Years old, with two Teeth longer than the rest, that was always sacrificed on these Occasions.

Ver. 1058. *The Hostile Side.*] In divining by the Intrails, especially the Liver, the Priests were wont to divide 'em into two Parts, one to prognosticate for themselves, and the other for their Enemies. And of all bad Omens nothing had a worse Signification than a Duplicate, or any superfluous Part. All the Conditions and Appearances indeed of this Sacrifice were of the worst kind that could be.

Ver. 1087. *And Tages.*] This was a miraculous Prophet, who rose out of the Ground in *Etruria* or *Tuscany*, and first taught the Rites of Divination.

Ver. 1090. *But Figulus.*] *Cicero* and *Aulus Gellius* make mention of *Nigidius Figulus*, a *Pythagorean* Philosopher, who was likewise eminent for his Skill in Astrology.

Ver. 1118. *I see Pangæan.*] *Pangæus* was a Mountain in *Thrace*; and, as is plain from a Passage in *Dion Cassius*, at the Foot of it stood *Philippi*, the City near which the Battle between *Antony* and *Octavius* on one Side, and *Brutus* and *Cassius* on the other, was fought. *Æmus* or *Hæmus* was likewise a Mountain in *Thrace* to the North of *Pangæus*.

It is pretty strange that so many great Names of Antiquity, as *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Petronius*, and *Lucan* should be guilty of such a Blunder in Geography, as to confound the Field of Battle between *J. Caesar* and *Pompey* with that between *Oct. Caesar* and *Brutus*, when it was very plain one was in the Middle of *Thessaly*, and the other in *Thrace*, a great part of *Macedonia* lying between. *Sulpitius* indeed, one of the Commentators upon *Lucan*, says, there was a Town call'd *Philippi*, in whose Neighbourhood the Battle between *Caesar* and *Pompey* was fought; but upon what Authority I know not: But supposing that, it is undeniable that these two Battles were fought in two different Countries. I must own, it seems to me to be the Fault originally of *Virgil* (upon what Occasion so correct a Writer could commit so great an Error is not easy to Imagine) and that the rest took it very easily from him, without making any further Enquiry.

Ver. 1153. *I see the War, but seek the Foe in vain.*] Because they were all *Romans*; or their Subjects and Confederates; and should have been all on the same Side.



# N O T E S

## UPON THE

### SECOND BOOK.

Ver. 10. *Whether the great.*] **T**HAT is, whether, according to the *Stoicks*, all Things were by Necessity, or, according to the *Epicureans*, by Chance.

Ver. 19. *Unknown.*] This Prayer of the Poet's, That we may not fore-know our Misfortunes before they happen, is a very natural Consequence from the Distractions under which the *Romans* labour'd, by reason of the Prodigies related in the Last Book; which they look'd upon as so many certain Denunciations of some terrible Affliction that was suddenly to fall upon 'em from the Gods.

Ver. 24. *Justice suspends.*] This terrible kind of Vacation in the Courts of Justice was never observ'd at *Rome* but in the greatest publick Calamities.

Ver. 35. *The solemn last Farewell.*] A Valediction to the Dead, was a Ceremony perform'd to all Persons at their Funerals. So *Aeneas* takes his Leave of *Pallas* in *Virgil*.

*Salve mihi maxime Palla.*

But this Expression of *Lucan*, in this Place, refers more immediately to what the *Romans* call'd *Conclamatio*; which was a repeated and loud Outcry of those that waited for that purpose round the Bed of the dying Person, probably to try if they could retain the departing Soul a little longer; and when that was in vain, and the Bodies found to be quite dead, they were said to be *Corpora Conclamata*, or past Call.

Ver. 71. *Trebia.*] A River in *Italy* that falls into the *Po* near *Placentia*, where *Lu. Sempronius* was routed by *Hannibal* with a very great Slaughter.

Ver. 77. *Massagetes beyond their Ister.*] The *Massagetae* were properly those *Asiatick Scythians* (or *Tartars*) who were situate beyond the *Caspian* Sea, near the Head of the River *Oxus*, and of Consequence very far from the *Ister* or *Danube*; but these Geographical Liberties are often taken by our Author; and here he seems to take 'em for the *European* and *Asiatick Scythians* in general.

Ver. 79. *Suevi.*] A People of *Germany* about the Dutchy of *Mecklenberg* and *Pomerania*.

Ver. 83. *Getae.*] *European Tartars*.

Ver. 84. *Iberia.*] *Spain*.

Ver. 101. *Mean while some hoary Sire.*] The Poet here, to express the Calamities attending on a Civil War, introduces some one particular old Man, recapitulating the Miseries of that between *Marius* and *Scylla*.

Ver. 107. *Libya's swarthy Lord.*] *Jugurtha*.

Ver.



Ver. 109. *Minturnæ's Marsh.*] *Minturnæ* was a City of *Latium*, now in Ruins, near the River *Garillan*, in or near the Territory of *Traietta*. Hither, when *Marius* was driven out of *Rome* by *Sylla*, and declar'd a publick Enemy by the Senate, he fled and hid himself among some Reeds and Sedges; but being found out, and committed to the publick Goal, he was condemn'd to die. But the Slave who was order'd to execute him (a *Cimbrian*, according to *Lucan*) being affrighted at somewhat terrible that he saw in him, and fancying he heard a Voice saying, *Dar'st thou kill Caius Marius?* drop'd his Sword, ran out of the Prison, and told the People the whole Story: Who being mov'd partly by this, and partly by Compassion for a Man who had once sav'd *Italy*, dismiss'd him. See all the Particulars here mention'd by *Lucan*, more, at large in *Plutarch's* Life of *Marius*.

Ver. 140. *Driv'n from Man,*] By *Sextilius*, then Prætor of *Africk*.

Ver. 184. *Who kiss the Tyrant's Hand.*] *Marius* had given it as a Signal to his Soldiers, that they should kill all whom he did not salute, and offer his Hand to kiss.

Ver. 198. *Antonius' Murder.*] *M. Antonius* was a Man of Consular Dignity, and an excellent Orator. The Soldiers who were sent to kill him, were so mov'd by his Eloquence, that they were inclin'd to spare him: At last he was murder'd by *Annius* the Tribune, who brought his Head to *Marius* while he was at Table. After he had handled it for some time with much Scorn and Insolence, he commanded it to be fix'd upon the *Rostrum*, or publick Pulpit.

Ver. 204. *The Crassi.*] Father and Son kill'd together.

Ver. 207. *Scevola,*] He was the *Pontifex Maximus*, or Chief-Priest.

Ver. 212. *Fasces.*] They were Rods carried before the Magistrates as Ensigns of their Authority.

Ver. 220. *Colline Gate.*] *Porta Collina*, call'd likewise *Porta Salina*, was one of the Gates of *Rome*. At *Sacripontus*, not far from *Præneste*, *Sylla* overthrew the younger *Marius*, who fled to *Præneste*, and was there besieged by *Lucius Ofella*, *Sylla's* Lieutenant. And when *Lamponius* and *Telesinus*, Two Leaders of the *Samnites*, came to raise the Siege, they were likewise beaten by *Sylla* about Ten Furlongs from the *Porta Collina*. In these Two Battles he is said to have kill'd Seventy Thousand Men.

Ver. 225. *Caudine Treaty.*] The *Furce Caudine*, were a Pass with Woods on each Side near the Town of *Caudium* in the Territories of the ancient *Samnites*: where, when those People had the *Roman* Consuls and their Army at a very great Disadvantage, they oblig'd 'em to submit to very hard Conditions; one Article being, That every Soldier should pass unarm'd under a kind of Gallows. Hence the Expression *Pax Caudina*, for an ignominious Peace.

*Marius* had promised the *Samnites*, who were of his Side, to translate the Seat of the Empire from *Rome* to them.

Ver. 256. *No Sight like this.*] *Diomedes*, King of *Thrace*, fed his Horses with Human Flesh. Of *Anteus* see hereafter in the Fourth Book. *Oenomaus*, King of *Elis*, reign'd at *Pisa*; his Daughter *Hippodamia* was very beautiful; he propos'd to her Suitors, that whoever could vanquish him in a Chariot-Race should marry her; but those that were beaten should be put to Death. This last Misfortune happen'd to several; at last her Father breaking his Neck by the Treachery of his Charioteer, she was won by *Pelops*.



Ver. 269. *Pacifick Sylla.*] A strong Irony.

Ver. 272. *To Catulus.*] *Quintus Lutatius Catulus*, hearing *C. Marius* had resolv'd to put him to Death, kill'd himself. In Revenge of this, his Brother *Catulus* obtain'd of *Sylla*, that *Marius*, the Brother of *C. Marius*, might be deliver'd into his Hands, who sacrificed him, in the barbarous manner here describ'd, at his Brother's Tomb.

Ver. 301. *Fortune beheld.*] The Goddess *Fortune* had a famous Temple at *Præneste*. After the Town was taken by *Lucr. Ofella*, and many of all Ranks slain; *Sylla* commanded 5000, who had laid down their Arms, to be kill'd in cold Blood.

Ver. 307. *Distains the Fold.*] The *Septa* or *Ovilia* of *Rome* were certain Inclosures in or near the *Campus Martius*, where the People us'd to be poll'd, and give their Votes in Elections of Magistrates, according to the *Centurie* or Companies of which their Tribes were compos'd. In this Place *Sylla* commanded Four whole Legions to be cut to Pieces at once.

Ver. 338. *Of Prosperous.*] These were Titles *Sylla* gave himself: He call'd his Son likewise *Faustus*, and his Daughter *Fausta*.

Ver. 363. *Bright Calisto.*] The greater Bear.

Ver. 525. *Thus pleasing.*] As her melancholy Condition and Habit was most agreeable to that Time of publick Calamity. See this Story in *Plutarch*.

Ver. 544. *Cornelia.*] This Lady was the Daughter of *Lucius Scipio*, descended from and ally'd to the *Cornelii* and *Metelli*, and Widow of *Pub. Crassus*, who with his Father *M. Crassus* was kill'd by the *Parthians*. *Pompey* married her soon after the Death of *Cesar's* Daughter *Julia*.

Ver. 551. *No Garlands.*] The Poet here enumerates most of the Ceremonies usually observ'd at the *Roman* Marriages, by saying what was wanting at this of *Cato* and *Martia*; so in the Eighth Book he gives an Account of the Magnificence of the *Roman* Funerals, by deploring the Misery and Wretchedness of *Pompey's*.

Ver. 556. *No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on.*] This Passage is diversly interpreted. I have taken that which I thought most probable: The Bride was always crown'd with Flowers, and admonish'd not to touch the Threshold by the *Pronuba* or Matron that attended her, in Honour of *Vesta* the Goddess of Chastity, to whom the Threshold was sacred. The Crown mention'd here seems to be like that given to the Goddess *Cybele*; and so it is interpreted by *Sulpitius* upon this Place. Perhaps it was worn in Honour of that Goddess.

Ver. 562. *Decent winding Lawn.*] The Word *Suppara* here likewise has various Significations given to it. *Supparum* is commonly a Shift, and sometimes a sort of Veil or Scarf; in which latter Sense, as it plainly meant here an upper Garment, I have taken it.

Ver. 568. *No Sabine Mirth.*] It was an old Custom taken from the *Sabines* to repeat smutty Verses (the *Versus Fescennini*) and Jest's of the same sort at Weddings. This was the Province of the younger People.

Ver. 702. *Libo's Aid.*] At the Fame of *Cesar's* Approach the Governours thro' *Italy* all fled, not daring to withstand him, or maintain any Forts against him: Many of those are here named. *Scribonius Libo* leaves his Charge in *Hetruria*, and *Thermus* forsakes *Umbria*; *Faustus Sylla*, the Son of the Dictator *Sylla*, wanting his Father's Spirit and Fortune in Civil War, fled at the very Name of *Cesar*.



Ver. 706. *Near Auximon.*] Now *Osimo* in the *Marca d'Ancona*. *Atius Varus*, when he perceiv'd the Citizens of *Auximon* favour'd *Cæsar*, withdrew his Garrison and fled.

Ver. 711. *The Eſculean Fortrefs.*] *Lentulus Spintber*, with Ten Cohorts, kept the Town of *Asculum*, now *Ascoli*, in the *Marca d'Ancona*: Hearing of *Cæsar's* advancing, he fled away; thinking to have drawn his Troops along with him, but was deserted by most of his Soldiers.

Ver. 717. *Thou Scipio.*] *L. Scipio*, Father-in-Law to *Pompey*, fled from *Luceria*, tho' he had Two strong Legions.

*Marcellus*, to weaken *Cæsar*, counsell'd the Senate to make a Decree that *Cæsar* should deliver one Legion, and *Pompey* another to *Bibulus*, whom they pretended to send to the *Parthian War*. *Cæsar*, according to the Senate's Decree, deliver'd to him one Legion for himself, and another, which he had borrow'd of *Pompey* for a present Supply, after the great Loss he had receiv'd under his Prætors, *Teturius* and *Cotta*. These Legions were now both in *Scipio's* Camp.

Ver. 727. *But in Corfinium.*] A City now call'd *Popolo* in the *Abruzzo*. In this Place lay *L. Domitius* with Twenty Cohorts. He had with him those Soldiers of *Pompey* who had inclos'd the *Forum*, when *Milo* was arraign'd for the Death of *Clodius*. He sent a Detachment to break down a Bridge three Miles from the Town; but they were beaten back by *Cæsar's* Advanc'd Guard.

Ver. 764. *The creeping Vine.*] The *Vinea* was an Engine made use of by the Romans in Sieges. It was compos'd of Wicker-Hurdles laid for a Roof on the Top of Posts, which the Soldiers, who went under it for Shelter, bore up with their Hands. Some will have them to have been contriv'd with a double Roof, the uppermost of Hurdles, and the next of Planks. In the Third Book, at the Siege of *Massilia*, *Lucan* mentions the Miners making their Approaches to the Walls under Covert of these Engines.

Ver. 833. *To the Cinna's.*] *Cinna* join'd with and brought *Marinus* back to *Rome*.

Ver. 837. *Rebel Carbo.*] *Cn. Papirius Carbo* was a Collegue and Confederate of *C. Marinus*. He was put to Death in *Sicily* by *Pompey*.

*Lepidus* attempting to set aside what had been done by *Sylla's* Authority, was overthrown by his Collegue *Catulus* in the *Campus Martius*, fled into *Sardinia*, and died there.

See the Life of *Sertorius* in *Plutarch*. He can hardly be said to have been conquer'd by *Pompey*.

Ver. 847. *Like Spartacus.*] He was a *Thracian* Slave, a Gladiator, who fled with Seventy of his Companions from the Games given by *Lentulus* at *Capua*. He gather'd other Slaves to his Party, and arming them, made up an Army of 70000 Men. With these he overcame several Prætors and Consuls, and was at last vanquish'd by *M. Crassus*.

Ver. 908. *Meridian Suns no Shadow.*] That is, when the Sun is in *Cancer*, under which Sign *Syene* lies.

Ver. 909. *Hesperian Bætis.*] *Spain* was more properly call'd *Hesperia* than *Italy*, as being the Westermost Province of *Europe*: But the Name was at times given to both. *Bætis* was a River in *Spain*; it runs by *Corduba* and *Sevil*.

Ver. 916. *Sophene.*] A City in *Armenia*.

Ver.



Ver. 947. *Dictæan.*] *Cretan* from *Dictæ*, a City in that Island. *Lucan* tells us here upon what Occasion the Colony was planted here. *Brundisium* is now call'd *Brindisi*.

Ver. 949. *With false Omens.*] The Sails of *Theseus* ought to have been white, according to his Success: Being black, his Father fearing his Son was dead, threw himself into the Sea: But this is a very known Story.

Ver. 964. *Corcyra.*] Now *Corfu*.

Ver. 965. *Epidamnus.*] Afterwards call'd *Dyrrhachium*, and now *Durazza*, on the Coast of *Albania* in the Gulf of *Venice*.

Ver. 970. *Sason.*] The ancient Geographers differ about the Situation of this Isle. Some (amongst whom is *Lucan*) place it among the *Italian*, others among the *Grecian* Isles. Of the latter Opinion is *Cellarius*. *Ceraunia* were Mountains in *Epirus*.

Ver. 986. *Bid Ptolomy.*] These Princes, *Ptolomy*, *Tigranes*, and *Pharnaces* the Son of *Mithridates*, were beholden to *Pompey* for their Kingdoms of *Ægypt*, *Armenia*, and *Bosphorus*.

Ver. 991. *The Euxine and Mæotis.*] The *Euxine* is now call'd the *Black Sea*, it discharges itself by the *Hellespont* into the *Propontis*, or Sea of *Marmora*; as the *Palus Mæotis* does into the *Euxine*.

Ver. 999. *You who distinguish.*] Among the *Romans* there were annual Records kept of what happen'd most remarkable to the Publick every Year: These Books were call'd *Fasti*; and as the Consuls were chosen on the Calends (or First Day) of *January*, their Names were prefix'd to the Account of the ensuing Year.

Ver. 1033. *Gaurus.*] Now call'd *Monte Barbaro*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. *Avernus* is a Lake now call'd *Averno* in the same Country.

Ver. 1054. *Thro' Mid-Athos.*] *Xerxes* cut a Channel between the Mountain *Athos* and the Continent of *Macedonia* for his Fleet to pass thro'.

Ver. 1077. *The Heavenly Maid.*] The Time both of the Day and the Year is here describ'd to be in the Morning before Sun-rise, about the Beginning of *September*: tho' the Historians mention *Pompey's* sailing to have been in the Dark before Day.

Ver. 1101. *Euripus.*] The Channel between the Island of *Eubœa*, now *Negropont*, and *Greece*. It was very narrow near the City of *Chalcis*, (*Negropont*).

Ver. 1111. *The Pagasæan Argo*] The Enterprize of *Jason* and the *Argonauts* for the Golden-Fleece is well known: They set out from *Pagasus*, a Port of *Thessaly*. When they came near the *Cyanæ Insule*, or *Symplegades*, now call'd the *Pavonares*, Two Islands at the Entrance into the *Euxine Sea*, which were then believ'd to move, they were like to be crush'd between 'em; but as the Ship escap'd, and the malicious Islands were disappointed, it is said they grew sullen, and never mov'd since.

*End of the Notes on the Second Book.*



# NOTES

## UPON THE

### THIRD BOOK.

Ver. 23. **THE Sire.] Charon.**

Ver. 28. *The Sisters.] The Destinies.*

Ver. 129. *Anxur,]* Now called *Terracina*, a City Sixty Miles West of *Rome*, in the Way between that City and *Naples*.

Ver. 130. *Pomptine Marshes.]* These are in the Pope's Territories, along the Coast of the *Tuscan Sea* from *Nettuno* to the West of *Terracina*.

Ver. 131. *Thro' Scythian Dian's Aricinian.]* *Aricia* was a City of *Latium*, now a Town and Castle in the *Campagna di Roma* on the *Appian Way*. In a Grove near this Place was worhipp'd an Image of *Diana*, said to be brought thither by *Orestes* from *Taurica*.

Ver. 164. *In Pallatine Apollo's Temple.]* Several Historians tell us, that *Cæsar* coming to *Rome* after *Pompey* had left *Italy*, call'd the Senate together in the Temple of *Apollo* on the *Palatine Hill*. In a Speech to 'em there, he excus'd the War he had undertaken, as a Thing he was compell'd to for his own Defence against the Injuries and Envy of a few; and at the same time desir'd they wou'd send Messengers to *Pompey* and the Consuls to propose a Treaty for accommodating the present Differences. *Lucan* in this, as in many other Places, puts *Cæsar's* Actions in an invidious Light; and the Senate, according to him, make but a very mean Figure upon this Occasion.

Ver. 183. *Old Saturn's treas'ring Fane.]* The Temple of *Saturn* was the Place where the publick Treasure was kept.

Ver. 184. *The bold Metellus.]* He was then the Tribune of the People, an Office accounted so sacred, that the Cause of *M. Crassus's* great Overthrow and Death in *Parthia*, was look'd upon as the Effect of his being curs'd by *Atreus* the Tribune as he left *Rome*.

Ver. 245. *Carthage sent.]* At the End of the first *Punick War* the *Carthaginians* were obliged to pay 1200 Talents, at the second 10000. Every Talent was worth 187 l. 10 s. of our Money.

Ver. 248. *What great Flaminius.]* *Philip* King of *Macedonia* was vanquish'd by *T. Q. Flaminius*, and his Son *Perfes* by *Paulus Æmilius*. *Perfes* was led in Triumph. See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Paulus Æmilius*, where the Magnificence of that Triumph, and the miserable Condition of *Perfes*, are describ'd at large.

Ver. 251. *Scorn'd by the Patriot's Honesty.]* The Money offer'd by *Pyrrhus* to *Fabricius*, and refus'd by him.

D d d d d

Ver.



Ver. 253. *Rich Syria,*] Pay'd by *Antiochus*, beside what was given by *Attalus* King of *Pergamus*.

Ver. 254. *Cretan Cities.*] *Crete*, now *Candia*, was vanquish'd and plunder'd by *Q. Metellus*. The elder *Cato* brought 7000 Talents from *Cyprus*.

Ver. 262. *Bankrupt Cæsar.*] *Cæsar*, by the great Sums of Money which he had lavishly expended in promoting his Interest, had run himself prodigiously in Debt.

Ver. 264. *Phocis,*] A Country of *Achaia* in *Greece* between *Ætolia* and *Bæotia*, in which were the Mountains *Parnassus* and *Helicon*, the Fountain *Hippocrene*, the City of *Delphos*, *Cyrrha* and *Amphisia*, now *Salona*. 'Tis at this time part of a Province call'd *Livadia*.

Ver. 269. *Cephissus,*] Now *Cefisso*, a River of *Greece* that falls into the Gulf of *Negropont*. It rises in the Mountains of *Phocis*, and is called sacred from the Neighbourhood of its Springs to the *Delphick* Oracle.

Ver. 270. *Dirce,*] A Fountain near *Thebes*.

Ver. 271. *Alphæus,*] A River of *Arcadia*, famous for his Love to *Arethusa* the Water-Nymph in *Sicily*, and passing thro' the Sea from *Greece* to *Sicily* without mixing his Waters for her sake. See *Ovid. Metam.*

Ver. 274. *Menalus,*] A Hill in *Arcadia*.

Ver. 275. *Trachinia,*] A little Territory of *Phthiotis* in *Greece*, on the Coast of the *Maliacan* Gulf, where the City *Heraclea*, thence call'd also *Trachin*, stands.

Ver. 276. *Dryopes,*] Inhabitants of *Chaonia* (now *la Canina*) part of *Epirus*.

Ver. 277. *Sellæ,*] People of the same Country. *Jupiter's* Oraculous Oak or Grove at *Dodona* was then silent, and had been so for some time.

Ver. 279. *Phœbean Arsenal.*] The *Athenians* had, not improperly, dedicated their Arsenal to *Phœbus*, since his Oracle had first advis'd 'em to defend their City with Wooden Walls, (that is) with Ships.

The latter part of this Passage is very obscure, and the Commentators are a good deal puzzled about it. *Beroaldus* fancies it relates to an old Dispute between the *Megarenses* and *Athenians* concerning the Propriety of *Salamis*, in which the former were cast, and the Island adjudged to the latter upon the Evidence of a Verse in *Homer*. The other Interpretation is, that this Passage alludes to another *Salamis* in *Cyprus*, according to that of *Horace*,

*Ambiguam tellure Novam Salamina futuram.*

As if it were to confirm the Opinion of this *Athenian Salamis*, being the first and true one. In the Translation, I have endeavour'd to take in both these Senses.

Ver. 283. *Jove's Cretan People.*] *Crete* was famous for the Birth, and even for the Burial of *Jupiter*. *Gnossus* was one of the Hundred Cities in that Island.

Ver. 287. *Athamans,*] People of the Mountains in *Epirus*.

Ver. 288. *Dardan Oriconians.*] *Oricum*, or *Oricon*, a Town of *Epirus* call'd *Dardan*, from being formerly subject to *Helenus* and *Andromache*.

Ver.



Ver. 289. *Encheliæ*,] People of *Illyria*, where *Cadmus* and *Hermione* were said to be turn'd into Snakes; the Word *Ἐγκελος* signifies a kind of Serpent in *Greek*.

Ver. 292. *Absyrtos*,] Is said to be a River and Island of the same Name on the Coast of *Illyria*, where *Absyrtos* the Brother of *Medea* was cut to Pieces. *Cellarius* mentions only the Islands *Absyrtides*.

Ver. 293. *Peneus*,] Was a River, and *Jolcos* a Sea-port Town in *Thes-saly*, from whence the *Argonauts* set forth with *Jason*.

Ver. 303. *Pholoe*,] A Mountain in *Arcadia*, inhabited by *Centaur*s.

Ver. 304. *Hæmus*,] Or *Æmus*, a Mountain in *Thrace*.

Ver. 305. *Strymon*,] A River of *Thrace*, whose Banks abounded with Cranes, now called *Ischar*, in the *European Turkey*.

Ver. 309. *Cone* and *Peuce*.] The latter of these was an Island amongst the Mouths of the *Ister* or *Danube*; the former was likewise thereabouts.

Ver. 311. *From Idalis*.] The Commentators explain the *Tellus Idalis* in this Place to be the Territory about Mount *Ida*, which must be a great Mistake in Geography; for *Caicus* is a River in *Mysia major*, a great way distant from *Ida*. It seems rather to have been a Town; and *Pliny* actually mentions one of that Name in this Part of *Asia*.

Ver. 312. *Arisbe*,] A Town in *Troas*.

Ver. 313. *From Pytane and sad Celenæ*.] *Pytane* was a Town not far from the Mouth of the River *Caicus*. *Celenæ* was a City near the Head of the River *Marsyas*, the fabulous Story of which is; That he found the Pipes *Pallas* had in Disdain thrown away, and pragmatically set up for as good a Musician as *Apollo*; by whom he was first vanquish'd, and then flea'd. But some compassionate Nymphs, who had so good a Taste as to like the Performance of *Marsyas* better than that of *Apollo*, turn'd him into a River which falls into the *Mæander*.

Ver. 330. *Idume*,] The same that is call'd in the Holy Scriptures *Edom*.

Ver. 332. *Ninos*,] A City of *Assyria* built by *Ninus*, the Husband of *Semiramis*. Some take it to be same with *Ninive*.

Ver. 333. *Tyre and Sidon*,] Two celebrated Maritime Towns on the Coast of *Phœnicia*, famous for the making of Purple, and their other Commerce and Navigation. *Tyre* was formerly an Island, but was join'd to the Continent by *Alexander* the Great. According to *Lucan* in this Place, they used to make their Observations, and direct their Course at Sea by the *Cynosura* or Lesser Bear.

Ver. 337. *Phœnicians first*.] *Cadmus* is said to be the first who brought the Use and Knowledge of Letters from amongst the *Phœnicians* into *Greece*. Himself perhaps was the Inventer of 'em: 'till then, the *Ægyptians*, among whom the earliest Dawnings of Learning began, deliver'd their Knowledge down to Posterity by Hieroglyphicks, or Figures carv'd upon Stone Pillars. Afterwards, when Letters were found out, they were the first who made Paper of a certain Flag or Reed growing in the Marshes of the *Nile*, call'd *Biblos* and *Papyrus*.

Ver. 347. *Taurus*,] A famous Mountain in *Asia*, most properly the Part which divides *Cilicia* and *Pamphylia* from *Armenia*.

Ver. 348. *Tarsos*,] A City of *Cilicia*, famous among Christians for the Birth of St. *Paul*.

Ver.



Ver. 349. *Then Mallian.*] *Mallos*, *Ægæ* and *Coricum* were Sea-port of *Cilicia*; at the latter of these was a remarkable Cave. *Lucan* observes very well here, that the *Cilicians* were engaged in a just Cause now, and not upon the same Foot as when they were famous for their Pyracies, and vanquish'd by *Pompey*.

Ver. 364. *Hydaspes,*] A River that rises in the Northermost Part of *India*, toward the Mountain *Imaus*, and falls into the *Indus*.

Ver. 371. *And quaff rich Juices.*] These were Sugar-Canes undoubtedly, tho' the *Saccharum*, or Sugar, of the Ancients was not like ours, but only the Juice squeez'd out and mingled with their Drink.

Ver. 372. *On their own Funerals.*] These are still the Manners of the *Brachmans* in *India*.

Ver. 379. *Amanus,*] A Mountain in *Cilicia*.

Ver. 381. *Coastrians.*] These People *Grotius*, from *Pliny*, makes Neighbours to the *Palus Mæotis*, perhaps the *Choraxi* mentioned thereabouts by *Cellarius*. Others call 'em *Coatræ*, and assign them to the Mountains between *Affyria* and *Media*.

Ver. 383. *For ever Northward.*] The People of *Arabia Foelix*, who lye between the Tropicks, while they were at home were used to see the Shadow fall sometimes to the North, and sometimes to the South, as the Sun was on this or that Side of 'em; but when they came without the Tropick of *Cancer*, they might very easily be surpriz'd to see the Sun always South, and the Shadow of Consequence always falling to the North.

Ver. 385. *Carmanian and Olostrian.*] The first were People between *Persia* and *India*, the latter about the Mouths of the River *Indus*.

Ver. 387. *The setting Bear.*] The Elevation of the North Pole is so very small in those Countries, that those Constellations, which never set with us, appear very little above the Horizon there.

Ver. 404. *Lend Occasion to the War.*] The Death of *Crassus*. See the First Book, Ver. 200.

Ver. 408. *Heniochi,*] People near the *Euxine* Sea, planted there by *Amphytus* and *Telechius*, the Charioteers (so the Word *Heniochi* signifies in *Greek*) of *Castor* and *Pollux*.

Ver. 410. *Sarmatians and Moschi,*] *Tartars* and *Russians*.

Ver. 411. *Colchis,*] famous for the Golden Fleece. The River *Phasis* runs thro' that Country into the *Euxine*.

Ver. 413. *With Halys fatal.*] *Halys* was a River that serv'd as a Boundary between *Lydia* and *Media*. It was famous for the quibbling Oracle given to *Cresus*, that *Passing over Halys he should subvert a mighty Empire*; which he took to be that of the *Medes*, and the Oracle meant his own.

Ver. 414. *Tanais.*] The *Don* among the *Tartars*.

Ver. 425. *Sithonians,*] With the other Names here mention'd, were *Scythians* or *Tartars*.

Ver. 434. *By Shafts he counted.*] *Herodotus* tells us, that *Xerxes* in a Review of that prodigious Army with which he invaded *Greece*, commanded every Soldier as he pass'd by to shoot an Arrow, by counting which he might have an exact Account of the whole Number of his Forces.

Ver. 435. *Not he who drew the Grecian Chiefs.*] *Agamemnon*.



Ver. 454. *Maffilia*,] A City of *France*, now famous by the Name of *Marfeilles*. It is faid to have been firft built by the *Macedonians*, and afterwards decaying, to have been rebuilt by the Inhabitants of *Phocæa* in *Asia Minor*, who were driven out of their Country by the Power of *Cyrus*. They are very often miftaken for, and fuppos'd to be defcended from, the Inhabitants of *Phocis* in *Greece*, efpecially by *Lucan*, who in this Story of the Siege frequently calls 'em *Greeks*.

When *Cæfar* underftood that *Domitius*, whom he had lately taken Pri-  
soner, and releas'd at *Corfinium*, had put himfelf into this City, that fa-  
vour'd *Pompey*, he fent for Fifteen of the principal Men out of the Town,  
and advis'd 'em not to draw a War upon themfelves, by their Partia-  
lity and blind Obedience to one Man. They had fhut their Gates againft  
him, and befought him with the foftest Terms of Civility to go on, and  
leave them in what they call'd a Neutrality; but *Cæfar* faw thro' their Ar-  
tifice, and laid a clofe Siege to the Town.

Ver. 525. *Like brave Saguntum*,] Now call'd *Morviedro*, in the King-  
dom of *Valencia* in *Spain*. It was famous for the Siege it fustain'd againft  
*Hannibal*. The Inhabitats, after Eight or Nine Months Refiftance, and  
fuffering the laft Extremities, chofe rather to burn themfelves and every  
thing that was dear or precious to them, than furrender to him.

Ver. 596. *Unviolated facred Wood*.] I cannot but think *Taffo* took the  
Hint of his enchanted Wood, in the Thirteenth Book of his *Gierufalemme*  
*Liberata*, from this of *Lucan*.

Ver. 653. *Jove's Dodonian Tree*.] At *Dodona* in *Epirus* *Jupiter* was  
faid to give Oracles out of an Oak.

Ver. 675. *To Trebonius' Care*.] *Cæfar* had fent *Caius Fabius* with three  
Legions into *Spain*, to diflodge *Afranius*, a Lieutenant of *Pompey's* in the  
*Pyrenean Straights*; and now himfelf leaving *C. Trebonius* to befiege *Maf-*  
*filia* by Land, and *Decius Brutus* to fhut it up by Sea, goes with 900 Horfe  
into *Spain* to join *Fabius*.

Ver. 678. *High tott'ring Tow'rs*.] The *Turres Mobiles*, or moveable  
Turrets, made ufe of by the *Romans* in Sieges, were of two Sorts, the Leſ-  
fer and the Greater: The leſſer Sort were about 60 Cubits high, and the  
ſquare Sides 17 Cubits broad. They had Five or Six, and ſometimes Ten  
Stories or Diviſions, every Diviſion being made open on all Sides. The  
greater Turret was 120 Cubits high, and 23 Cubits ſquare, containing  
ſometimes 15, ſometimes 20 Diviſions. They were of very great Uſe in  
making Approaches to the Walls, the Diviſions being capable of carrying  
Soldiers with Engines, Ladders, Caſting-Bridges, and other Neceſſaries.  
The Wheels on which they went were contriv'd to be within the Planks,  
to defend them from the Enemy; and the Men who were to drive 'em  
forward ſtood behind where they were moſt ſecure. The Soldiers in the  
Infide were protected by Raw Hides; which were thrown over the Turret  
in ſuch Places as were moſt expoſ'd.

Ver. 694. *Now by ſome vaſt Machine*.] The Machine here mention'd  
is what the *Romans* call'd *Baliſta*. Throwing of Stones was the proper for  
of it; as the *Catapulta* was for large Darts and Spears, and the *Scorpio* Uſe  
leſſer Darts or Arrows. *Dr. Kenner's Roman Antiquities*.



Ver. 704. *The Warlike Shell.*] The *Testudo* or Shell was a Figure the Roman Infantry threw themselves into, with their Shields over their Heads to protect 'em.

Ver. 719. *Phalanx.*] This properly signifies a square Body of Infantry used by the Macedonians, but is taken here at large for any Body of Foot.

For the *Vinea*, see before, Book II.

The Ram is describ'd in *Josephus*, and is not unknown to most Readers. Of this likewise see Dr. Kennet in *B. IV. Cap. 19.*

Ver. 771. *Stæchades.*) The Isles of *Hieres*, not far from *Toulon*, on the Coast of *Provence*.

Ver. 908. *He the bold Youth.*] The Elder of the two, suppose. This Place is in Imitation of *Virgil, Æn. 10.*

*Daucia Laridæ Thimberque simillima Proles  
Indiscreta suis gratulæque, &c.*

*And after him the Daucian Twins were slain,  
Laris and Timbrus, on the Latian Plain;  
So wondrous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,  
As caus'd an Error in their Parents Eyes.  
Grateful Mistake! but soon the Sword decides  
The nice Distinction, and their Fate divides.*

Mr. Dryden.

Ver. 1101. *With Oils.*] This was a Composition like our Wildfire. The Ancients had a sort of Darts, which they call'd *Phalaricæ*, which were dawl'd or wound about with combustible Matter: Their Use was to be shot into a Ship, Wooden Tower, or any thing that was to be set on Fire.

*End of the Notes on the Third Book.*





# N O T E S

## U P O N T H E

### F O U R T H B O O K.

Ver. 5. *Vast is the Prize.*] **T**HE Reduction of *Afranius* and *Petreius*, Pompey's Lieutenants in *Spain*, with so little Bloodshed, was of great Advantage to *Cæsar*, as it secur'd that Province to him upon which *Pompey* principally rely'd, and left him at Liberty to prosecute the War more powerfully in other Places.

Ver. 12. *The nimble Vectons.*] The *Vectones*, or *Vettonēs*, were a People of *Lusitania*, (*Portugal*) separated from *Asturia* by the River *Durius* (*Douro*).

Ver. 14. *Celtiberians,*] People of *Arragon*.

Ver. 19. *Ilerda.*] The City of *Lerida* in *Catalonia*. *Sicoris* the River *Segre*, and *Cinga* the *Cinca*, which fall into the *Iberus* or *Ebro* in the same Country.

Ver. 48. *When Cæsar bent War's wily.*] *Cæsar* perceiving the Enemy not dispos'd to an Engagement, kept Two Lines of his Army (which he had drawn up into Three) under their Arms all Night, while the third threw up a Trench in the Rear for the Security of his Camp. The next Morning he endeavour'd to possess himself of a Height, in order to cut off the Enemy's Communication with *Ilerda*, but was repuls'd with some Loss.

Ver. 92. *To parch.*] The Latin Word here is *Urebat*, and seems to me by no means unelegant, extream Cold and extream Heat appearing to have much the same Effects upon Grass or other Herbs.

Ver. 93. *In Aries' Vernal.*] In the Vernal Equinox, about the 10th of *March*.

Ver. 98. *When Boreas.*] The Weather altering with the New Moon.

Ver. 106. *Calpe.*] *Gibraltar*; here it is generally taken for *Spain*.

Ver. 120. *She stoopt to drink.*] So *Virgil* in the First *Georgick*,

*Et bibit ingens  
Arcus.*

*At either Horn the Rainbow drinks the Flood.* Mr. Dryden.

As if they fancy'd the Rainbow drew up Water from the Sea or Rivers, and pour'd it down again in Showers of Rain.

Ver. 145. *Curs'd Merchandize.*] History has a remarkable Instance of this kind of Avarice, when during the Siege of *Præneste*, a Soldier, who was himself dying (and shortly after did die) for Hunger, sold a Mouse he had caught for 200 *Roman Denarii*; they were worth about Seven Pence Farthing of our Money apiece.

Ver.



Ver. 160. *Such are the Climes.*] The Poet means here the Polar Regions. The Hyperbole, a Figure in which he is given to offend, is somewhat overstrain'd.

Ver. 202. *The bending Willow.*] *Cæsar*, as appears by his own Commentaries, had learn'd to make these sort of Boats from the *Britons*.

Ver. 221. *Ilerda's lofty Walls.*] There were many Reasons for *Afranius* and *Petreibus* to decamp at this time, and endeavour to transfer the Seat of the War into *Celtiberia*; and it was not one of the least that that Part of *Spain* was extremely well affected to *Pompey*, as having receiv'd several Benefits from him in the War with *Sertorius*. They dislodged therefore in the Night, and march'd towards the River *Iberus*: But *Cæsar*, upon the first Notice of their Motion, used so much Diligence, that he got before 'em, made himself Master of a Pass they intended to seize upon, and cut off their Communication with the River they intended to pass.

Ver. 293. *Speak, unhappy Roman.*] If this Civil War be such an Affliction to you, why will you follow *Cæsar*?

Ver. 313. *Too well they know.*] After a Fondness and Reconciliation of this kind, certainly the Butcheries that they were guilty of afterwards appear'd the more horrible.

Ver. 333. *Petreibus soon is told.*] This Jealousy of *Petreibus* was certainly unworthy of a Man who had the best Cause; and even the Poet himself cannot forbear running out in Praise of *Cæsar* on this Occasion; the Baseness and Cruelty of *Petreibus* was inexcusable.

Ver. 420. *Glittering Brand.*] This Word is used for a Sword by some of the best of our *English* Poets, *Spencer* and *Fairfax* especially.

Ver. 514. *Oh happy those.*] *Jugurtha*, *Mithridates*, and *Juba*, when they were vanquish'd by the *Romans*, are said to have poison'd the Waters every where as they fled.

Ver. 535. *Between two Streams,*] The *Sicoris* and *Iberus*.

Ver. 589. *On equal Terms.*] On fair, honest, and friendly Conditions.

Ver. 614. *From Myrrhine Goblets.*] This should rather be read *Mur-rine*, from *Murra*, a sort of precious Stone which was transparent like our *China-Ware*, and of which the Ancients made Drinking-Vessels. If we read it *Myrrhine*, it must be understood to be Goblets perfum'd with Myrrh, which was likewise in use among the *Romans*.

Ver. 633. *Let the proud Masters.*] *Cæsar* and his Army.

Ver. 650. *His kinder Fate.*] *Lucan* observes that it was the particular good Fortune of these Soldiers of *Afranius* and *Petreibus* to be dismiss'd from the Service even before their Disability or old Age could, by virtue of the Laws and Military Constitutions, claim such a Favour.

Ver. 664. *But Fortune bent.*] *Dolabella* and *C. Antonius* were commanded by *Cæsar* to possess themselves of the Entrance into the *Adriatick* Sea; and accordingly the first encamp'd on the *Illyrian* Shore, and the other on the Islands over-against *Salone*. *Pompey* was then almost every where Master of the Seas, and consequently *Octavius* and *Libo*, two of his Lieutenants, shut up *Antonius*, and besieged him with a great Fleet. *Basilus* (as *Lucan* relates it here) came to relieve him, and attempting afterwards to get off (tho' the Historians say it was in coming to *Antonius*) two Vessels or Floats of a new Invention, out of three, got over a kind of Boom that was laid under the Water, but the third, which was mann'd by a Thousand *Opitergians*, commanded by *Vulteius*, was ensnared and held fast.

These,



These, after they had for a whole Day resisted a very unequal Assault from a Force vastly superior to their own, at the Perswasion and by the Example of their Leader, slew one another: A rare Example of Fidelity even to Arbitrary and Tyrannical Power

Ver. 669. *Jader.*] A River of *Dalmatia* that ran by *Salonæ*, not far from (or it may be the same with) the present *Spalato*.

Ver. 670. *Curictans.*] Most Editions read *Curetes* in the Original; but *Curictans* is certainly better, and approv'd by the ancient Geographers. *Curicta* is an Island in the *Sinus Flanaticus*, or Gulf of *Carnero*, in the upper End of the *Adriatick* Sea between the Coasts of *Istria* and *Liburnia*.

Ver. 717. *Impatient Combatant delays.*] *Octavius* stood out to Sea, and wou'd not suffer his Men to engage at first, that he might draw the Enemy out from among the Islands, and surround 'em at once.

The Time and Place where this Action happen'd is somewhat doubted of; but I take it as related by my Author.

Ver. 726. *E'er yet the Deer.*] The Roman Hunters, when they set Toils to inclose their Game, placed upon the Top of the Nets Feathers that were painted of several Colours, and likewise burnt, that by their Dancing as well as strong Scent they might scare the Deer from coming up to, or attempting to break thro' 'em. So *Virgil*,

*Puniceæve agitant trepidos formidine pennæ.*

*Nor scare the trembling Deer with Purple Plumes.*

Ver. 741. *Acknowledg'd Victor.*] The *Cilician* Pyrates were subdued by *Pompey*. See Book I.

As this Story is related, *Pompey's* Forces had seiz'd upon some Passage or Strait thro' which these Vessels were to pass.

Ver. 764. *Opitergians.*] *Opitergium*, now called *Oderzo*, in the Territory of *Venice*, in the Marquisate of *Trevigiano*.

Ver. 799. *With equal Praise we die.*] We die with as much Honour, tho' Death comes to our Doors to seek us, as if we had gone out to meet it.

Ver. 821. *And Fellows of our Cause.*] Those under the Command of *Dolabella* on the Coast of *Illyria*.

Ver. 874. *In Leda's Twins.*] When the Sun was passing from *Gemini* into *Cancer*, about the Beginning of *June*.

Ver. 877. *Thessalian Chiron.*] *Sagittary*, the opposite Sign, was then setting.

Ver. 880. *Greeks, Istrians, and Liburnians.*] All on *Pompey's* Side.

Ver. 911. *Cadmus' Harvest.*] The Stories of *Cadmus* and *Jason's* sowing the Teeth of the Dragons which they had kill'd in *Bœotia* and *Colchis*, and the Men that sprung up from 'em, and kill'd one another, are to be found at large in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*.

Ver. 914. *An Omen dire.*] Because the two Sons of *Oedipus*, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, kill'd one another afterwards at the same Place.

Ver. 919. *The fell Enchantress.*] *Medea*, who instructed *Jason*.

Ver. 928. *Sires, Sons, and Brothers.*] That is, such of 'em as were capable of being together in the Service; so that this Passage does not contradict that above in *Vulteius's* Speech, Ver. 834.

Ver. 941. *Lawless Pow'r.*] *Cæsar's*.

F f f f f f

Ver.



Ver. 961. *The well-known Camp.*] The *Castra Corneliana*, where *Cornelius Scipio* had formerly encamp'd, and left his Name to the Place from his remarkable Successes there in the Second *Punick War*.

Ver. 968. *Antæus.*] I wonder *Lucan*, who seems to avoid *the Fabulous* in his Poem, should go so far out of the Way for this. The Place of *Antæus's* Abode and Burial is by no Author placed in this Part of *Africk*; some fix it in *Mauritania Tingitana*, others in *Libya*, and *Cellarius* between the *Nile* and the *Red-Sea*.

Ver. 980. *Pblegra,*] Where the Gods and the Giants fought a pitch'd Battle.

Ver. 1006. *Olympick Oil,*] As was usual among the Racers and Wrestlers at the *Olympick Games*.

Ver. 1034. *The dreadful Snake.*] The *Hydra*.

Ver. 1086. *Autololes,*] Or *Autololæ*, People, according to some, of *Gæ-tulia* upon the Shore of the *Atlantick Ocean*; according to others, of *Mauritania Cæsariensis* joining to *Numidia*; these latter seem to be those mention'd by *Lucan*.

The *African Nations* here reckon'd by the Poet as the Subjects of *Juba*, possess'd not only all that which we at present call the Coast of *Barbary*, but extended beyond *Atlas* very far Southward, and from the *Straights Mouth* along the *Atlantick Ocean* as far as the *Fortunate* or *Canary Islands*.

Ver. 1157. *Ichneumon.*] This is a Creature commonly call'd the Rat of *Ægypt*, of the Bigness of a Weazel or small Cat, an Enemy to Serpents, but particularly to the Crocodile.

Ver. 1164. *His Intent.*] *Juba's*.

Ver. 1172. *Punick Frauds.*] The *Fraus Punica*, or *Punick Fraud*, was a famous Expression among the *Romans* to signify the most subtle Deceit.

*Lucan* says, that *Curio* sent out the Horse by Night, undoubtedly with Design to reconnoitre (or discover) the Country and the Posture of the Enemy, but that he march'd without knowing any thing of their Strength.

Ver. 1193. *The weary Horse.*] The *Roman Horse*, when they came to charge, were quite tir'd and jaded.

Ver. 1210. *Bistonian.*] *Bistonia* was a City of *Thrace* built by *Biston* the Son of *Mars* and *Callirrhœe*, from whence all the *Thracians* were call'd *Bistons*, and the Winds blowing from that Country *Bistonian*.

Ver. 1224. *Fierce Moors disdain*] That their Conquest should be owing to the Tumult and Disorder of the Enemy, they would have rather gain'd it with more Slaughter.

Ver. 1233. *Thus do the Gods?*] The Poet would not have any Advantage accrue to *Pompey* (whose Person and Cause he always favours) from the Blood of his Countrymen, but would rather transfer the Benefit of such Success, as well as the Guilt of it, to *Juba* and his *Africans*.

Ver. 1238. *And Curio now.*] *Curio* has been mention'd before in the First Book. He was in Debt immensely for a private Man. *Val. Maximus* says, that *Cæsar* paid *Sexcenties H.S.* 60000 *Sestertia*, which is above 460000 *l.* Sterling for him, so that *Cæsar* might be well said to buy, and *Curio* to sell the Commonwealth.

*End of the Notes on the Fourth Book.*



# N O T E S

## U P O N T H E

### F I F T H B O O K.

Ver. 5. *The setting Pleiades.*] **T**HE Seven Stars set Cosmically, as the Astronomers call it, (or about Sun-rising) about the Middle of *November*. It signifies here only the latter End of the Year.

Ver. 8. *When other Names,*] Of the new Consuls. For the *Fasti* see before in the Notes on *Book II*.

Ver. 19. *Lictors.*] These were somewhat like our Serjeants at Mace: They attended the principal *Roman* Magistrates, and carry'd the Ensigns of their Authority, the Rods and Axes, before 'em.

Ver. 32. *Those Captive Walls.*] *Rome* possess'd by *Cæsar*.

Ver. 47. *At Veia Rome.*] When *Rome* was sack'd by the *Gauls*, the Senate assembled at *Veia*, about three Leagues from their own City, and there appointed *Camillus* Dictator.

Ver. 59. *And with the World.*] The Consul *Lentulus* would insinuate, that their Successes against *Vulteius* and *Curio* did over-ballance the Losses they had sustain'd in *Spain* and *Italy*; and were to be look'd upon as an Earnest of their recovering the Empire of the World.

Ver. 80. *Rhodes by Phœbus lov'd.*] The *Colossus* and Temple of the Sun in that Island were famous in Antiquity.

Ver. 82. *Her Parent Phocis.*] See Notes on *Book III*.

Ver. 84. *Deiotarus his Truth.*] *Deiotarus* King of *Galatia* brought 600 Horse to join *Pompey*; *Cotys* King of *Thrace* sent 500, under the Conduct of his Son *Sadalis*; and *Rhasipolis* brought 200 from *Macedonia*.

Ver. 90. *And thou too, Ptolomy.*] *Ptolomy* defrauded his Sister *Cleopatra* of her Share in the Kingdom; and in killing *Pompey*, sav'd *Cæsar* the Guilt of that impious Act. *Lagos* was a Sirname of the *Ptolomy's* Family.

Ver. 102. *Appius alone.*] *Appius* the Governour of *Achaia*, desirous to know the Event of the Civil War, compell'd the Priestess of *Delphos* to descend to the Oracle, which had not of a long time been used.

Ver. 111. *Parnassus' Tops.*] The Mountain *Parnassus* was sacred to *Phœbus* and *Bacchus*, and by the Ancients believ'd to be exactly in the Middle of the Earth.

Ver. 115. *The Mænades.*] These were Priestesses properly of *Bacchus*. The *Trieterica*, or Three-yearly Feasts, were sacred to that God, in Honour of his Return from his Victories in *India*.

Ver.



Ver. 122. *Python*,] Was a monstrous Serpent sent by *Juno* to persecute *Latona*. He was kill'd by *Pœan* or *Apollo*.

Ver. 123. *Themis*.] The Goddess of Justice.

Ver. 125. *Diviner Breathings*.] The Original of this Oracle was said to be from certain Blasts or Exhalations which proceeded from a deep Cavern in the Earth, and which inspir'd the *Pythian*, or Prophetess, with a Spirit of Prediction. And *Lucan*, in this Place, makes *Apollo* add his Godhead to some Divine Quality that was before in the Earth it self. For a larger Account of this Oracle, see Dr. *Potter*, the present Bishop of *Oxford*, in his *Archæologia Græca*, Lib. II. Cap. 9.

Ver. 151. *Inarimè*,] An Island on the Coast of *Italy* near *Naples*, now *Ischia*, in which there is a *Volcano* or fiery Eruption. The Giant *Typhæus* is feign'd by the Poets to have been struck with Lightning by *Jupiter*, and this Island thrown upon him.

Ver. 154. *To none his Aid*.] That is, in the Times when there were frequent Oracles given (using the *Present Tense* for the *Præterite*, frequent in Poetry.) It is plain, not only from *Lucan* in this Book, but other ancient Authors, that this and other Oracles had been silent some time before the Civil War between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*.

Ver. 159. *Oft to a banish'd*.] There are frequent Instances in Story of these useful Oracles. The *Phœnicians*, driven by Earthquakes from their first Habitations, were taught to fix first at *Sidon*, and after at *Tyre*. When *Greece* was invaded by *Xerxes*, the *Athenians* were advised to trust in their Wooden Walls, (their Ships) and beat the *Persians* at Sea at the Battle of *Salamis*. A Famine in *Ægypt*, and the Plague at *Thebes* for the Murder of *Laius*, were both remov'd by consulting this Oracle.

Ver. 166. *But Tyrants*.] They forbid their Subjects to enquire.

Ver. 174. *Tripods*.] There are several differing Opinions concerning the *Tripus* or *Tripod* at *Delphos*, which are collected by the Learned Dr. *Potter* (as above). The most common, and, I think, the most probable is, that it was a Three-legged Stool or Seat, placed over the Hole or Vent of the sacred Cavern: Upon this the Priestess fate or lean'd, and receiv'd the Divine *Afflatus*, or Blast, from below. Those that have a Curiosity to be better inform'd may see *Vandale de Oraculis*.

Ver. 191. *When the fierce Barbarian's Fires*.] When *Delphos* was taken and sack'd, and the Temple burnt by *Brennus* and the *Gauls*.

Ver. 196. *The Sibyl's mystick Verse*.] That Volume which was kept at *Rome*, and consulted upon the most important publick Occasions.

Ver. 226. *Thy mortal Sounds*.] Your own Words; what you speak from your self, and not from the Inspiration of *Apollo*.

Ver. 247. *His sounding Rod*.] In these Divine Furies the Priestess seem'd to be driven along with Whips.

Ver. 266. *Phemonœ*.] *Lucan* gives this Name to the Priestess of his Time, probably because it was the Name of the first Maid that deliver'd these Oracles.

Ver. 320. *Eubæan Chalcis*.] *Chalcis* and *Aulis* lye over-against each other, one in *Eubæa* (*Negropont*), the other in *Boeotia*, with the *Euripus* or Gulf between.

Ver. 326. *Rhamnusia*.] *Nemesis*, or the Goddess of Divine Vengeance, was particularly worship'd at *Rhamnus*, a Town in *Attica*, and from thence called *Rhamnusia*. *Appius* thinking this Oracle had warn'd him only to abstain



abstain from this War, retired into that Country call'd *Coela Eubæa*, where before the Battle of *Pharsalia* he died of a Disease, and was there buried, and so possess'd quietly the Place which the Oracle had promis'd him.

Ver. 331. *To other Wars.*] *Cæsar* was now return'd from *Spain* to *Placentia* in *Italy*, and was going to follow *Pompey* into *Epirus* and *Macedonia*, when this Mutiny in his Army happen'd. As *Lucan* tells the Story, he seems not to have been present at the Time when it first began, but upon the first Notice of it to have repaired to the Camp. Nor does the Speech of one of the Ringleaders (tho' address'd to him) suppose him to be present.

Ver. 402. *Are we the only Fools.*] Do you think, we only are ignorant how greatly we may deserve of the Commonwealth by killing you?

Ver. 440. *Tarpeian Jove.*] The Capitol.

Ver. 455. *Fierce Enyo.*] The Goddess of Civil War.

Ver. 500. *Labienus.*] He had been *Cæsar's* Lieutenant in *Gaul*; but was perswaded by *Cæsar's* Enemies to forsake him, and go over to *Pompey*.

Ver. 506. *Nor is it worth my Care.*] It is very indifferent to me whether you only forsake me, and remain Neuters, or go over to *Pompey* and assist him.

Ver. 530. *Their late Equality.*] See before, *Ver.* 410.

Ver. 539. *And would not find.*] As thinking such a Disposition of Mind too tame for the Execution of Designs like his.

Ver. 540. *A few at length.*] *Cæsar* cashier'd, with Infamy, all the Ninth Legion at *Placentia*, and with much ado, after many Prayers and great Submissions, receiv'd them again, but not without making severe Examples of the chief Mutineers.

Ver. 549. *From Taras,*] Or *Tara*, a River of *Naples* in the Province of *Otranto*; it rises in the *Apennine* Mountains, and falls into the Gulf of *Tarentum*.

*Hydrus* and *Hydruntium* was the ancient Name of *Otranto*: Here it signifies a River probably near that Place of the same Name.

*Salapia* and *Sipus* were both Towns in *Apulia*.

*Garganus*, a Mountain in *Apulia*.

Ver. 555. *Mean while the Chief.*] *Cæsar* made himself Dictator at *Rome* without any lawful Election, (that is) neither nam'd by the Senate or Consul; and eleven Days after quitted his Dictatorship, having made himself and *Publius Servilius* Consuls.

Ver. 565. *Then learn'd our Sires.*] Then began those Names of Flattery which were afterwards used to their Emperors of *Divus*, *Semper Augustus*, *Pater Patriæ*, &c. *Divine*, *For ever August*, *Father of his Country*, &c.

Ver. 571. *And while all Pow'rs.*] After all Government was in the Hands of *Cæsar* alone, all the ancient Rites observ'd in creating of Magistrates were quite taken away; an imaginary Face of Election was still kept up in the Field of *Mars*; the Tribes were summon'd indeed, but were not admitted to give their Suffrages distinctly and regularly. The other Orders were vain and meerly formal; for the Emperor commended him to the Centuries whom he intended shou'd be Consul, or else design'd him and actually chose him himself. The Observations of the Augurs were formerly greatly regarded on these Occasions; but under the Emperors the Religion

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was



was prostituted to the Prince, and the Prophet prophesy'd as *Cæsar* pleas'd.

It is proper to observe here, that the Appearance of an Owl within the City was reckon'd amongst the most unlucky Omens.

Ver. 580. *Monthly Consuls.*] Under the Emperors Consuls were often chosen for Half a Year, or for one, two, or three Months.

Ver. 584. *Ta Alban Jove.*] The *Feria Latina*, or Latin Festivals, here mention'd, were such as were celebrated by the new Consuls in the *Alban Mountain* to *Jupiter* by Torch-light, with great Solemnity. But *Lucan* says, with little Reverence for *Jupiter*, that the God deserv'd they should be thus disrespectfully huddled over by *Cæsar*, for suffering the *Romans*, who were the Race of *Æneas* and *Ascanius* (the latter of whom instituted these Rites) to be brought into Slavery.

Ver. 610. *Phæacian Galleys.*] *Pompey's* Galleys that lay at *Dyrhachium*, which was built by the *Phæacians*, who inhabited *Coreyra* (now *Corfu*.)

Ver. 629. *The Bosphori.*] Two Streights, the one called the *Thracian*, the other the *Cimmerian Bosphorus*, lye at each End of the *Euxine Sea*. The former is now the Channel of *Constantinople*, and the latter the Streights of *Caffa*.

Ver. 658. *Palæste,*] A Village in *Epirus* near the City of *Oricum*.

Ver. 660. *Genusus,*] Now *Arzenza*, and *Apfus* now *Æspra*, two Rivers of *Macedonia* that fall into the *Adriatick Sea*.

Ver. 679. *While Antony.*] When *Cæsar* pass'd over into *Greece* with part of his Army, he left the other with *M. Antony* at *Brundisium*.

Ver. 715. *The Night's third Hour,*] Our Nine at Night. See *Book II. V. 1075*.

Ver. 777. *Now North, now South,*] As is very often seen when the Sun is behind a black Cloud, and the Rays strike out on each Side. These Prognosticks of the Weather are much the same with those in *Virgil's* First Georgick, and many of 'em are to be found in *Aratus*.

Ver. 813. *From the Norwest.*] The Tide or Current of the Sea setting one way, and the Clouds another.

Ver. 816. *Nor can one Relict.*] As if he had said; Tho' we are sure to be cast away, yet not the least Piece of the Vessel shall be driven towards *Italy*.

Ver. 915. *Leucadia,*] Or *Leucas*, an Island in the *Ionian Sea*, over-against *Acarnania*, now call'd the Isle of *St. Maur*.

Ver. 935. *Ceraunia,*] Or *Acro-Ceraunium*, a Promontory in *Epirus*, running out into the *Adriatick Sea*.

Ver. 1024. *Strymon,*] Is a River in that Part of *Thrace* which joins to *Macedonia*. 'Tis now call'd *Stromona*. The Commentators observe upon this Passage, that the Cranes in their Flight (as here from a colder to a warmer Climate) usually kept in the Form of one of these three Greek Letters Δ Λ or γ, unless the Violence of the Wind broke their Order.

Ver. 1035. *O'er-passing Lyffus.*] This was a Town of *Macedonia* at the Mouth of the River *Drilon* on the Borders of *Illyricum*. The *Nymphæum* here mention'd is a Promontory of *Macedonia* on the *Ionian Sea*, not far from *Apollonia*.



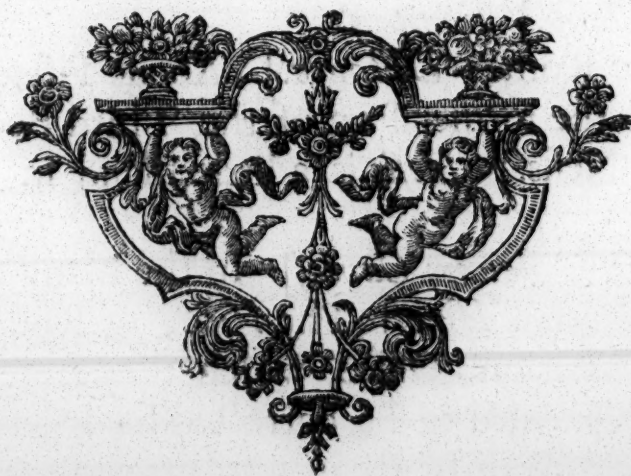
I don't know whether it be worth while to observe, that this Passage concerning the Course of *Cæsar's* Fleet is differently related by the Historians.

Ver. 1041. *To distant Lesbos.*] This was one of the most considerable Islands in the *Archipelago*, on the Coast of *Asia*. It was greatly favour'd by *Pompey*, and after it had suffer'd in the *Mithridatick* War, restor'd by him to its Liberty. See more of this Place in the Eighth Book.

Ver. 1080. *Nor dost thou love.*] As if *Cornelia* could not come up to the Virtue of the *Roman* Matrons, if she did not look with Detestation, even upon her Husband, when he was engaged in a Civil War.

Ver. 1105. *Stand divorc'd.*] Divorces were very frequent among the *Romans*; tho' *Cornelia*, who was a Lady of singular Virtue, complains here that she shou'd be parted from her Husband upon any other Occasion than Death.

*End of the Notes on the Fifth Book.*





# N O T E S

## UPON THE

### S I X T H B O O K.

Ver. 25. *Taulantian Petra.*] **T**HE *Taulantii* were a People of *Macedonia*, possessing the Country between *Apollonia* and *Dyrrhachium*; and *Petra* was a Mountain, or Ridge of Rising-Grounds, near the latter of these Places.

Ver. 27. *This Place.*] *Dyrrhachium*.

Ver. 55. *Each Grecian Dwelling.*] *Macedonia*, where the Two Armies then lay, was always reckon'd a Part of *Greece*.

Ver. 64. *Around vast Tracts.*] This vast Line, which *Cæsar* drew to enclose *Pompey*, was Fifteen Miles in Compass; so that it was impossible for him to man every Part of it; and indeed it was so large, that it was some time before *Pompey* felt the Want of Forrage.

Ver. 81. *The Labours of.*] He means the famous Walls of *Babylon*, built by *Semiramis*.

Ver. 91. *A Force like this,*] Or rather a Diligence, Labour, and Work like this of *Cæsar's*.

Ver. 93. *The Lovers Shores.*] *Sestos* and *Abydos*, where *Leander* and *Hero* liv'd. The *Ægean* and *Ionian* are the two Seas on each Side the Isthmus of *Corinth*.

Ver. 103. *The Libyan.*] Alluding to the War in *Africa*, supported after *Pompey's* Death by *Cato* and *Juba*.

Ver. 113. *The Cantian Shore.*] The Original is *Rutupina Littora*; the ancient *Rutupium*, or *Rutupiæ*, is *Richborow* near *Sandwich* in *Kent*.

Ver. 119. *His Camp.*] *Pompey's*.

Ver. 121. *Far as Rome's Distance.*] About Fifteen Miles from *Africa*. See the Notes upon the former Part of the Third Book.

Ver. 143. *From Nefis.*] *Nefis* is a little Island in the Gulph of *Naples*, now called *Nesita*.

Ver. 145. *Typhæus' steamy Caves,*] In the Island of *Inarime*.

Ver. 240. *The Latian Vine.*] The *Vitis*, or Rod made of a Vine, was the Badge of the Centurion's Office, which they bore in their Hands, and with which the Soldiers used to be corrected for lesser Offences.

Ver. 441. *Roman Pæan.*] *Pæan* was properly the Name of *Apollo*, which the *Roman* Soldiers used frequently to repeat in their Songs of Victory, which they sung as they accompanied the Triumphs of their Generals.

Ver. 489. *Streight to Torquatus.*] When *Pompey* had forc'd his Passage thro' *Cæsar's* Lines, *Cæsar*, to repair the Loss and Disgrace of that Action,



Action, attack'd with 33 Cohorts a Castle of the Enemy's, commanded by *Torquatus*. He had now beat the Besieged out of the Ditch, when *Pompey*, hearing of their Distress, came himself with the Fifth Legion to their Assistance. *Cæsar's* Horse, fearing to be enclosed, gave way first; which the Foot seeing, and that *Pompey* was there in Person, fled likewise. If *Pompey* had made as much Advantage of his Success here, as *Lucan* insinuates a more cruel Conqueror would have done, this Action might have decided the War at once.

Ver. 506. *The Giant roars.*] *Enceladus*, who was struck with Lightning, and laid there by *Jupiter*.

Ver. 519. *Had Sylla then.*] Tho' *Lucan* was rather a Favourer of *Sylla*, yet see how even he paints the Cruelty of his Victories in the Second Book.

Ver. 528. *No Crime more great.*] That is, *Pompey* had not been murder'd in *Ægypt*. *Juba* and *Petereus* were vanquish'd by *Cæsar* in *Africa*, and kill'd each other.

The *Scipio* meant here, is *Corn. Scipio*, Father of *Pompey's* Wife *Corne- lia*, who likewise kill'd himself on the same Occasion in *Africk*.

*Cato's* Story is made common, as well as immortal, by Mr. *Addison*.

Ver. 540. *To Italy.*] Which he might easily have recover'd.

Ver. 556. *Candavia,*] A wild mountainous Country full of Woods, upon the Borders of *Macedonia* and *Illyricum*.

Ver. 559. *Where Eurys blows.*] This Chorographical Description of *Thessaly* is mostly taken from *Herodotus*, and agrees, tho' not altogether, with the Accounts and Maps of the Learned *Cellarius*. *Ossa* lyes to the East.

Ver. 562. *Pelion's broad Back.*] This is a literal Translation of my Author, tho' according to *Cellarius* he must be out in his Geography, as well as Astronomy; for as the Days lengthen the Sun rises to the Northward of the East; whereas *Cellarius* places *Pelion* to the Southward. For the rest, *Othrys* lyes to the South, *Pindus* to the W. S. W. and *Olympus* to the North.

Ver. 569. *The middle Space.*] He does not seem to mean here all that Region which the ancient Geographers call *Thessaly*, but the Fields of *Tempe* and *Pharsalia*, and the neighbouring Country, where the principal Scene of Action in this War lay.

Ver. 573. *But when Alcides.*] 'Tis said *Hercules* made a Passage between *Ossa* and *Olympus*, for the River *Peneus* to run into the Sea.

Ver. 580. *Phylace,*] A City in *Pthiotis*, a Province of *Thessaly*; where *Protesilaus* reign'd, who was the first that landed on the Shore of *Troy* in the famous Expedition of the *Greeks* against that Place; and was kill'd, according to the Prediction of the Oracle. Concerning him see *Ovid's Epistles*, and *Metam.* Lib. 12.

Ver. 582. *Pteleos,*] Or rather *Pteleum*, a Town upon the Sea-Coast in the same Country.

Ver. 583. *Dorion,*] Or *Dotion* as *Ascensius* will have it. There is some Dispute whether this Place be in *Magnesia* in *Thessaly*, or *Messenia* in the *Peloponesus*. *Lucan* is plainly of the first Opinion: However that be, near this Place *Thamyris*, a *Thracian* Poet, was punish'd with Blindness by the *Muses* for daring to contend with them.

Ver. 584. *Melibæa,*] A City of *Pthiotis*.

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*Trachin,*]



*Trachin,*] Or *Heracleas*, in the same Country: Here liv'd *Philoctetes*, to whom *Hercules* at his Death gave his fatal Arrows, without which *Troy* could not be taken. *Larissa* and *Argos* were Cities in the same Country. For the first, see afterwards in *Book 8*.

Ver. 589. *Bæotian Thebes.*] The ancient Geographers place a City called *Thebes* in *Pthiotis*. When *Agave*, Queen of *Thebes* in *Bæotia*, had in her Madness kill'd her Son *Pentheus*, and cut off his Head, at length recovering her Senses, she fled into this Country, and bury'd her Son's Head here, and probably gave the Name of *Thebes* to the Place where she settled.

Ver. 594. *The gushing Waters.*] From the Cities that were built by the first Inhabitants, the Poet goes on to enumerate the famous Rivers of *Thessaly*, which were left in their proper Channels, after the great Lake was empty'd.

Ver. 596. *The narrow Æas.*] I find no River of this Name among the ancient Geographers, except one in *Macedonia*, which falls into the *Ionian* Sea by *Apollonia*. *Ovid* indeed makes the River *Æas* meet the *Peneus*, and I suppose *Lucan* follows him.

Ver. 597. *Evenos.*] This was a River in *Calydonia*, Part of *Ætolia*, where *Nessus* the Centaur attempting to ravish *Deianira* the Wife of *Hercules*, was kill'd by that Hero.

This River, as likewise *Achelous*, (in the same Country) are oddly introduc'd among the Rivers of *Thessaly*. But the next,

Ver. 600. *Io's aged Father*] *Inachus* is yet more remote, being a River of the *Peloponnesus*, unless we may suppose some River of less Note in *Thessaly*, which took its Name from that famous one of the *Argives*.

For the Story of *Jupiter* ravishing his Daughter *Io*, see *Ovid. Metam. Lib. 1*.

Ver. 603. *The Neighbour Isles.*] The *Echinades*, now *Curzolari*.

Ver. 604. *Amphryses.*] A River of *Thessaly*, near which *Apollo*, when he lay under *Jupiter's* Displeasure for killing the *Cyclops*, kept Sheep for *Admetus*, King of the Country.

Ver. 609. *Sperchios.*] Now called *Agriomela*, a River of *Pthiotis*. It falls into the *Sinus Maliacus*, at the End of the *Euripus* or Gulf of *Negropont*.

Ver. 610. *Anauros.*] This and the following Rivers were all of *Thessaly*, but of no great Name.

The River *Apidanus* falls into *Enipeus*.

Ver. 615. --- *Peneus.*] Was a River of Note. He was the Father of *Daphne*, *Apollo's* Mistress.

This Passage of *Titaresius*, or *Titaresius* according to *Homer*, falling into the *Peneus*, and not mingling with its Waters, is taken from that Poet, *Iliad. B. 2*.

“Οὐ δ' ὅγε Πηνειῶν συμμιγέσθαι, &c.

Or where the pleasing *Titaresius* glides,  
And into *Peneus* rolls his easy Tides;  
Yet o'er the Silver Surface pure they flow,  
The sacred Stream, unmix'd with Streams below,  
Sacred and awful! From the dark Abodes  
Styx pours them forth the dreadful Oath of Gods. Mr. Pope.

Ver.



Ver. 626. *Bebrycians*.] I have follow'd the Correction of *Grotius* in this Place, but upon Second Thoughts must confess I think it wrong, and that it ought rather to be, as most Editions have it, *Bæbicians*, from the Lake *Bæbe* and Town of the same Name in *Pthiotis*. The *Bebryces* were a People in *Gallia Narbonensis*. Of the other Names which follow there is nothing particular to be remark'd, but that they were the first Inhabitants of several Parts of *Thessaly*. Of the *Minyæ* only it may be observ'd, that they were the Companions of *Jason* in his famous Expedition to *Colchos* in quest of the Golden Fleece.

Ver. 633. *Ixion's bold Embrace*.] *Ixion* being in Love with *Juno*, embracing a Cloud for her, and begetting the *Centaur*s upon that Cloud, is a known Fable.

Ver. 635. *Pelethronian Caves*.] *Pelethronium* was a Mountain in *Thessaly*. *Monychus* is the Name of a Centaur, as likewise are *Rhæcus*, *Pholus*, and *Nessus*. For the latter see the Note on Ver. 597. of this Book.

Ver. 647. *Chiron*.] This Satyr had many good Qualities: He understood Musick and Physick, was the Tutor of *Achilles*, and afterwards translated into Heaven, and made that Sign in the *Zodiack* which we call *Sagittarius*, or the Archer, next to *Scorpio*.

Ver. 652. *From Neptune's potent Stroke*.] *Lucan* seems to allude in this Place to the famous Controversy between *Neptune* and *Pallas*, when to shew their Power He produced the first Horse out of a Rock, and She the first Olive-tree out of the Earth: But the Commentators will have this to have happen'd in *Attica*, and not in *Thessaly*. The Truth seems to have been, that the ancient *Thessalians* were a bold and hardy People, and that the *Centauri* and *Lapithæ*, Inhabitants of that Country, were the first who understood the Manage of Horses, and made use of 'em in Battle.

Ver. 659. *Itonus*.] According to some the Son of *Apollo*, to others of *Deucalion*: He was King of *Thessaly*. *Lucan* gives him the Honour of finding out the Use and Working of Metals, and Coining Money; but this is disputed by other Authors.

Ver. 672. *Cyrrha's Cave*.] In or near the Mountain *Parnassus*.

Ver. 673. *Pythian Games*.] These were instituted to the Honour of *Apollo* upon his killing the Serpent *Python*. See the Notes upon Book 5.

Ver. 675. *Alæus*] Was the Father-in-Law or reputed Father of *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, two of the Giants that made War upon *Jupiter*, his Wife *Iphimedia* being impregnated with these chopping Twins by *Neptune*. These are those call'd by *Virgil* *Alœidæ Gemini* in the 6th Book. The Sibyl says,

Hic & Alœidas geminos Immania vidi  
Corpora.

Here lye th' Alæan Twins (I saw 'em both)

Enormous Bodies of Gigantick Growth;

Who dar'd in Fight the Thund'rer to defy,

Affect his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky. Mr. Dryden.

Ver. 689. *A Day shall come*.] In relation to the Pyracies suppress'd with great Glory to himself by *Pompey*, and after his Death renew'd and exercised with great Rapine by his Son *Sextus* in the *Sicilian Seas*, after he had lost the Battle of *Munda* in *Spain*.

Ver.



Ver. 698. *Nor Babylonian Seers.*] The *Chaldeans*, famous for their Skill in Astrology.

Ver. 707. *Hæmonian Hags.*] *Thessaly*, call'd likewise *Hæmonia*, was famous for Witches.

Ver. 725. *Their local Gods.*] Gods who were particularly worshipp'd in particular Places by Votaries of their own, who yet durst not refuse to forsake those Places when they were call'd by the *Thessalian* Inchantments.

Ver. 734. *The Knots of Love.*] These are little Excrescencies of Flesh upon the Forehead of Foals, which the Mares bite off as soon as they are foal'd; and if they are prevented, and those Knots cut off, 'tis said they will not suffer their Foals to suck, but hate 'em, and drive 'em away. This is mention'd as an Ingredient for Love-Potions in *Virgil's 4th Æneid*.

----- *Nascentis Equi de fronte revulsus,  
Et matri præreptus amor.*

----- *And cuts the Forehead of a new-born Foal,  
Robbing the Mother's Love.*

Mr. Dryden.

Ver. 738. *Melt as the Thread.*] This magical Prevalence, over hard-hearted Men in Love-Matters, was, by winding or unwinding Threads off or upon Wheels, and probably muttering some Spell over them as they wound or unwound. See *Virg.* in the 8th Eclogue.

Ver. 760. *No more the Nile.*] This River encreases and decreases always at the same Times of the Year. See afterwards in the 10th Book. The *Meander* is famous for its crooked Turnings and Windings.

The *Arar* is naturally slow, and the *Rhone* rapid.

Ver. 766. *Riphæan Chrystal.*] Ice upon the *Riphæan* Mountains in the extream Northern Parts both of *Europe* and *Asia*.

Ver. 795. *One determin'd God.*] The Poet seems to allude here to that God whom they call'd *Demogorgon*, who was the Father and Creator of all the other Gods: who, tho' himself was bound in Chains in the lowest Hell, was yet so terrible to all the others, that they could not bear the very Mention of his Name; as appears towards the End of this Book. Him *Lucan* supposes to be subject to the Power of Magick, as all the other Deities of what kind soever were to him.

Ver. 810. *Her fatal Foam.*] The Ancients fancy'd the Moon to be drawn down from Heav'n by Witchcraft, when she was eclipsed: and that at those Times she shed a sort of venomous Juice upon some particular Plants, which was of great Use in Magick.

Ver. 823. *And sits in black Assemblies,*] Which no living Creature, besides herself, could do.

Ver. 834. *Ceres.*] The Goddess of Husbandry, Corn, &c.

Ver. 846. *From the sad Father's Hand.*] The nearest of Kin to the Deceased always set Fire to the Funeral Pile.

These Actions of *Ericho* were reckon'd as the greatest Impieties among the Ancients.

Ver. 880. *Some pious Office,*] As receiving the last Breath of the dying Person.

Ver. 907. *The Rival Chiefs.*] *Cæsar* and *Pompey*.

Ver.



Ver. 920. *His Empire's Heir.*] I don't know whether the Word Empire is not a little too strong; it is intended to mean no more than that legal Power *Pompey* was possess'd of.

Ver. 938. *Oh noble Youth!*] Tho' *Lucan* gives *Sextus Pompeius* a vile Character, it is not improper, for the Mouth that speaks here, to call him *Noble*; nor for the dead Soldier, whom she raises to Life afterwards, to do the same.

Ver. 947. *From Everlasting.*] I have observ'd in the Life of *Lucan*, that he was a Disciple of *Cornutus* the Stoick Philosopher, of which this, and many other Passages in this Poem, are Proofs. It is true he talks in many Places of the wanton and unaccountable Disposal of Things below by Fortune and the Gods: Yet that does not hinder us from supposing all those Disposals necessarily pre-ordain'd. Nay, I have heard it affirm'd by a Critick, who I think understands this Author very well, that wherever he names Fortune he means Fate. How far that may be made good I don't know.

Ver. 959. *The Recent Deaths,*] Occasion'd by some Skirmishes of Parties from the two Armies.

Ver. 989. *Stygian Jove,*] *Pluto*. So *Virgil* calls *Proserpine* Infernal *Juno*.

Ver. 999. *Tænarian Caverns.*] *Tænarus*, *Tænarum*, or *Tænarium* (for it is written all these several Ways) was a Promontory of *Laconia* in *Peloponnesus*, and near it a Town of the same Name. The Promontory is now call'd Cape *Metapan* in the *Morea*. Here was a Cave or deep Hole very famous among the Ancients, as being suppos'd to be one of the Mouths of Hell, thro' which *Hercules* drag'd *Cerberus* up to the Light.

Ver. 1027. *Lunar Dew.*] See above Note on Ver. 810.

Ver. 1032. *Snaky Food.*] It was an ancient Tradition, that Deer, when they were grown old, had a Power of drawing Serpents out of their Holes with their Breath; which they afterwards kill'd and eat, and thereby renew'd their Youth.

Ver. 1033. *Fly the Flood.*] This Symptom not only attends upon mad Dogs, but those that are bitten by 'em.

Ver. 1034. *Remora,*] A Fish that sticks to the Bottom of Ships, and hinders their Way.

Ver. 1035. *With Stones.*] What we call Eagle-Stones, said to be found in the Nests of Eagles. The Eyes of Dragons, pulveriz'd and mix'd with Honey, were said to be used for anointing the Eyes, in order to fortify 'em for beholding Spectres or Ghosts.

Ver. 1038. *The Viper.*] It was reported among the Ancients, that in the *Red* or *Erythraean* Sea, a Viper breeds in the same Shell where the Pearls grow; but I don't remember to have met any modern Confirmation of this Piece of Natural History.

Ver. 1064. *Chaos,*] Or Confusion.

Ver. 1072. *Third Hecate.*] This Goddess was call'd *Luna* in Heaven, *Diana* upon Earth, and *Persephone* or *Proserpina* in Hell. In the Pagan Theology it was very usual for their Gods to have many Names, as well as many Offices. This Piece of Superstition is exactly copy'd from 'em, by the Papists, in the several Employments which are assign'd to their Saints.

Ver. 1074. *Greedy Dog.*] *Cerberus*.



Ver. 1082. *With human Flesh I have been fed;*] To make my self more agreeable to you.

Ver. 1090. *These Herbs these Numbers bear.*] The Original is,

*Licet has exaudiat herbas.*

Ver. 1114. *Ye Stygian Dogs.*] The Furies. As if she would say, I will call you by your most detested Name.

Ver. 1124. *Tby fatal Feast.*] The Fable of *Proserpine's* eating the Kernel of a Pomgranate, and by virtue of that being confin'd to Hell, is a known Story in *Ovid*. *Ascensius* in his Notes upon this Place will have it to mean her immodest and incestuous Commerce with her Uncle *Pluto*. He says, the Word *Mala*, Apples, has often an obscene Sense, and to prove it quotes that Verse in *Virgil's* Eclogues,

*Ipsæ ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.*

Ver. 1132. *Your Master,*] *Demogorgon*. See above the Note on Ver. 795.

Ver. 1134. *Unviolable Flood.*] *Styx*, by which when the Gods swore, they were bound to observe what they promis'd.

Ver. 1244. *And heavy by Degrees.*] In the Translation of this Passage I have taken the Liberty to vary so far from my Author's Sense as to make the *English* quite contrary to the *Latin*. *Lucan* says, the Corps did not rise leisurely, but started up at once. I must own, I could not but think the slow heavy manner of rising by Degrees, as in the Translation, much more solemn and proper for the Occasion. I have taken so few Liberties of this kind, in Comparison of what *Monf. Brebeuf* the *French* Translator has done, that I hope my Readers, if they don't approve of it, will however be the more inclinable to pardon what I have alter'd from the Original here.

Ver. 1157. *Since the dark Gods.*] Since Oracles and Prophets are silent or unintelligible, do thou for the Honour of Negromancy (the Art of enquiring by the Dead) speak plainly and truly.

Ver. 1168. *Dreadful Dooms.*] In which the *Parce* (or Destinies) spun, or rather wove, the Fates of Mankind.

Ver. 1180. *Lamenting Ghosts of Patriots.*] For the *Decii*, *Curii*, and *Camilii*, see the Notes on Book 1st and 2d. Their Sadness upon this Occasion foretold *Cæsar's* Success; whom they look'd upon as an Enemy to and Subverter of the Commonwealth they had so gloriously defended. The *Scipio* mention'd here is probably *Scipio Africanus*, who foresees the Death of *Corn. Scipio*, *Pompey's* Father-in-Law, as *Cato* the Censor is concern'd for his Great Grandson *Cato of Unica*.

Ver. 1189. *Thee only Brutus.*] *L. Junius Brutus*, who drove out the *Tarquins*. The Poet represents him as pleas'd with the Hopes that one of his Family was to revenge the Cause of *Rome* by the Death of *Cæsar*.

*Thee only.*] That is, thee only among the Just and Virtuous, and those who were Lovers of their Country.

Ver.



Ver. 1194. *Catiline Audacious.*] *Catiline* and *Cethegus* were concern'd in a famous Conspiracy for the Destruction of *Rome*: For these and the *Marii* see *Book 2*. The *Drusi* and the *Gracchi* were Tribunes of the People, who had been great Sticklers for the *Agrarian* and *Frumentarian* Laws, by which they would have reduced every Man's Estate and the Provisions for his Family to an Equality. They were somewhat like the Levellers in *Oliver Cromwell's* Time, and were the Authors of very dangerous Seditions and Confusion in the State. See *Book 1*. Ver. 485.

Ver. 1204. *Dis.*] *Pluto*.

Ver. 1205. *For the Conquerors.*] For *Cæsar* and those of his Party.

Ver. 1219. *From your humbler Urns.*] You of *Pompey's* Race shall not be bury'd with Magnificence, and afterwards Deify'd, as *Cæsar* and his Descendants may be; but in the next Life you shall be infinitely superior to 'em, more glorious, and more happy.

Ver. 1223. *The Nile or Tyber.*] *Pompey* was kill'd in *Ægypt*, and *Cæsar* in *Rome*.

Ver. 1226. *That shall be told.*] This Passage is a plain Proof that *Lucan* intended to carry on his Poem much farther than the Period at which he left it; since he alludes here to an Appearance of *Pompey's* Ghost to his Son, which was undoubtedly to be introduced in the subsequent Part of his Story.

*End of the Notes on the Sixth Book.*





# N O T E S

## UPON THE

### SEVENTH BOOK.

Ver. 7. Pompey, *mean while.*] **P** *Lutarch* says, that the Night before the Battle *Pompey* dream'd, that as he went into the Theatre, the People receiv'd him with great Applause; and that he himself adorn'd the Temple of *Venus* the *Victorious* with many Spoils. This Vision partly encouraged and partly dishearten'd him, fearing lest that adorning a Place consecrated to *Venus* should be perform'd with Spoils taken from himself by *Cæsar*, who deriv'd his Family from that Goddess.

Ver. 22. *Yet a Youth.*] See the Notes upon *Cæsar's* Speech to his Soldiers in the First Book.

Ver. 48. *He thinks to die.*] *Pompey*.

Ver. 49. *Her fond Hopes.*] *Pompey's* Country, *Rome*.

Ver. 57. *As once for Brutus.*] The People of *Rome* made a solemn Mourning of a Year for *L. Jun. Brutus*, who expell'd the *Tarquins*, as for a publick and common Father.

Ver. 70. *The Leader's Tent.*] *Pompey's*.

Ver. 80. *His Father.*] *Cæsar*.

Ver. 98. *Fierce Catiline.*] *M. Tullius Cicero*, the famous Orator, was Consul at the Time of *Catiline's* Conspiracy; and it was by his Prudence principally that it was suppress'd.

Ver. 190. *To Day.*] If I conquer, it must be by the Slaughter of my Fellow-Citizens, and consequently become the Object of their Hate: If I am conquer'd, I must be ruin'd my self.

Ver. 197. *Corus*] Is, according to *Cellarius* his Scheme of Winds, N. W. and by W. but here it is taken for any Wind.

Ver. 202. *Sudden their busy.*] It is by no means an improper Thought, that tho' the Soldiers were very eager for the Battle, they might yet be in some Consternation when they perceiv'd it was resolv'd upon in earnest, especially when so much was to depend upon it.

Ver. 225. *The Lemnian Pow'r.*] *Vulcan*, who kept his Shop and Forge at *Lemnos*.

Ver. 233. *Nor wanted then dire Omens.*] Most of these Portents are related by *Valerius Maximus* to have happen'd to *Pompey* in his March from *Dyrrhachium* into *Thessaly*; and according to him they were so many Warnings to avoid a Battle with *Cæsar*.

The *Typhons* were what our Seamen call Water-Spouts. Accounts of 'em are frequently to be met with in Voyages, especially in the *West-Indian* Seas. They appear like vast Pillars of Water moving upon the Surface of the



the Sea, and when they break are very dangerous to any Ships that are near. I never heard of any in an Inland Country, tho' they may possibly be drawn up upon Lakes or large Rivers by Hurricanes.

The Standards sticking too fast in the Ground, or having Bees swarm upon 'em, were Omens always reckon'd of the worst kind; of which *Livy* gives several Instances, particularly before the Battle of *Thrasymene* in the second *Punic* War.

Ver. 252. *Parian Gods.*] From the Island of *Paros* came the whitest and finest Marble, of which the Statues of Gods or great Men were usually made. This Island was one of the *Cyclades* in the *Ægean* Sea, and is now call'd *Paros*.

Ver. 253. *Tamely dies.*] This Repugnance in the Victim to submit to the Sacrifice was reckon'd very unlucky.

Ver. 266. *Bœbeis' Lake,*] Not far from *Pharsalia*, in that Part of *Thessaly* call'd *Magnætia*.

Ver. 275. *Whate'er the Cause.*] These Prodigies (the Poet says) were agreeable to that horrible Disposition of Mind which at that time had possess'd both Parties, and prepar'd 'em for embrewing their Hands in the Blood of their nearest Relations and Fellow-Citizens.

Ver. 291. *Where Aponus.*] *Aponus* is a Fountain famous for Medicinal Waters near *Padua* in *Italy*. *Suetonius* mentions it, *Cap. 14.* of the Life of *Tiberius*, upon a remarkable Occasion.

*Timavus* is a River in the same Country, once a large and very famous one. It is now call'd *Friuli*, but is almost dry'd up and shrunk to nothing.

Ver. 294. *A Learned Augur.*] Upon the Day when the famous Battle of *Pharsalia* was fought, *C. Cornelius*, an Augur, was then at *Padua*, and observing his Rules of Augury, told them that stood by him the very Instant when the Battle began; and going again to his Art, return'd as it were inspir'd, and cry'd out aloud, *Cæsar thou hast conquer'd*.

Ver. 324. *Selected Legions.*] Some say the First and the Third. However, they were two of the best Legions. Concerning this Disposition of the Army there is some Dispute, which is not of very great Consequence to us. The several Commanders here mention'd have been all mention'd before.

Ver. 340. *Well-known Foe.*] The Commentators suppose, that the *Gauls* here mention'd to be in *Pompey's* Army were certain *Allobroges* [*Savoyards*] who deserted from *Cæsar's* Army with *Ægus* and *Roscillus* at the last Engagement near *Dyrrachium*, mention'd in the Sixth Book just after the Story of *Scæva*.

Ver. 341. *Go, Pompey!*] *Lucan* in this, as in many other Places, mentions the Army of *Pompey* as very numerous, a vast Multitude: Whereas the Historians hardly give him 50000 Men, and not above 30000 to *Cæsar*: And perhaps the Poet's Imagination was swell'd with the Thought of that great Number of Nations, either subject to the *Romans*, or confederated with them, of which *Pompey's* Army was compos'd. *Plutarch*, in *Pompey's* Life, says, *Cæsar's* Army consisted of 22000 Men, and *Pompey's* of twice that Number. He is likewise very particular in the Order of the Battle.



Ver. 401. *Yon Host come learn'd.*] Meaning those Supplies that *Pompey* had drawn out of *Greece*.

Ver. 408. *Foes of Rome, Barbarians.*] The Nations which *Pompey* had vanquish'd in *Asia*, whom he now drew to his Assistance. Nor is it ill reason'd to imagine, that these People shou'd have very little Concern for the Preservation of the *Roman State*, but rather be glad to contribute to its Ruin : But more particularly it is improbable they should engage, heartily, on that very Man's Side who had conquer'd and enslav'd 'em.

Ver. 454. *The Rostrum's Height.*] The publick Pleading-place. *Cicero's* Head and Hands were afterwards put up there by *M. Antony*.

Ver. 462. *Septa.*] See the Note on this Word, *Book 2. Ver. 307.*

Ver. 469. *Dyrrachium's fatal Field.*] He means the Engagement mention'd in the Sixth Book.

Ver. 589. *While yearly Magistrates.*] Of these *Feriae Latinae*, or Latin Festivals, Mention has been made before. They were celebrated at Night by the new Consuls on the *Alban Mountain* to *Jupiter Latialis* ; they were instituted by *Numa*, and Portions of Meat were then distributed to the People, in Memory of a League made between the ancient *Romans* and the *Latins*.

Ver. 599. *By Slaves are till'd.*] See *Book 1. Ver. 320.*

Ver. 605. *Allia's Flood,*] Where the *Gauls* cut off the *Roman Army*, and afterwards sack'd the City. This happen'd on XVI. KAL. SEXTIL. or our 17th of *July*.

Ver. 632. *The wand'ring Dææ,*] A People of *Scythia* near the *Caspian Sea*, part of the present *Asiatick Tartars*. These wild People, when they were subdued by the *Roman Consuls*, were, in order to their being civiliz'd, appointed to live (contrary to their native Custom) in Cities, the Circuit or Bounds of which the Consuls themselves mark'd out with a Plough drawn by a Bull and a Cow yolk'd together.

Ver. 653. *His Refuge.*] *Romulus* at first call'd his City *Asylum*, or a Refuge ; and so indeed it was ; for all the Vagabonds, Out-laws, and such sort of People, to resort to. The Augury, taken from the appearing of the Vultures, was rather relating to the naming than building the City : The two Brothers *Romulus* and *Remus* contending for that Honour, agreed to refer it to the best Augury which should appear ; accordingly *Remus* saw Six Vultures, and *Romulus* Twelve.

Ver. 667. *While Cassius,*] Who was one of those that kill'd *Cæsar*.

Ver. 677. *While the proud Victors,*] The succeeding Emperors. Who were not only Deify'd after they were dead, but had even Altars, Temples, Priests, and Sacrifices appointed for 'em while they were alive.

Ver. 697. *For Crastinus.*] This *Crastinus*, or *Crassinius*, (for so he is likewise call'd) was an old Soldier of *Cæsar's* ; and tho' he was now *Emeritus*, or discharged from the Service, he engaged voluntarily in this War, and began this famous Battle. It is said of him, that before he went on he told his General, that *he wou'd that Day deserve his Praise dead or alive*. Breaking thro' the Enemy's Ranks, he was kill'd by a Spear that ran him in at the Mouth and out at the Neck behind.

Ver. 743. *The various Bands*] Of Archers, Slingers, &c.

Ver.



Ver. 748. *Ituræan.*] *Ituræa* was a Part of *Palestine*, said to contain the two Tribes of *Reuben* and *Dan*. *Cellarius* places it more North, between the Head of the River *Jordan* and Mount *Hermon*.

Ver. 761. *Slaves.*] Meaning the *Asiatics*, of whom chiefly *Pompey's* Cavalry was compos'd.

Ver. 851. *They own Emathia.*] The Fields of *Philippi*, which, as I have observ'd before, not only *Lucan*, but even *Virgil* and *Ovid*, confound with *Pharsalia*. *M. Brutus*, who was kill'd at *Philippi*, fought here as a private Soldier.

Ver. 865. *Unfortunate Domitius.*] This is the same *Domitius* who was made a Prisoner at *Corfinium*, and set at Liberty by *Cæsar*, (See the Second Book,) and afterwards vanquish'd at *Massilia* by *D. Brutus*, *Cæsar's* Lieutenant: He was design'd, by the *Pompeyan* Faction, *Cæsar's* Successor in *Gaul*. This whole Passage seems to be the pure Effect of *Lucan's* Partiality against *Cæsar*, and is of a Piece with the Cruelty he makes him guilty of both in the Battle and after it.

Ver. 885. *My Chief.*] *Pompey*. The Fate of the Battle not being then determin'd.

Ver. 888. *Dire Punishments.*] I don't know whether this Passage is not a little too obscure in the *English*: The Meaning is, that *Domitius* did not doubt but the Gods would punish *Cæsar* severely for the Injuries he had done to *Rome*, to *Pompey*, and even to himself (*Domitius*).

Ver. 915. *And Bastard-born.*] Concluding from so unnatural an Action, that the Person kill'd, could not be the real and true Son of the Man who kill'd him.

Ver. 919. *Roman Torrents drive.*] As being larger in Quantity, stronger than the others, and over-powering them.

Ver. 931. *'Tis just.*] This Complaint of our Posterity is just.

Ver. 1018. *Cities by thee possess'd.*] The *Latin* is, *Aspice possessas Urbes*. He means those Cities in which he placed the *Cilician* Pyrates, after he had vanquish'd 'em at Sea.

Ver. 1021. *Larissa.*] Now called *Larza*, a City of *Thessaly* towards *Macedonia*, not far from *Pharsalus*, in whose Neighbourhood this Battle was fought.

Ver. 1049. *The Leisure of a Night, and thinking.*] Tho' *Cæsar*, a few Verses farther, tells his Soldiers their Victory was compleat, 'tis plain he did not think it so till he was Master of *Pompey's* Camp; apprehending that the Enemy might recollect themselves during the Night, and perhaps make a new Stand in their Camp next Morning.

Ver. 1074. *Arimaspus.*] Or *Arimaspe*, was a River in that Part of *Scythia*, now called *Ingria*, out of which the Inhabitants (who were likewise nam'd *Arimaspians*) gather'd Gold-Dust.

The *Hesperian* Gold, mention'd before *Ver. 1059*. was what had been collected in *Spain*, which was *Pompey's* Province. I don't know whether I have before observ'd, that *Spain*, as well as *Italy*, was call'd *Hesperia*.

Ver. 1101. *Mad Orestes.*] When *Orestes* had, to revenge his Father, kill'd his Mother *Clytemnestra*, he was haunted with Furies, till his Sister *Iphigenia* had purify'd him, and expiated his Crime at the Altar of *Diana Taurica* in *Scythia*, where she was Priestess.

The



The following Verse,

*Cum fureret Pentheus; aut cum desisset Agave.*

I take to mean, that *Pentheus* was not possess'd with more Horror when he affronted and deny'd the Divinity of *Bacchus*; nor his Mother *Agave*, when, recovering from her Madness, she found she had kill'd her Son for a wild Beast.

Ver. 1119. *Then Joys that Earth.*] That is, was hid by the dead Bodies.

Ver. 1125. *Foe of Rome.*] *Hannibal*.

Ver. 1126. *Vanquish'd Consul.*] *P. Æmilius* and *M. Marcellus* were both kill'd by *Hannibal*, and treated with all Honours due to their Character, tho' Enemies.

Ver. 1193. *Still to new Crimes.*] Meaning the Battle of *Philippi*. But of this see before.

Ver. 1214. *As in some scorch'd.*] Some uninhabitable Part of the World.

*End of the Notes on the Seventh Book.*





# N O T E S

## UPON THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Ver. 1. *Now thro' the Vale by great Alcides made.*] SEE the Notes on the Sixth Book, Ver. 573. as likewise *Lucan* himself in that Place.

Ver. 5. *Fall'n from the former Greatness.*] This is one of the Passages which, if *Lucan* had liv'd to give the last Hand to this Work, I cannot but think he would have alter'd. The Fear that he gives to *Pompey* on occasion of his Flight, is very unlike the Character he himself, or indeed any other Writer, has given him. It is something the more remarkable from a Passage in the latter end of the foregoing Book, where he is said to leave the Field of Battle with great Bravery and Constancy of Mind. Tho' it is very judiciously observ'd, on comparing that Passage and this together, by *Martin Lasso de Oropeza*, the *Spanish* Translator, that the Desire of seeing his Wife, which was the Occasion of his Resolution to leave the Field, and survive such a Loss as that Battle was, in the 7th Book, might in this Place likewise be the Reason for the Fear and Anxiety which he shew'd in his Flight.

Ver. 42. *There a poor Bark.*] *Lucan* mentions this very emphatically, because *Pompey* had even at that very Time a great Fleet lying at *Corcyra*, and in the Bay of *Ambracia*.

*Plutarch* and *Appian* relate, that *Pompey* in his Flight from *Larissa* came all along thro' *Tempe* to the Shore, and lodg'd that Night in the Cottage of a Fisherman. About Morning he went to Sea in a little Boat, and sailing along by the Shore, met with a Ship of greater Burthen, of which one *Petitus*, a *Roman*, was Captain, who knowing *Pompey*, took him in, and transported him to *Lesbos*.

Ver. 95. *Daughter of the Great.*] Descended from the *Scipio's*.

Ver. 98. *Whatever Deathless.*] Meaning that his Misfortunes gave her the noblest Occasion of exerting the Greatness of her Mind.

Ver. 125. *The Parthian Vengeance.*] A like Misfortune with that of my first Husband, who was kill'd by the *Parthians*.

Ver. 146. *The Mitylenians.*] *Mitylene* was the chief City of *Lesbos*.

Ver. 177. *What Ransom.*] You might deserve greatly of *Cesar* by delivering me up to him.

Ver. 254. *Chios.*] *Scio*, an Island in the *Archipelago*, not far from the Coast of *Asia*: It lyes Southward from *Lesbos*.

Ver. 258. *Around the Column.*] This was a Pillar of Marble placed at the End of the Course appointed for the Chariot-Races among the Ancients;

L I I I I I

and



and to turn nicely and closely round this without touching, was reckon'd a Piece of great Skill and Dexterity in the Driver.

Ver. 284. *By our Altars and your Magi.*] The Original says,

----- *Si fœdera nobis  
Prisca manent mihi per Latium jurata Tonantem,  
Per vestros astricta Magos.*

These *Magi* were Priests or Philosophers of a peculiar Sect instituted by *Zoroaster*; of whom see at large Dr. *Prideaux* in his *Learned Connection* of, &c. Vol. I.

Ver. 299. *When War with Parthia.*] *Pompey* dissuaded the Senate from a War with *Parthia*, while there was one afoot with *Gaul*.

Ver. 301. *Zeugma*] Was a Town on the River *Euphrates*, built by *Alexander* the Great. Perhaps about the Time of this Civil War it might be the Boundary of the *Roman* and *Parthian* Dominions. For *Carre* see the Notes on the First Book about the Beginning.

Ver. 315. *Icaria*,] Now *Nicaria*, an Island of the *Archipelago*, North of *Patmos*, and West of *Samos*.

*Colophon*,] Formerly an ancient City on the Coast of *Ionia*, now *Altobosco*, a Village of *Natolia*.

Ver. 317. *Coos*,] *Co*, or *Cos*, now *Stanchie*, an Island on the Coast of *Caria*.

Ver. 318. *Gnidos*,] Or rather *Cnidos*, a City on the Coast of *Caria*.

Ver. 319. *Telmessos*,] A City on the Coast of *Lycia*.

Ver. 322. *Phaselis*,] A little City on the Coast between *Lycia* and *Pamphylia*; in the latter of these Provinces is *Syedra*, where *Pompey* met and consulted with the Remains of the Senate.

Ver. 349. *Marius Rose*,] See before in the Second Book.

Ver. 362. *The Libyan, Parthian, or Ægyptian King.*] These were, *Juba*, *Phraates*, and *Ptolomy*.

Ver. 375. *Submissive Varus.*] *Varus*, who had fought to *Juba* for Assistance, was routed by *Curio*. See the Fourth Book towards the End.

Ver. 409. *Kings, whose Crowns I gave.*] *Ptolomy*, *Tigranes*, &c. but more especially to *Ptolomy*.

Ver. 447. *Worship their Fires.*] The Worship of Fire, or rather of the Supreme Being and Principle of all Things under that Symbol, was first taught among the Eastern Nations by *Zoroaster* and his Disciples the *Magi*.

Ver. 469. *The Rebel Son.*] *Cæsar*.

Ver. 519. *To thy unhappy Friend.*] To *Crassus*.

Ver. 568. *An aged Shade.*] The Ghost of *Crassus*.

Ver. 620. *The Casian Mountains far.*] *Casium*, or rather *Casius*, was a Promontory in the most Easterly Part of *Ægypt*. At the Foot of this Mountain, on the Sea-Shore, was *Pompey* bury'd. *Lucan* says, that *Pompey's* Fleet over-shot this Promontory, and did not see the Light that was always kept on the Top of it for the Direction of Sailers. *Pelusium*, mention'd just after this, was in *Pompey's* Time a great City. 'Tis now a poor Village, and call'd, if I am not mistaken, *Belbais* or *Bebais*.

Ver. 625. *'Twas now the Time.*] About the Middle of September.

Ver.



Ver. 640. *In Isis and Osiris.*] Of these two *Ægyptian* Deities, see the Third Book of *Herodotus*, and other Authors, but above all the Learned *Selden's Syntagma de Diis Syris*. It will be sufficient to observe here, that they were Husband and Wife, and the two chief Gods among the *Ægyptians*.

*Apis* was a living Ox, worshipp'd likewise by the *Ægyptians*: He was only suffer'd to live such a certain time, and then his own Priests put him into the Fountain of the Sun, and kill'd him. Upon the Death of one, they immediately, with great Marks of Grief, look'd out for another, who was to be of the same Race, and mark'd after the same manner, especially he was to have a white Half-Moon on the Right Side.

Ver. 644. *Could mark the Swell.*] Of this see at large in the Tenth Book.

Ver. 657. *Many Ills.*] Many Inconveniencies and ill Consequences, as to what regards the Success of Things in this World.

Ver. 699. *Repress the Wrong.*] The Destruction and Ruin that *Pompey* would involve us in.

Ver. 732. *Fond of the Royalty.*] As if he was pleas'd that his Ministers, who govern'd and controll'd him on all other Occasions, wou'd give him Leave to exercise his Royal Power for the Commission of so base a Murder.

Ver. 822. *Say you?*] If *Brutus* who kill'd *Cæsar* was a Murderer, what is *Septimius*?

Ver. 938. *Then Drugs and Gums.*] That is, *Ptolomy* order'd it to be embalm'd.

Ver. 942. *Whose feeble Throne.*] It was not long before *Ptolomy* was kill'd, and his Sister *Cleopatra* reign'd alone.

Ver. 970. *Cordus.*] *Plutarch* says this Man's Name was *Philip*.

Ver. 971. *Questor.*] A sort of Collector or publick Treasurer. *Cyprus* is call'd *Idalian* from a Town, Grove, or Mountain (perhaps there were all these) call'd *Idalium*, or *Idalia*, in that Island sacred to *Venus*.

Ver. 995. *He asks no Heaps.*] In enumerating what was wanting to *Pompey's* Funeral, the Poet takes notice of the chief Pieces of Magnificence which were usual at the Funerals of great Men among the *Romans*. See the Learned Dr. *Kennet* upon this Subject, in his *Roman Antiquities*, in his Chapter of the *Roman* Funerals.

Ver. 1010. *She is too near.*] As having seen his Murder, and now probably being in Sight of his mean Funeral. Book 9. Ver. 95.

Ver. 1071. *Ev'n Cæsar's self.*] Insinuating that *Cæsar* would willingly reward the Man who should tell him he had bury'd *Pompey*, since he might from thence certainly conclude he was dead.

The Piety of the Person who took so much Care to perform these Rites of Funeral, tho' but mean ones, to *Pompey*, is the more insisted on by the Poet, because the Ancients had nothing in greater Horrour than to want 'em. *Virgil* says, that the Unbury'd on the Banks of *Styx*

*Centum Annos errant, &c. 6 Æn.*

*An Hundred Years they wander on the Shore;  
At length, the Penance done, are wafted o'er.*

*Mr. Dryden.*

Ver.



Ver. 1122. *The Trophy'd Arch.*] The Triumphal Arches were erected in Honour of successful Generals and Emperors, and were properly adorn'd with Military Trophies. It may likewise be meant by the Original, that such Arches were built by the Spoils gain'd from the Enemies; but the former Sense seems the more obvious.

Ver. 1129. *Warn our Hesperian.*] *Cicero* mentions a Prophecy among the *Sibyls* Verses, that forbade *Roman* Soldiers, or rather the *Roman* Soldiery in general, to go to *Ægypt*. The *Quindecimviri*, or Fifteen Priests, who had the Custody of those Oraculous Pieces of Poetry, interpreted it to another Occasion; but *Lucan* applies it aptly enough in this Place to *Pompey*.

Ver. 1135. *Timbrels Sound.*] The *Sistrum* (which I have here translated Timbrel) was an odd sort of a Brazen Instrument of Musick, with loose Pieces of the same Mettal that ran along upon little Bars or Wires. It was peculiarly dedicated to the Worship of *Isis* and *Osiris*.

Ver. 1137. *Dogs deform'd.*] *Anubis* was an *Ægyptian* God, always represented with a Dog's Head. Little *Iconculæ*, or Images, of this kind are frequently to be met with in Collections of Antiquities.

Ver. 1162. *Their great Chief.*] The *Pontifex Maximus*. This was an Office of the greatest Dignity, and in the Time of the Emperors always born by themselves.

Ver. 1179. *Ev'n those who kneel not.*] There has been much Disputation among the Commentators about this Passage. I have follow'd the Sense given by the Learned *Grotius*. Concerning the Religion of the *Bidental*, or covering in and consecrating Things and Places stricken by Thunder, see before the Note on Ver. 1036. of the First Book.

Ver. 1189. *When Egypt's Boast of Pompey's Tomb.*] The *Cretans* pretended not only to be *Jupiter's* Countrymen, but they likewise shew'd his Tomb, for which *Callimachus* brands 'em as very distinguish'd and known Lyars. As for the Tomb of *Pompey*, it is generally said to have been at the Fount of Mount *Casius*, near *Pelusium* in *Ægypt*. The Emperor *Adrian* not only had a great Value for, and bought up many of the ancient Statues of this great Man, but likewise caus'd his Monument to be magnificently repair'd.

*Plutarch* says, that his Ashes were carry'd to his Wife *Cornelia*, who caus'd them to be bury'd at a Country-House he had near *Alba* in *Italy*.

*End of the Notes on the Eighth Book.*





# N O T E S

## UPON THE NINTH BOOK.

Ver. 9. *Beyond our Orb.*] IT was the Opinion of many of the Ancients, especially the *Platonists*, that there was a Place of Happiness assign'd to good Men between the Moon and the Earth. This the Followers of *Plato* call'd the Confines between Life and Death. Whoever has the Curiosity to see their Opinions upon this Subject more at large, may find 'em in *Macrobius's* Comment upon *Scipio's* Vision, especially in *Lib. 1. Cap. 11.*

Ver. 37. *He, while in deep.*] When *Pompey* follow'd *Cæsar* into *Thesaly*, he left *Cato* with some Troops about *Dyrrachium*. With these Troops, and as many of those who fled from *Pharsalia* as he could gather up, *Cato* pass'd over from the Continent to the Island of *Corcyra*, near which Island *Pompey's* Navy then lay, in order to join *Pompey*.

Ver. 64. *Malea,*] A Promontory on the Southern Part of the *Peloponnesus* (*Morea*.) It is now call'd Cape *Malio*, or *St. Angelo*.

*Cythera* is an Island not far from *Malea*, now call'd *Cerigo*. It was famous among the Ancients for the Worship of *Venus*, hence call'd *Cytheræa*.

Ver. 67. *Dictæan Isle.*] *Crete*.

Ver. 68. *Phycuntines.*] *Phycus* was a Promontory, with a Town of the same Name, on the Coast of *Cyrene* in *Africa*.

Ver. 73. *From Palinure its Name.*] On the Coast of *Naples* is a Promontory still call'd *Cabo di Palinuro*, from *Palinurus*, *Æneas's* Pilot, who was drown'd, or rather murder'd by the People of the Country near that Place. As for the *Libyan Palinurus*, the Commentators assign it a Place as a Promontory likewise on the Coast of *Cyrene*, tho' I do not find it mention'd amongst the ancient Geographers. *Cellarius* has a Lake call'd *Palinurus*, and a River of the same Name in the Province of *Cyrene*.

Ver. 123. *O'er an empty Urn.*] The Ancients plac'd so much Religion in performing Funeral Rites for the Dead, that tho' the Body was not in their Power, they perform'd all the same Ceremonies to it in its Absence, and erected a Monument, which, as it contain'd nothing, was call'd *Cenotaphium*, or an empty Sepulcher.

Ver. 202. *Pompey, his Brother.*] *Cn. Pompeius* the elder Brother, who was with *Cato*.

Ver. 255. *Mareotis,*] Or *Mareia*, was a famous Lake not far from *Alexandria*. The Wine that grew in the neighbouring Country, and which took its Name from hence, was reckon'd excellent; tho' *Lucan*, in the Tenth Book, speaks despicably of it, in comparison of that which grows in the Island of *Meroë*.



Ver. 257. *Amasis*] Was a famous King of *Ægypt*, who succeeded *Apriez*, after having dethron'd him. His Story may be seen at large in the Second Book of *Herodotus*.

Ver. 258. *Long Dynasties*.] The Word *Dynasty* is Greek, and signifies Lordship or Government. It is most peculiarly apply'd to the *Ægyptian* Kings.

Ver. 312. *Garganus and Vultur*.] Mountains in *Apulia*, the latter not far from *Venusia*, the Birth-place of *Horace*.

Ver. 356. *Senate and People*.] All those Laws that serv'd for the Preservation of the Senate's just Authority, and the People's Liberty.

Ver. 364. *To be Slain*.] I don't think this is so clearly express'd as it ought to be. The Author's Meaning is, that next to dying when and how one pleases, is the Happiness of being compell'd to die by another.

Ver. 365. *I from Juba crave*.] To whom *Cato* then resolv'd to join himself.

Ver. 375. *When Tarchon*.] This *Tarchon* was a Prince of the *Cilicians*, or perhaps rather a Leader of some of the *Cilician* Pyrates, who had been formerly vanquish'd and pardon'd by *Pompey*, and in this Civil War came to his Assistance. I have follow'd the common Reading of *Tarchon*, tho' (according to the Opinion of *Grotius*) this Prince or General's Name was *Tarchondimotus*.

Ver. 456. *Two by your*.] *Crassus* and *Pompey*, who, with *Cæsar*, compos'd the first Triumvirate.

Ver. 474. *Metellus' Daughter*.] *Cornelia* was the Daughter of *Corn. Scipio Metellus*.

Ver. 514. *The Syrtes*.] The *Syrtes* are two Gulfs upon the Coast of *Africa* in the *Mediterranean* Sea; the first (which is that here mention'd) called *Syrtis Major* (now *Golfo di Solocho*) lyes between *Cyrenaica* (now the Kingdom of *Barca*) and the River *Cinyphs* or *Cinyphus*: The other, call'd *Syrtis Minor* (now *Golfo di Capes*) on the Coast of *Barbary*, between *Tunis* and *Tripoli*. They are both very dangerous, as being full of Shoals, Banks of Sand, and Rocks.

Ver. 544. *And now the loaden*.] *Plutarch* says, that *Cato* took this Journey by Land, tho' our Author makes him go part by Sea, and the rest by Land. He brings him as far as the River *Triton* or *Tritonis* with the Fleet. This River, with a Lake of the same Name, was famous for the Birth or first Appearance of *Pallas* upon Earth. She was from thence call'd *Tritonia*.

Ver. 599. *Here Lethe's Stream*.] This is, according to *Cellarius*, a Mistake in Geography: He places both this River and the *Hesperian* Gardens in the Region of *Cyrene*, on the Eastern Side of the *Syrtis Major*. This River's taking its Rise from Hell is a known Fable. As common likewise is the Story of the *Hesperides*, and their Dragon, who watch'd the Golden Apples 'till their Orchard was robb'd by *Hercules*, and the Pippins carried to *Eurystheus*, by whom, at *Juno's* Command, he was put to so many Pieces of hard Service.

Ver. 620. *The Garamantian Coast*.] This is another gross Fault in Geography; for the *Garamantes* were an Inland People of *Libya*, that join'd on the South to *Æthiopia*. This Tract of Land is now called by the *Arabians*, *Zaara*, or the Desert.

Ver.



Ver. 628. *To shun the Syrts.*] These were the lesser *Syrts*, round which *Cato* march'd to *Syrtis Parva* in *Byzacium* or *Tunis*.

Ner. 703. *If this large Globe.*] The Ancients divided the World into three Parts, *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa* or *Libya*; for that whole Part is frequently call'd *Libya*; the other Division, which was sometimes used, and is here mention'd by *Lucan*, was into the Eastern and Western Parts.

Ver. 723. *No Golden Ores.*] That which we call the Gold Coast and *Guinea*, were very little, if at all known to the Ancients.

Ver. 726. *Citron Groves.*] See Note on Book 1. Ver. 312.

Ver. 754. *Nasamonian Hinds.*] The *Nasamones* were a barbarous People that liv'd near the *Syrtis Major*.

Ver. 812. *Such were those Shields.*] In the Time of *Numa Pompilius* there was a Buckler found in *Rome*, such as the *Romans* called *Ancyle*, which was suppos'd to be dropp'd down from Heaven. The Augurs, who were consulted upon the Occasion, pronounc'd that where-ever that Shield should remain, the chief Command and Empire of the World should be fix'd. Upon this *Numa* gave Orders to a Workman called *Mamurra*, that he should make Eleven others exactly like that which came from Heaven, to prevent the true one from being stolen. These *Ancylia Sacra*, or Holy Bucklers, were committed to the Care of the *Salii*, who were Priests of *Mars*, and always chosen out of the Patricians, or *Roman Nobility*.

Ver. 868. *Pour'd out the precious Draught.*] This Action of *Cato's* is not much unlike that of *David*, when he refus'd to drink of the Water of the Well of *Bethlehem*, which Three Men had ventur'd their Lives to fetch. See 1 *Chron.* xi. 15.

Ver. 872. *Now to the sacred Temple.*] *Lucan* has made no Scruple of committing here another great Fault in Geography, for the sake of bringing his great *Cato* to the Temple of *Jupiter Hammon*. This famous Oracle was certainly situate between the Less and the Greater *Catabathmus*, to the West of *Ægypt*, in what is now called the Desert of *Barca*, a great way distant from the March *Cato* was then taking in the Kingdom of *Tunis*. The Description of the Place it self, except that (as I understand him) he places it under the *Æquator*, is agreeable to most other ancient Authors. It is pretty well known that *Jupiter* was worship'd in this Place under the Shape of a Ram, (at least the upper Part) and there are still to be found among the little *Ægyptian* Idols in the Cabinets of the Curious, some with the Body of a Man and a Ram's Head.

Ver. 904. *Here unoblique.*] Supposing it to lye under the *Æquinoctial*; but of our Author's Astronomical Notions I have taken notice in another Place.

Ver. 919. *No Star whate'er.*] Those who live to the Southward of the *Æquator* see Stars towards the Southern Pole which never set, as well as we do who live to the Northward of it. But this is what the *Romans* in *Lucan's* Time had no Notion of.

Ver. 989. *Canst thou believe?*] I cannot but observe here how finely our Author, in this Passage, reprehends the Folly of those who are fond of and believe in a local Sanctity, as if one Part of the World were holier than another, and the Ubiquity of the Divine Nature were confin'd to a particular Place: But, thank God, the Foppery of Pilgrimages is out of Fashion in *England*, or at least those who are weak enough to travel from



one Country to another in search of Holiness, are wise enough not to own it amongst us.

Ver. 1033. *Jugurthine War.*] See the Second Book, V. 107.

Ver. 1042. *As their utmost Southern Limits.*] The Hyperbole is very strong here; and one would think *Cato* had penetrated into the very Depth and Middle of *Africk*, whereas in all appearance his March could never be very far from the *Mediterranean*.

Ver. 1077. *The Region all,*] Having been petrified by *Medusa*.

Ver. 1106. *Her Sister Gorgons.*] *Sthenio* and *Euriale*.

Ver. 1119. *Titanian Atlas.*] *Atlas*, King of *Mauritania*, was of the Race of the Giants or *Titans*. See *Ovid. Metam. Lib. 4.*

Ver. 1128. *The Son of Danaë.*] *Perseus*.

Ver. 1130. *Cyllenian Hermes.*] *Mercury*, so call'd from *Cyllene*, a Mountain in *Arcadia*, where his Mother *Maia* brought him forth. Among the peculiar Goods and Properties which belong'd to *Mercury*, were the Wings at his Head and Feet, and the Falchion, or crooked Sword, call'd *Harpe*, which he is here said to lend his Brother *Perseus*. For the Story of *Argos* and *Io* see *Ovid. Met. Lib. 1.*

Ver. 1147. *No Land more high.*] *Lucan* erroneously supposes this Part of the Earth to rise higher under the *Equator* than in any other Part, and to project its Shade farthest in Eclipses of the Moon.

Ver. 1180. *Poisonous Harvests yield.*] Tho' it could produce nothing for the Good of Mankind, it brought forth Serpents.

Ver. 1214. *The Swimmer.*] The Latin Word is *Natrix*. I suppose this to be a kind of Water-Snake.

*The Javelin.*] In the Latin it is *Jaculus*, a sort of Serpent which is said to lodge upon Trees, and from thence dart it self with great Violence and Swiftneſs at its Prey.

Ver. 1229. *And you, ye Dragons.*] The Ancients had a kind of religious Veneration for those kind of Serpents call'd Dragons. Under this Form was *Esculapius* worship'd, and *Jupiter* convers'd with *Alexander's* Mother, and *Apollo* with *Augustus Caesar's*. They were reckon'd *ἄγριοι δαίμονες* among the *Greeks*, and good *Genii* among the *Romans*. When *Aeneas* sacrificed to his Father's Ghost in the Fifth Book of *Virgil's Aeneid*, a Serpent of this kind appears.

*Dixerat hæc; adytis cum lubricus Anguis ab Imis,  
Septem ingens gyros, &c.*

Scarce had he finish'd, when with speckled Pride  
A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide:  
His bogy Bulk on Seven high Volumes roll'd,  
Blue was his Breadth of Back, and streak'd with scaly Gold.  
Thus riding on his Curls, he seem'd to pass  
A rowling Fire along, and singe the Grass.  
More various Colours through his Body run,  
Than Iris when her Bow imbibes the Sun:  
Betwixt the rising Altars, and around  
The sacred Monster shot along the Ground:

Thus



*With harmless Play amidst the Bowls he pass'd,  
And with his lolling Tongue assay'd the Taste:  
Thus fed with holy Food, the wondrous Guest  
Within the hollow Tomb retir'd to Rest.*

[Mr. Dryden.

Ver. 1339. *To force the Soul away.*] That is, the Life.

Ver. 1373. *In the full Theater's.*] The publick Shows at Rome were all exhibited at the Expence of the Publick, or some of the great Men. This was done with great Magnificence; of which this way of perfuming the whole Place, and the Spectators, is a pretty remarkable Instance. I know this Passage is render'd after a different manner, but I take this Sense of it to be most easy and most probable.

Ver. 1394. *Not swifter Deaths.*] The literal Translation runs thus; Nor are those Poisons more swift to destroy, which the Prophetick *Sabeans* compose of the Tree resembling Birch, of which last the *Sabine* (and *Roman*) Magistrates Rods were made. I have taken very few Liberties of adding or leaving out any thing in this Translation: The last Circumstance, indeed, of this Passage I did not think material enough to be insisted on.

Ver. 1416. *The vast Orion.*] Concerning this *Orion* there is a very ridiculous Fable: That he was ingender'd by *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury's* pissing in an Ox-hide. He was a Giant, and a very impudent one, for he would have ravish'd *Diana*: But a certain Scorpion took her Part, and stung him to Death. Afterwards the said Giant and Scorpion were both translated to the Skies, and made Constellations.

Ver. 1418. *Salpuga,*] A little sort of venomous Ant.

Ver. 1442. *Ceraſta,*] A kind of horned Serpent.

Ver. 1485. *The native Plagues.*] The Serpents.

Ver. 1524. *Psyllians.*] These People were Neighbours to the *Nasamones*; and were rather taken by *Cato* along with him when he began his March, than found out upon the Way.

Ver. 1559. *Foreign Galbanum,*] Foreign to *Africa*, as being found in the Mountain *Amanus* in *Syria*.

Ver. 1563. *That from Theſſalian Chiron.*] The Virtues of the Herb Centory were found out by the Centaur *Chiron*, famous for his Skill in Physick, and took its Name from him.

Ver. 1597. *Had lost and twice regain'd.*] That is, during the Space of two Months. The express Time of *Cato's* March is diversly related by *Plutarch*, *Strabo*, and *Lucan*; the first allowing but Seven Days for it, the second Thirty, and the last, as we see here, Two Months. This is of no great Consequence, since they might fix the Beginning of his Journey, and reckon his Departure, from several Places.

Ver. 1605. *The raging Lyon.*] Some of the Commentators upon this Verse,

*Qui primum ſeros contra vidēre Leones,*

fancy that it refers to a Custom which the Natives of this Country had to hang up the Lyons, which they had caught or kill'd, upon Crosses, and that they were these crucified Lyons which *Cato's* Soldiers were so glad to meet with: But I can see no Reason for such a far-fetch'd Interpretation;

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the Meaning seems to me to be, that by meeting with those Beasts, who usually prey upon tame Cattle, they found they were come into or near an inhabited Country.

Ver. 1608. *Leptis at last.*] *Leptis parva*, now *Lempta* in *Barbary*.

Ver. 1616. *To the Thracian Hellespont.*] *Cæsar* very naturally followed *Pompey* into *Asia*, where he had so great an Interest.

Ver. 1622. *Sigæan Shore.*] A Promontory now called *Cape Janisari* in *Asia Minor* on the *Archipelago*, over-against the Island of *Tenedos*, near the Ruins of the ancient *Troy*. Here were the Tombs of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*.

*Rhoetion*, or *Rhoetium*, was a Town and Promontory likewise thereabouts, where was the Tomb of *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*.

Ver. 1625. *Ruins of the Walls.*] *Neptune* and *Apollo* agreed with *Laomedon*, King of *Troy*, to build Walls round his City; which when they had perform'd, and the King refused to pay them according to Agreement, *Neptune* in Revenge sent a Sea-Monster amongst his People; to appease whom the *Trojans* were forced to expose their Daughters to be devour'd by him. Among the rest, *Hesione*, the King's Daughter, being tied to a Rock for this purpose, was deliver'd by *Hercules*, who kill'd the Monster.

Ver. 1641. *Anchises.*] The Father of *Æneas*.

Ver. 1642. *Oenone.*] The first Mistress of *Paris*, while he was a Shepherd, and had not seen *Helen*. See *Ovid's Epistles*. The Story of *Ganymede*, and indeed most of the rest here mention'd, are known Fables.

Ver. 1655. *Hercean Jove.*] This Altar of *Jupiter Herceus* or *Penetratis*, was consecrated to that God as the Keeper of the House and Family. He is call'd *Herceus* from the Greek Word *ἑρκος*, which signifies an Inclosure, and his Altar was placed accordingly near the Wall.

Ver. 1675. *The Powers.*] This Invocation is address'd to those Gods whose Images *Æneas* brought with him from *Troy*, which were placed at *Alba* by his Son *Ascanius*, and afterwards remov'd to *Rome*.

Ver. 1678. *Phrygian Flame.*] The Fire of *Vesta*.

Ver. 1680. *The sacred Pledge.*] The *Palladium*.

Ver. 1686. *Phrygian Walls restore.*] I don't know whether *Lucan* does not hint in this Passage at the Design which *Augustus Cæsar* had to translate the Seat of Empire from *Rome* to *Troy*, and which *Monf. Dacier* has observ'd, from *Mr. Le Fevre*, gave Occasion for one of the most beautiful Odes in *Horace*.

Ver. 1707. *An impious Orator.*] This villainous Ambassador was *Theodotus* the Rhetorician of *Chios*, the worthy Præceptor of such a Prince as *Ptolomy*. He was one of his Council, and had been a principal Adviser of this barbarous Murder. *Plutarch* says, he was afterwards taken by *Brutus* in *Asia*, and by him put to a very cruel Death. *Appian* says, he was crucified by Order of *Cassius*. It is pretty certain that he came to such an End as he had deserv'd.

Ver. 1723. *Accept the Treasures.*] The Money which thou, O *Cæsar*, wou'dst have given willingly to have this Deed done.

Ver.



Ver. 1733. *Auletes*,] The Sirname of young *Ptolomy's* Father.  
Ver. 1811. Read thus,

*Has rous'd the Universe to Arms around.*

Ver. 1854. *Oh glorious Liberty!*] This is a very Satyrical Irony. He means, that the Standers-by durst not shew any Sign but that of Joy, since *Cesar*, tho' outwardly he seem'd to grieve, was in his Heart pleas'd with that execrable Action. But this is an Instance of *Lucan's* Prejudice against *Cesar*; a Fault of which I am sorry an Author, who seems to have been a Lover of his Country, should be so often guilty.

*End of the Notes on the Ninth Book.*





# N O T E S

## UPON THE

# T E N T H B O O K.

Ver. 25. *Macedonian Power.* **A** *Lexandria* was built by *Alexander* the Great.

Ver. 28. *Their Caves beneath.*] The *Ægyptians* embalming their Dead, and burying them in these large Caves in great Numbers together, is very well known. They are what are now called the *Catacombs*, and are so frequently visited by Travellers.

Ver. 39. *For Ages fix'd.*] From the first *Ptolomy* who succeeded *Alexander*, to this worthless Prince, who murder'd *Pompey*, about 280 Years.

Ver. 47. *Vanquish'd Athens.*] Not only *Athens*, but a good Part of *Greece* had been subdued by his Father *Philip*, partly by Force, and partly by Fraud.

Ver. 61. *Empire of the Sea.*] In this he hints at *Alexander's* Design of discovering the *Indian Ocean* mention'd by *Q. Curtius*.

Ver. 72. *Master of his Fame.*] *Alexander* died in Possession of the Empire he had acquir'd, and *Parthia*, with the rest of the East, acknowledged his Power.

Ver. 83. *Pella,*] A City in *Macedon* where *Alexander* was born, from whence he is often call'd *Pelleian*.

Ver. 87. *Their King remains their Pledge of Peace.*] *Cæsar* had good Reason to doubt the Designs of the *Alexandrians*, and therefore kept their King within his Power.

Ver. 88. *When veil'd in Secrecy.*] *Cleopatra* having brib'd those Guards who had the Custody of her Person, was brought by *Apollodorus*, her Tutor, wrap'd up in a kind of Quilt or Flock-Bed by Night to *Cæsar*.

Ver. 97. *When with an Host.*] When she join'd with *M. Antony* against *Augustus*. The Loves of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Battle of *Actium*, and the Consequences of it, are too well known to need any Explanation.

*Canopus* is a City of *Ægypt*, now called *Bochir*, with a Port at the Mouth of the West Arm of the *Nile* upon the *Mediterranean*. In this Place it is taken for *Ægypt* it self.

Ver. 119. *Bold Cato to revive.*] While *Cæsar* was in *Ægypt*, *Cato* and *Scipio* were drawing together the Remains of *Pompey's* Forces, and forming a new Army in *Africa*.

Ver. 122. *Disdaining or to feign.*] *Cleopatra* was so secure of the Power of her Beauty, that she took no Pains to set off her Affliction, or appear more sorrowful than she really was.

Ver.



Ver. 161. *Ægypt and Cæsar.*] *Cæsar* had, to all outward Appearance, reconcil'd *Ptolomy* and his Sister.

Ver. 173. *Of solid Ebony.*] The Wood-work used only to be cover'd over with thin Pieces of Ebony: Here it was entirely made of that costly Tree.

Ver. 174. *From swarthy Meroë.*] An Island form'd by the *Nile* in *Æthiopia*, from whence Ebony was brought. Some Editions read *Ebenus Mareotica* in this Place, but erroneously, for there is no Ebony grows near *Mareotis* in *Ægypt*.

Ver. 201. *With captive Juba.*] It should rather be *from vanquish'd Juba*: The Original is

----- *quales ad Cæsar's ora,*  
*Nec capto venêre Juba.*

Tho' it is certain, that after *Juba* was vanquish'd he kill'd himself, and so was never *Cæsar's* Prisoner.

Ver. 226. *Ruder Cincinnatus.*] *Quinctius Cincinnatus* was saluted Dictator as he was following the Plough in his own Field.

Ver. 234. *Nor spares those very Gods.*] The *Ægyptians* worship'd not only several Sorts of Beasts and Birds, but even Plants, as Leeks and Onyons.

Ver. 236. *And Gems of Price.*] Drinking Vessels made of Precious Stones. The *Spanish* Translator renders *Gemmae Capaces* in this Place *Perlas*, Pearls; but that is stretching the *Ægyptian* Magnificence a little too far.

Ver. 241. *Nard.*] *Nardum* is an odoriferous Shrub bearing Leaves, and a kind of Ear call'd *Spica Nardi*. Hence comes our Word *Spikenard*.

Ver. 242. *Roses of immortal.*] Roses that were in Bloom all the Year.

Ver. 264. *Monumental Sculptures.*] Hieroglyphicks carv'd upon Pillars.

Ver. 268. *Cecropian.*] *Athenian*, from *Cecrops* King of *Athens*.

*Plato.*] This Philosopher was, according to *Strabo*, a considerable time in *Ægypt*, where he was instructed by the Priests in their most sacred Mysteries.

Ver. 276. *Nor shall my Skill.*] *Cæsar's* Regulation of the Calendar, which we now call the *Julian* Period, is well known.

Ver. 277. *Eudoxus,*] A Mathematician of *Cnidos* in *Caria*. He was the first who regulated the Year according to the Revolutions of the Moon in *Greece*. He had been with *Plato* in *Ægypt*.

Ver. 298. *To all those Stars.*] The Planets, which, according to the Astronomy of the *Romans* at that Time, were carried round in every 24 Hours by the Eighth Sphere, or *Primum Mobile*.

Ver. 304. *And keeps each wand'ring Light.*] That is, drives them back, and makes 'em become Retrograde when they come to their nearest Distance to the Sun. The other Offices which he gives to the rest of the Planets were according to their Astronomy at that Time.

Ver. 313. *When in the Crab.*] Upon this Occasion *Lucan* enumerates the several different Opinions that were then held concerning the Increase and Decrease of the *Nile*.

The first he gives is the Pressure of the Planet *Mercury* upon the Fountains of *Nile*, which he supposes to lye under the Sign of *Cancer*. The Fact is, that the River begins to swell after *Midsummer*, comes to its Height in *August*, and falls again about the Autumnal Equinox in *September*.

O o o o o o

Ver.



Ver. 334. *Till the hot Dog.*] In July.

Ver. 346. *Syene's.*] See Notes on Book 2. Ver. 908.

Ver. 352. *Meroë projects.*] When the Sun is no longer Vertical over *Meroë*.

Ver. 355. *Others of old.*] This Opinion attributes the Cause to the Western Winds two Ways; either by their blowing constantly against the Stream for many Days together, and keeping it from running into the Sea as usual; or else by bringing a great Quantity of Rain from other Parts of the World towards the Source of the *Nile*, and so causing it to overflow.

Ver. 415. *Fierce came Sesostris.*] This Prince is said by *Tzetzes*, and other ancient Historians, to have been King of *Affyria*, as well as *Ægypt*. He had his Chariot drawn by Kings whom he had conquer'd. He likewise sent to discover the Head of *Nile*, but in vain.

Ver. 420. *Thy fam'd.*] Speaking to *Cæsar*.

Ver. 421. *Cambyfes.*] The Story of his Conquest of *Ægypt*, his Invasion of *Ethiopia*, and the Miseries that he and his Army underwent in that Expedition by Famine, may be found at large in *Herodotus*. The *Ethiopians*, into whose Country he penetrated, were call'd *Μακροβιοι*, or long-liv'd.

Ver. 436. *Far in the South.*] After giving the Reasons that were then assign'd for the Swell of the *Nile*, the Poet goes on to give an Account of its Course, as far as was then known. The *Seres*, whom he mentions as the farthest People from whence this River can be traced, may be supposed to have been a Nation of *Ethiopia* Inferior, tho' I do not find them in *Cellarius*.

Ver. 455. *One never knows.*] That is, the Northern Part of the World knows not from whence it comes, nor the Southern whither it goes.

Ver. 469. *Where Philæ's Gates.*] The Original is thus,

*Quà dirimunt, Arabum populis, Ægyptia rura  
Regni claustra Philæ.*

And I have translated it literally: Tho' *Philæ*, which is an Island in the *Nile*, and at a good large Distance from the *Red-Sea*, or Gulf of *Arabia*, is much rather to be look'd upon as a Boundary between *Ægypt* and *Ethiopia*, than between *Ægypt* and *Arabia*. It lyes a little above the lesser Cataracts.

Ver. 485. *Abatos.*] This is a Rock, or little inaccessible Island, in the *Nile*, over-grown with Reeds and Bushes. It lyes between *Philæ* and *Elephantine*, very near to the before-mention'd Cataracts.

Ver. 528. *The former Rule.*] The King's Authority.

Ver. 530. *Dost thou alone.*] This is meant scornfully and ironically.

Ver. 584. *This Right, ye Romans!*] The Army under the Command of *Achillas* was compos'd, as appears a little further, the greatest Part, of Renegado *Romans*, and the rest of *Ægyptians*.

Ver. 607. *And give their Country's.*] That is, they do not kill *Cæsar* for the Wrongs he had done to *Rome*, but at the Command of that *Ægyptian* Master whom they obey and serve for Hire.

Ver. 639. *Can such a Life,*] As *Cæsar's*.

Ver. 674. *Eastern Inde.*] The River *Indus*.

*Tyrian Gades.*] The present Island and City of *Cadiz*. This is said to have been a Colony of the *Tyrians*.

Ver.



Ver. 677. *Not horrid Moors.*] The Original is,

*Non Scythæ, non fixus qui ludit in hospite Maurus ;*

Alluding to a Piece of Cruelty practised among those Barbarians, to take Strangers and set 'em up for Marks to dart their Javelins at. I can't think the Omission of this Circumstance in the Translation of any great Consequence.

Ver. 688. *So from Æëtas.*] When *Medea*, after betraying the Golden Fleece to her Lover *Jasôn*, fled away with him, she is said to have carry'd her young Brother *Absyrtos* with her, and killing him to have scatter'd his Limbs up and down, to retard the Pursuit and Revenge of her Father *Æëtas*.

Ver. 703. *Such Prodigies,*] As the Murder of Ambassadors; whose Persons and Characters are sacred amongst the most barbarous Nations.

Ver. 705. *Not dire Pharnaces,*] Alluding to the Wars which *Cæsar* waged, after the Death of *Pompey*, with *Juba* in *Africk*, and with *Pharnaces*, the Son of *Mithridates*, in *Asia*.

Ver. 738. *Their City burn.*] In this Fire was burnt the famous Library of *Ptolomy Philadelphus*.

Ver. 744. *Holy Proteus.*] This Prophetical Prince reign'd in *Ægypt* in the Time of the *Trojan War*.

Ver. 753. *Cæsar defers.*] *Cæsar*, as is observ'd before, kept not only the King, but *Pothinus* in his Power, and transported them into the Island of *Pharos*; where finding, by intercepting some Messengers of *Pothinus*, that he kept Correspondence with *Achillas*, and press'd him still to attack *Cæsar*, he put him to Death.

Ver. 760. *By wily Ganymede.*] This was likewise an Eunuch, and Tutor to *Arsinoë*, *Ptolomy's* younger Sister, whom, in the Absence of *Ptolomy* and *Cleopatra*, he set up for Queen of *Ægypt*; and after he had kill'd *Achillas*, made himself General, and continued the Siege against *Cæsar*.

Ver. 775. *With him who rais'd it.*] *Achillas*.

Ver. 783. *While to their Barks.*] This famous Action of *Cæsar's* is not very clearly related. To me the Fact seems to have been thus; that while *Cæsar* was imbarcking those few Forces that were with him, in order probably to quit *Pharos*, and rejoin his own Fleet, the *Ægyptians*, under the Command of *Ganymede*, fally'd by the way of the *Mole*, and attack'd him with the Fury here mention'd.

Ver. 807. *His own brave Scæva.*] See this Story in the Sixth Book.

Ver. 811. *And coop'd within a Wall.*] This is the last Line of the Translation; the Death of *Lucan* having left his Work thus abrupt and imperfect here. What follows to the End of this Book is a Supplement of my own, in which I have only endeavour'd to finish the Relation of this very remarkable Action, with bringing *Cæsar* in Safety to his own Fleet, with the Circumstances in which all Authors who have writ on this Subject agree.

*End of the Notes on LUCAN.*



# ERRATA.

|         |            |                                           |
|---------|------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Book I. | Verse 140. | for <i>Diffove</i> read <i>Diffolve</i> . |
| II.     | 196.       | f. <i>scarter'd</i> r. <i>scatter'd</i> . |
|         | 486.       | f. <i>And let</i> r. <i>Oh let</i> .      |
| III.    | 83.        | f. <i>thro'</i> r. <i>tho'</i> .          |
|         | 248.       | f. <i>Flaminus</i> r. <i>Flaminius</i> .  |
|         | 472.       | f. <i>Fear</i> r. <i>Tear</i> .           |
| VI.     | 200.       | f. <i>Led</i> r. <i>Lead</i> .            |
|         | 582.       | f. <i>Peleos</i> r. <i>Pteleos</i> .      |
| VIII.   | 966.       | f. <i>ere</i> r. <i>e'er</i> .            |
| IX.     | 786.       | f. <i>unlifted</i> r. <i>uplifted</i> .   |
| X.      | 236.       | f. <i>the Gems</i> r. <i>and Gems</i> .   |
|         | 434.       | f. <i>That God</i> r. <i>Than God</i> .   |

## In the NOTES

|            |            |                                           |
|------------|------------|-------------------------------------------|
| On Book I. | Verse 728. | In the last Line read <i>be expos'd</i> . |
| IV.        | 694.       | 1. 2. f. <i>for</i> r. <i>use</i> .       |
|            |            | 1. 3. f. <i>use</i> r. <i>for</i> .       |
| VI.        | 121.       | f. <i>Africa</i> r. <i>Aricia</i> .       |





